



# ZION'S DELIGHT

FOR  
REVIVAL MEETINGS  
PRAYER MEETINGS  
YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS  
AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

BY CHAS. WALKER RAY D.D.

PUBLISHED

BY

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PUBLISHED BY

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1901.

## PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

This volume contains the usual number of choice new compositions and a large number of the best songs and hymns of popular writers and composers, specially adapted to Revival and Social meetings. It is almost equally well adapted to the Sunday-School. Its value is greatly enhanced by the addition of about one hundred more pages than most books of this class, making it possible to add a large number of the most useful standard hymns. Above seventy well-known composers of music are represented in the book, among which will be seen the names of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, W. A. Ogden, Jno. R. Sweney, W. H. Doane, Mus. Doc., R. Lowry, D.D., R. M. McIntosh, Mus. Doc., Frank M. Davis, A. J. Showalter, F. A. Blackmer, T. C. O'Kane and others not less prominent in the musical world, whose contributions are hereby gratefully acknowledged.

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### Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; as it

The first system of musical notation for 'Gloria Patri' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; as it' are written below the notes.

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. Amen.

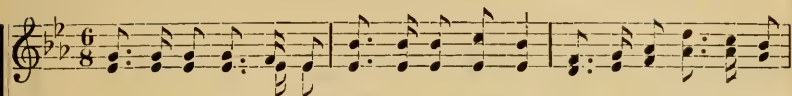
The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. Amen.' are written below the notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

# Zion's Delight.

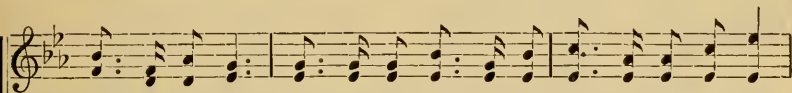
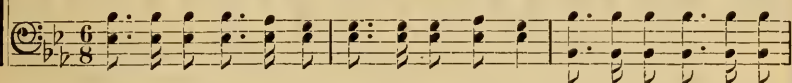
## Zion's Delight.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.



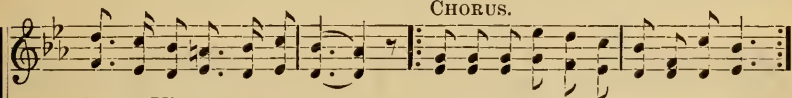
1. Zi-on's de-light in her Sav-ior Re-deem-er, Tongue cannot tell and the
2. Zi-on's de-light in her Sav-ior Re-deem-er, Is in His mer-cy and
3. Zi-on's de-light in her Sav-ior Re-deem-er, Is in His won-der-ful



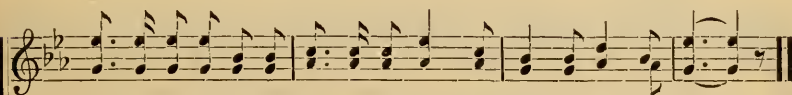
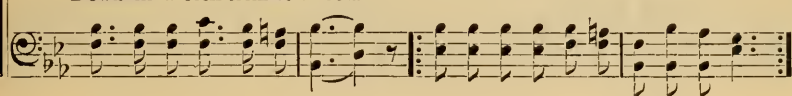
world cannot know; But thro' life's pil-grim-age ev-er re-joic-ing,  
in-fi-nite love; And in His prom-ise un-speak-a-bly pre-cious,  
sin-clean-ing blood, Once from His wounds for the lost sin-ner flow-ing



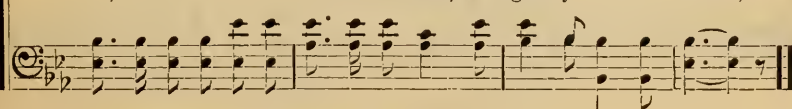
### CHORUS.



On to His presence we go.	} {	Zion's delight is in Christ and His word,
Which the be-liev-er may prove.		
Down in a rich crim-son flood.		



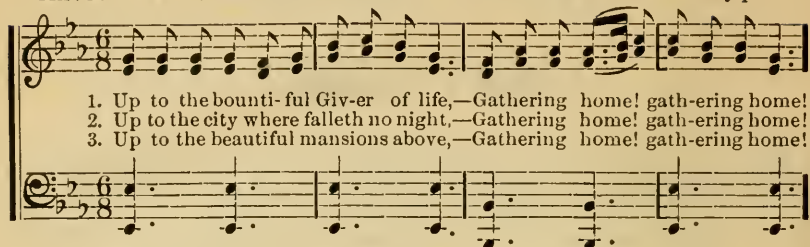
Yes, 'tis in Je-sus be-loved and a-dored, All glo-ry to His name;



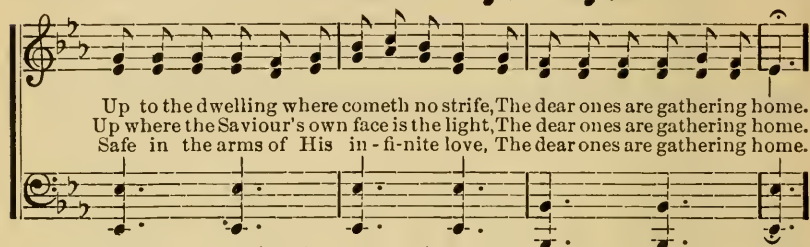
# Gathering Home.

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE.

R. M. MCINTOSH. By per.

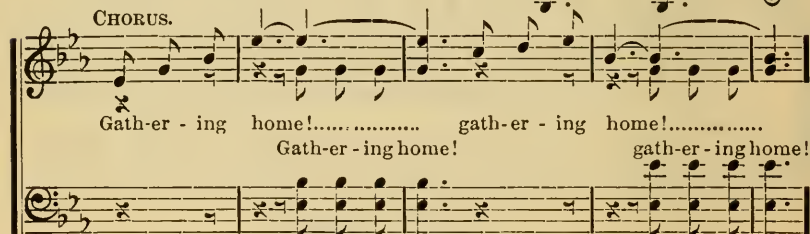


1. Up to the bounti-ful Giv-er of life,—Gathering home! gath-ering home!  
 2. Up to the city where falleth no night,—Gathering home! gath-ering home!  
 3. Up to the beautiful mansions above,—Gathering home! gath-ering home!

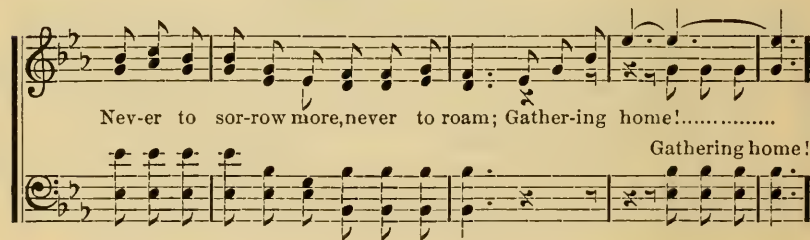


Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.  
 Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.  
 Safe in the arms of His in-fi-nite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

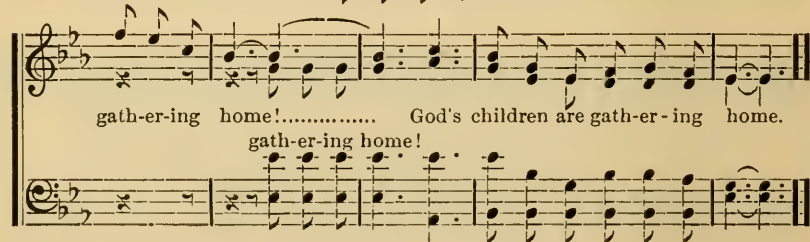
CHORUS.



Gath-er - ing home!..... gath-er - ing home!.....  
 Gath-er - ing home! gath-er - ing home!



Nev-er to sor-row more, never to roam; Gather-ing home!.....  
 Gathering home!



gath-er-ing home!..... God's children are gath-er-ing home.  
 gath-er-ing home!

# Christ is All.

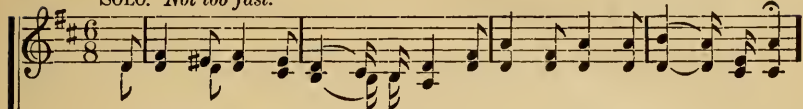
5

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 PET. 2: 7.

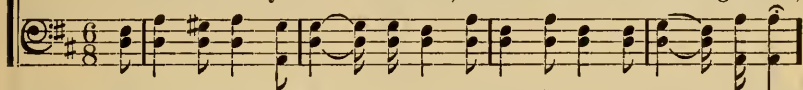
Anon.

W. A. WILLIAMS.  
LYNN RYLAND, by per.

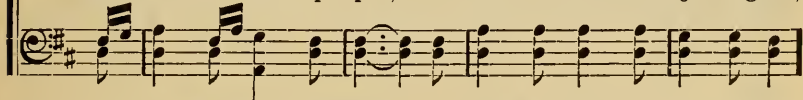
SOLO. *Not too fast.*



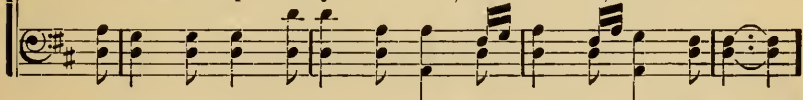
1. I enter'd once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing head,
3. I saw the martyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,



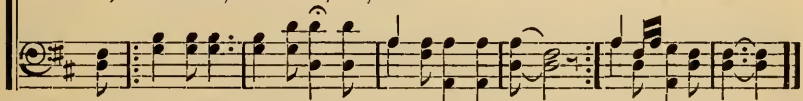
Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er whence  
Waiting for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May,  
Nor death his soul ap - pall, I asked him whence his strength was giv'n,



Her help - less wid - ow - hood's de - fense, She told me "Christ was all."  
And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered "Christ is all."  
He looked triumph - ant - ly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all."



Yes, Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all: Christ is all in all.



4 I saw the gospel herald go, —  
To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,  
To save from Satan's thrall,  
Nor home, nor life he counted dear,  
'Midst wants and perils owned no fear,  
He felt that "Christ is all."

5 Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit say;  
The Bride repeats the call,  
For He will cleanse your guilty stains,  
His love will soothe your weary pains,  
For "Christ is all in all."



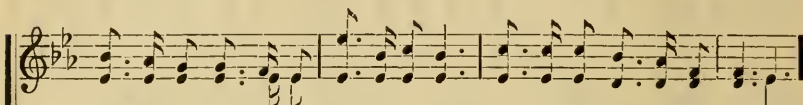
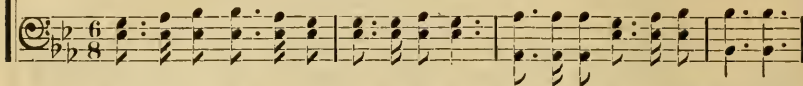
# 6 All the World for Jesus.

C. W. R.

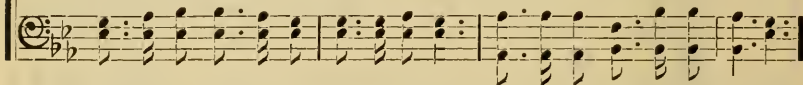
C. W. RAY.



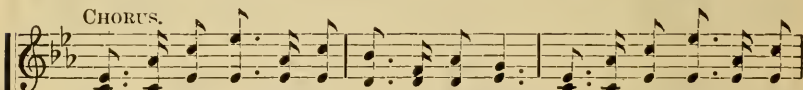
1. All the wide world for our Saviour and Lord; Kindred and kingdom and nation;
2. All the wide world for our Saviour and Lord; Millions shall love and adore Him;
3. All the wide world from the bondage of sin, He will in mer-cy de - liv - er;—



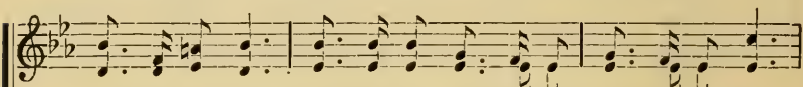
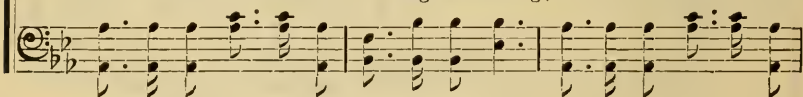
If they be-lieve and by faith in His word, Trust in His name for sal-va-tion.  
Millions redeemed in the sweetest accord, Grateful-ly wor-ship be-fore Him.  
Giv-ing for tempests of sor-row within, Peace like an on- flowing riv-er.



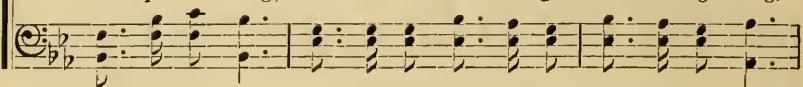
## CHORUS.



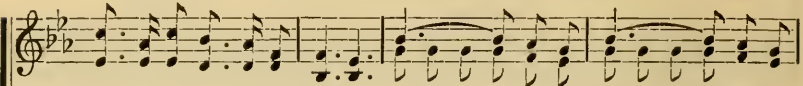
All the wide world shall acknowledge Him King; All the wide world of His



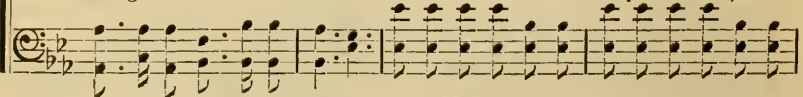
triumphs shall sing; All to His feet shall glad of - ferings bring,



All..... the wide world..... was re-



Hailing Him Saviour Redeemer. All the wide world was redeem'd by His blood, was re-



# All the World for Jesus.—Concluded. 7

deemed..... by His blood.

deemed, was redeemed by His blood. All may be washed in its sin-cleansing flood ;

All may be saved and by trusting in God ; Wonderful Saviour Re-deemer.

## Jesus Still Lead On.

JANE BORTHWICK, tr.

U. C. BURNAP.

1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won ;  
 2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near,  
 3. When we seek re - lief From a long - felt grief,  
 4. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won ;

And al - tho' the way be cheerless, We will fol - low, calm and fearless ;  
 Let not faithless fear o'ertake us, Let not faith and hope forsake us ;  
 When temptations come, al-lur-ing, Make us patient and en-dur-ing,  
 Heavenly Leader, still di-rect us, Still support, con-sole, pro-tect us,

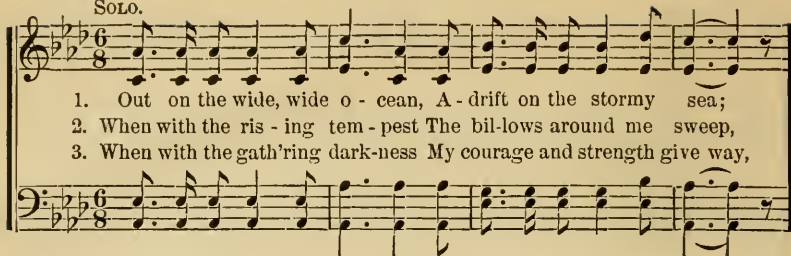
Guide us by Thy hand To our Fa-ther-land, To our Fa-ther-land.  
 For, thro' many a foe, To our home we go, To our home we go.  
 Show us that bright shore, Where we weep no more, Where we weep no more.  
 Till we safe-ly stand In our Fa-ther-land, In our Fa-ther-land.

# A Harbor of Rest.

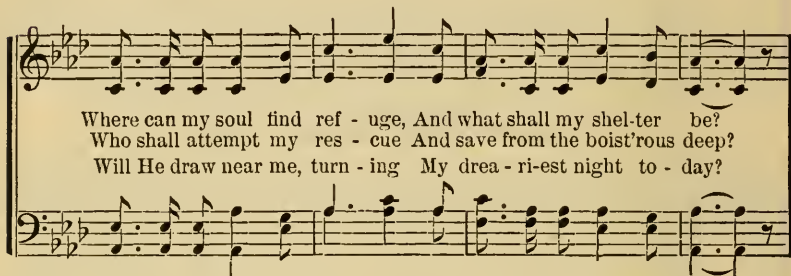
C. W. R.  
SOLO.

(RESPONSIVE SONG.)

C. W. RAY.

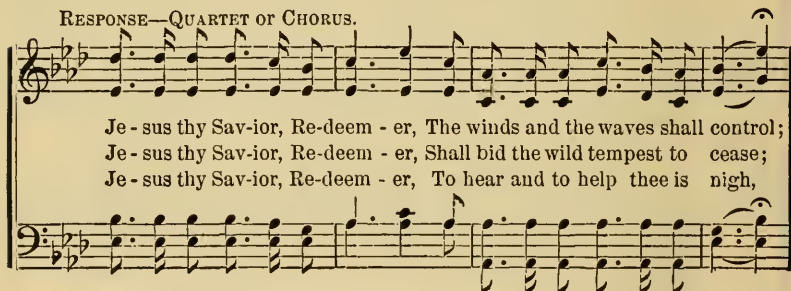


1. Out on the wide, wide o - cean, A - drift on the stormy sea;  
 2. When with the ris - ing tem - pest The bil-lows around me sweep,  
 3. When with the gath'ring dark-ness My courage and strength give way,

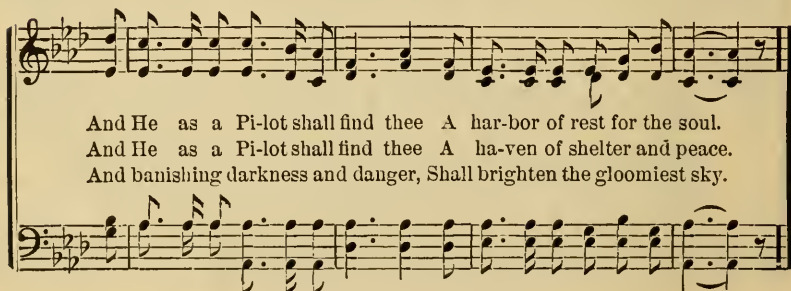


Where can my soul find ref - uge, And what shall my shel-ter be?  
 Who shall attempt my res - cue And save from the boist'rous deep?  
 Will He draw near me, turn - ing My drea - ri-est night to - day?

RESPONSE—QUARTET OR CHORUS.



Je - sus thy Sav-ior, Re-deem - er, The winds and the waves shall control;  
 Je - sus thy Sav-ior, Re-deem - er, Shall bid the wild tempest to cease;  
 Je - sus thy Sav-ior, Re-deem - er, To hear and to help thee is nigh,



And He as a Pi-lot shall find thee A har-bor of rest for the soul.  
 And He as a Pi-lot shall find thee A ha-ven of shelter and peace.  
 And banishing darkness and danger, Shall brighten the gloomiest sky.



# Pleading With Thee.

9

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. There is a voice of the ten-der-est love Plead-ing with thee,  
 2. Long He has stood at the door of thy heart, Wait-ing on thee,  
 3. Do you not hear Him as gen-tly He pleads, Call-ing to thee,  
 4. Oh! how He yearns o'er thy sin-burdened heart, Whisp'ring to thee,

plead-ing with thee; It is the voice of the Lord from a - bove,  
 wait-ing on thee; Read - y His grace and His peace to im - part,  
 call-ing to thee? See with what fer - vor the Lord in - ter-cedes,  
 whisp'ring to thee; Earn-est - ly long-ing His love to im - part,

Say-ing, "Oh! come unto me." "Come un-to me,.....  
 Come un-to me,

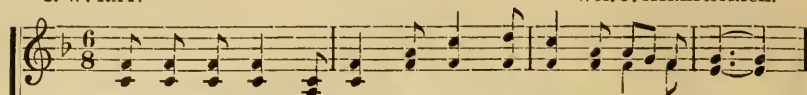
come un-to me,"..... Je - sus is ten-der-ly  
 come un-to me,

call-ing to thee. Je - sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to thee.

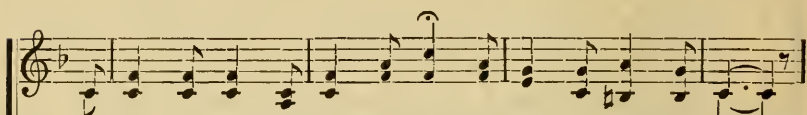
# Welcome the Children.

C. W. RAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

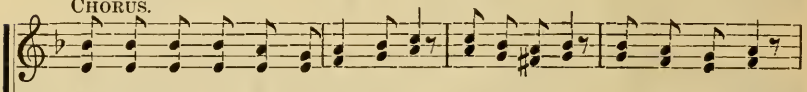


1. Welcome the chil- dren in my name, The dear Re- deemer said,  
 2. Welcome the chil- dren in my name, And guard them from each snare,  
 3. Welcome the chil- dren in my name, All who in me be - lieve  
 4. Welcome the chil- dren in my name, And guide them in life's way

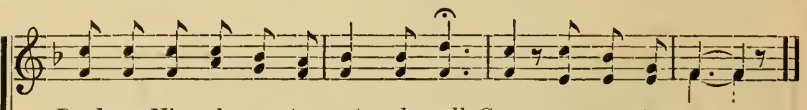


For them I bore the cross of shame, For them my blood was shed.  
 To them my changeless love proclaim, My fa - vor they shall share.  
 Each prom-ise of my word may claim, And crowns of life re - ceive.  
 To seek and save the lost I came, I none can turn a - way.

## CHORUS.



Wondrously sweet is the Saviour's call, Come unto me, Come un- to me ;



Read-y His welcome to great and small, Come, come un - to me.

# The Harvest is Ripe.

11

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

1. The Har - vest is ripe and soon will be per - ish - ing,  
2. The Har - vest is ripe and reap - ers are gath - er - ing,  
3. The Har - vest is ripe and glad an - gel har - vest - ers

Who will a - rise and gath - er it in? The har - vest is ripe the  
From the broad field all through the long day; And reap - ers and an - gels  
Smile as they see the bright golden sheaves, But grieve o'er the lost and

*D.S.*—O why should you lin - ger

FINE.

Mas - ter is call - ing, O who will the reaper's blest her - it - age win?  
soon for the Mas - ter Shall bear the blest sheaves to his gar - ner a - way.  
o - ver the reap - ers, Who from the rich harvest bring noth - ing but leaves.

while He is wait - ing And glo - ry E - ter - nal shall be your re - ward.

CHORUS.

The Mas - ter is call - ing now for the reap - ers,

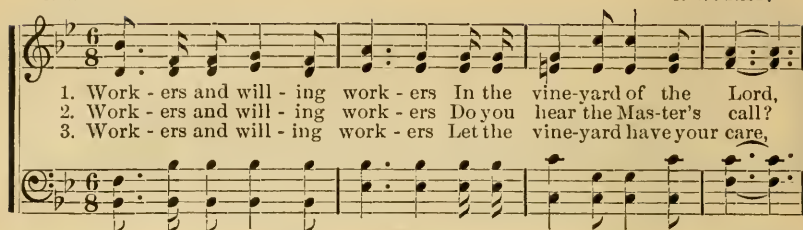
*D.S.*

O would you not gath - er the sheaves for your Lord.

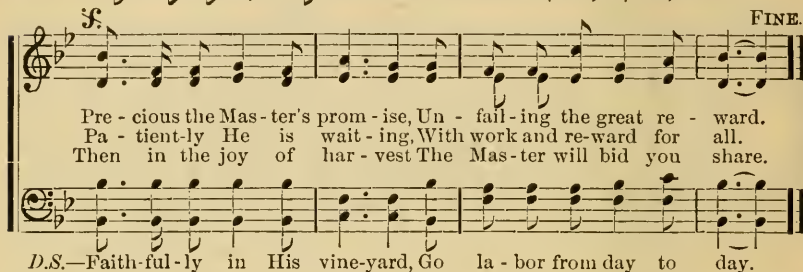
## Workers and Willing Workers.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

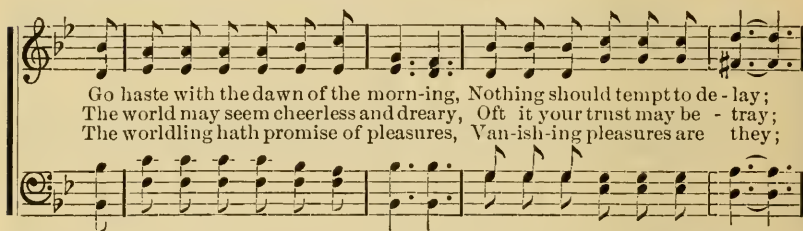


1. Work - ers and will - ing work - ers In the vine - yard of the Lord,  
 2. Work - ers and will - ing work - ers Do you hear the Mas - ter's call?  
 3. Work - ers and will - ing work - ers Let the vine - yard have your care,

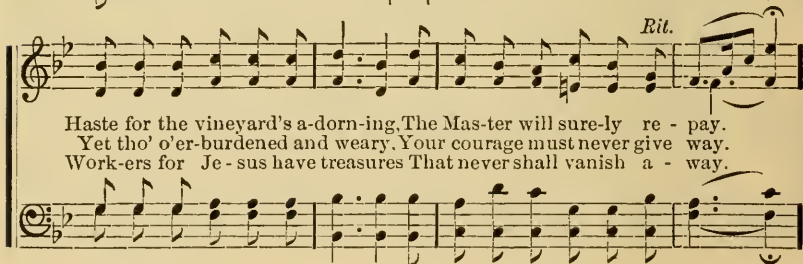


Pre - cious the Mas - ter's prom - ise, Un - fail - ing the great re - ward.  
 Pa - tient - ly He is wait - ing, With work and re - ward for all.  
 Then in the joy of har - vest The Mas - ter will bid you share.

*D.S.*—Faith - ful - ly in His vine - yard, Go la - bor from day to day.

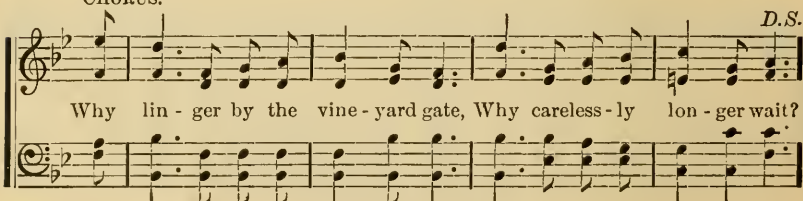


Go haste with the dawn of the morn - ing, Nothing should tempt to de - lay;  
 The world may seem cheerless and dreary, Oft it your trust may be - tray;  
 The worldling hath promise of pleasures, Van - ish - ing pleasures are they;



Haste for the vineyard's a - dorn - ing, The Mas - ter will sure - ly re - pay.  
 Yet tho' o'er - bur - dened and weary, Your courage must never give way.  
 Work - ers for Je - sus have treasures That never shall vanish a - way.

CHORUS.



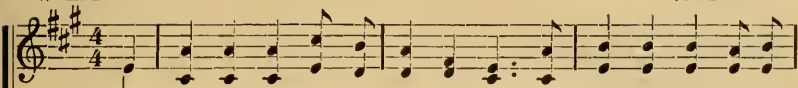
Why lin - ger by the vine - yard gate, Why care - less - ly lon - ger wait?

# The Sheltering Rock.

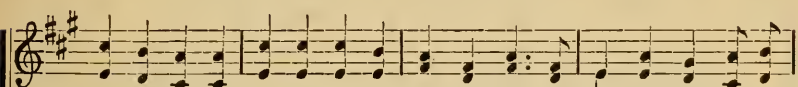
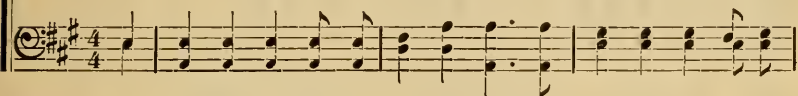
13

W. E. P.

W. E. PENN.



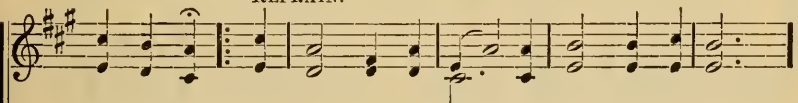
1. There is a Rock in a wea-ry land, Its shad-ow falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des-ert plain, Its wa-ters call withen-
3. A great fold stands with its por-tals wide, The sheep a-stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav-iour died, His blood flow'd out in a



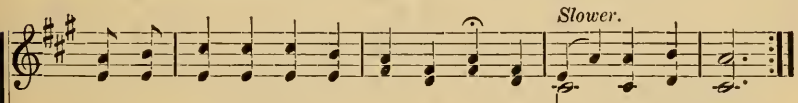
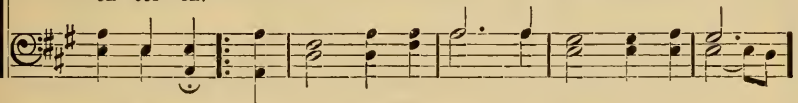
burning sand, In-vit-ing pilgrims as they pass To seek a shade in the  
treating strain, Ho, ev'-ry thirsting sin-sick soul, Come freely drink, and thou  
mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for his  
crim-son tide, A sac-ri-fice for sins of men, And free to all who will



## REFRAIN.

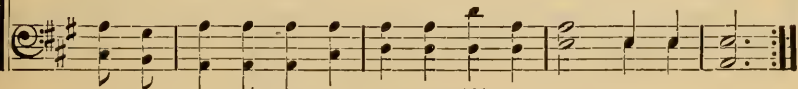


wil-der-ness.  
shalt be whole. } Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?  
wand'ring sheep. }  
en-ter in.



*Slower.*

When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?  
When the liv-ing Well is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?  
When the Shepherd's fold is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?  
When the crim-son cross is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?






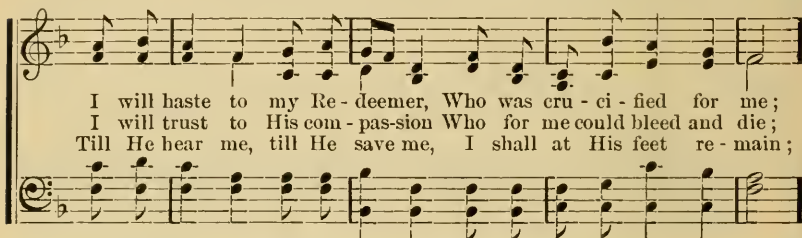
# To Jesus I Will Go.

C. W. R.

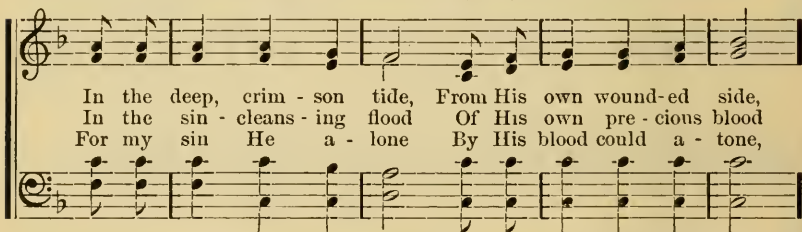
C. W. RAY.



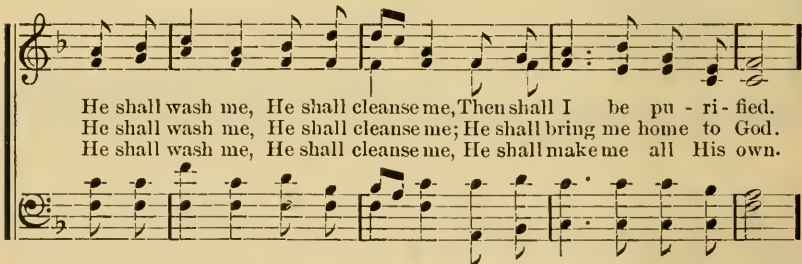
1. That from guilt I may be Ev - er spot - less and free  
 2. To His bos - om I'll fly, On His mer - cy re - ly,  
 3. He in pit - y will deign To re - move ev - 'ry stain,



I will haste to my Re - deemer, Who was cru - ci - fied for me;  
 I will trust to His com - pas - sion Who for me could bleed and die;  
 Till He hear me, till He save me, I shall at His feet re - main;

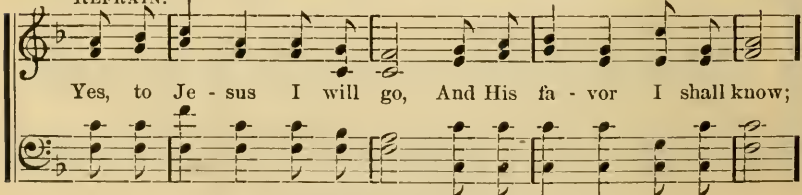


In the deep, crim - son tide, From His own wound - ed side,  
 In the sin - cleans - ing flood Of His own pre - cious blood  
 For my sin He a - lone By His blood could a - tone,



He shall wash me, He shall cleanse me, Then shall I be pu - ri - fied.  
 He shall wash me, He shall cleanse me; He shall bring me home to God.  
 He shall wash me, He shall cleanse me, He shall make me all His own.

## REFRAIN.



Yes, to Je - sus I will go, And His fa - vor I shall know;

# To Jesus I Will Go.—Concluded.

15

He shall wash me, He shall cleanse me, He shall make me white as snow.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

## The Sinner's Trust.

C. W. RAY.

1. O Thou that hear'st the pray'r of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from  
 2. Slain in the guilt - y sin - ner's stead, His spotless righteousness I  
 3. Then save me from e - ter - nal death, The spir - it of a - dop - tion

The musical score for the first system is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It includes three numbered verses of lyrics. The melody in the upper staff features a triplet of eighth notes in the third verse. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment.

death That casts it - self on Thee? I have no ref - uge of my own,  
 plead, And His a - vail - ing blood; That righteousness my robe shall be,  
 breathe, His con - so - la - tion send; By Him some word of life im - part,

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the notes, with some words spanning across bar lines. The musical notation includes various note values and rests, maintaining the 2/4 time signature.

But fly to what my Lord hath done And suffered once for me.  
 That mer - it shall a - tone for me And bring me home to God.  
 And sweetly whis - per to my heart, Thy Mak - er is thy Friend.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. It includes the final verses of the lyrics. The melody in the upper staff ends with a triplet of eighth notes marked with a *rit.* (ritardando) instruction. The lower staff provides a final accompaniment.

## Our Advocate Above.

C. W. RAY.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Je - sus now is in - ter - ced - ing, In His won - drous wealth of love;  
 2. As our Sub - sti - tute in dy - ing, He our Sac - ri - fice be - came;  
 3. He with us Himself al - ly - ing, Hath a full a - tonement made;

1. In His wondrous wealth of love;  
 2. He our Sac - ri - fice be - came;  
 3. He hath full a - tonement made;

Ten - der - ly for us is plead - ing, As our Ad - vo - cate a - bove.  
 On His precious blood re - ly - ing, We are saved from sin and shame.  
 Now by faith His blood ap - ply - ing, We of death are not a - fraid.

## CHORUS.

Prayers of Jesus must prevail; Prayers like His can never fail;

Prayers of Je - sus must pre - vail; Prayers like His can nev - er fail;  
 Prayers of Jesus must prevail; Prayers like His can never fail;

On the cross He once hung bleeding, And His blood it must a - vail.

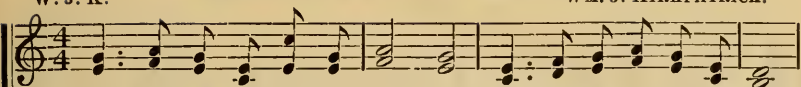


# Resting at the Cross.

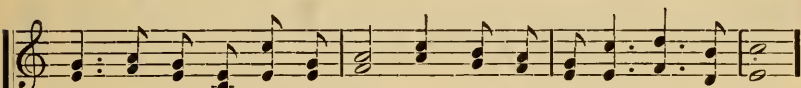
17

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

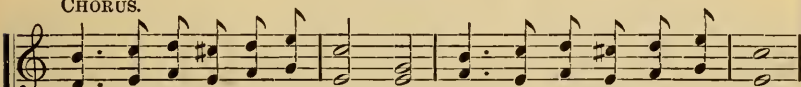


1. To the cross of Christ, my Sav - iour, I had brought my weary soul,  
 2. At the cross, while meekly bow - ing, Je - sus, smiling, bade me live;  
 3. At the cross, while prostrate ly - ing, Jesus' blood flowed o'er my soul,  
 4. At the cross I'm calm-ly rest - ing, Ev - 'ry moment now is sweet;

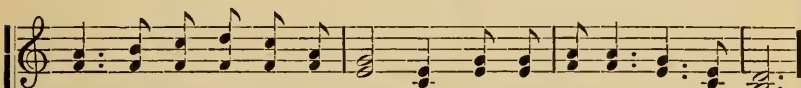


Burdened, faint, and broken - heart - ed, Praying: Je - sus, make me whole.  
 He hath died for my trans-gres - sions, And doth free - ly all for - give.  
 All my sin and guilt were cov - ered, And He whisper'd, "Child, be whole."  
 I am tast - ing of His glo - ry, I am rest - ing at His feet.

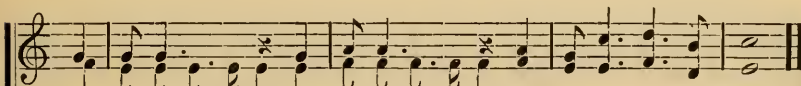
## CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, I am counting all but dross,



I have found a full sal - va - tion, I am rest - ing at the cross;



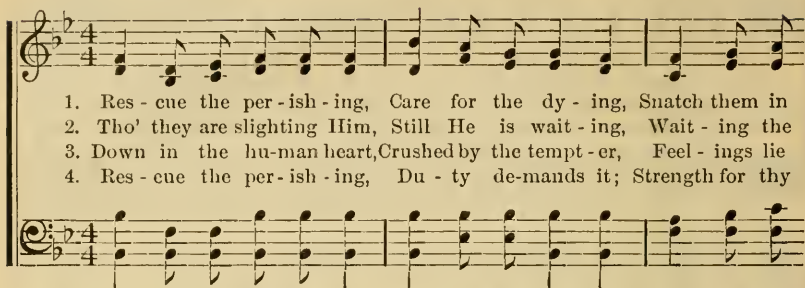
I'm resting I'm resting I'm resting at the cross.  
 at the cross, at the cross,

By permission.

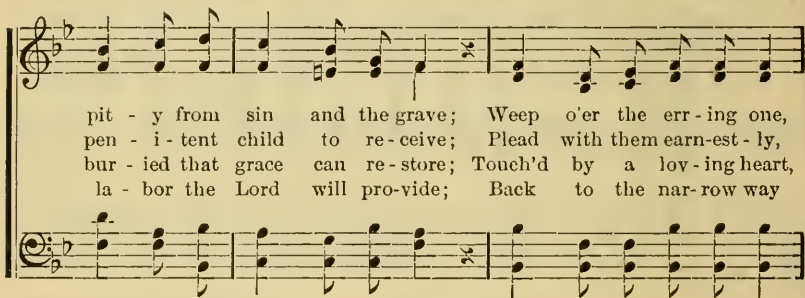
# Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

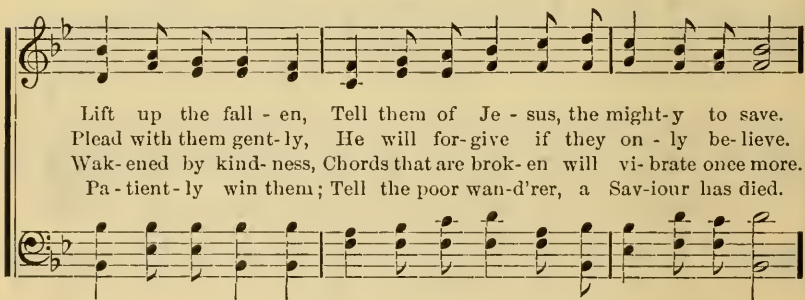
W. H. DOANE.



1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in  
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the  
 3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the tempt - er, Feel - ings lie  
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy

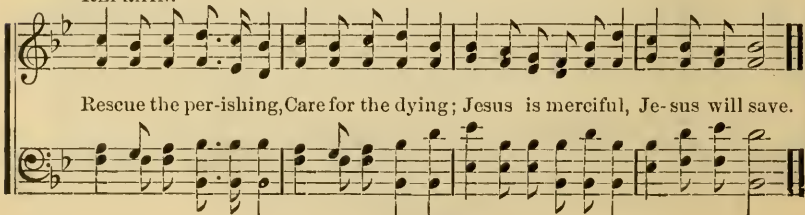


pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one,  
 pen - i - tent child to re - ceive; Plead with them earn - est - ly,  
 bur - ied that grace can re - store; Touch'd by a lov - ing heart,  
 la - bor the Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way



Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.  
 Plead with them gent - ly, He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.  
 Wak - ened by kind - ness, Chords that are brok - en will vi - brate once more.  
 Pa - tient - ly win them; Tell the poor wan - d' rer, a Sav - iour has died.

## REFRAIN.



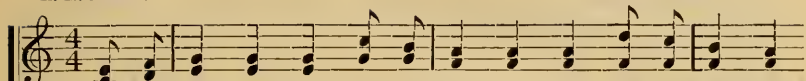
Rescue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dying; Jesus is merciful, Je - sus will save.

# The Reaping Time Is Coming.


19

L. E. JONES.

JOHN. R. BRYANT.

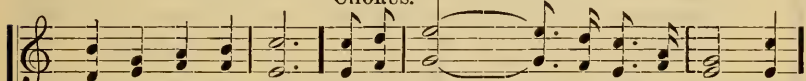


1. There are days of toil in the sow - ing time, There is need to  
 2. There are wea - ry hours when the seed is sown, As the weeds spring  
 3. There are bit - ter tears o'er the seed we sow, There are pray'rs that  
 4. O the reap - ing time it must sure - ly come, For the Mas - ter's



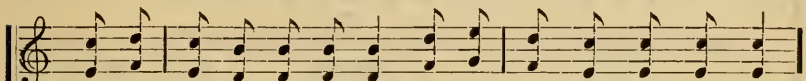
work and pray, There are fields to scat - ter with pre - cious seed, Ere the  
 up so fast, There are days when bar - ren the field ap - pears; Yet the  
 it may grow; Yet the meas - ure that an - y soil will yield, Harvest  
 word is giv'n, That the grain from seed that the faith - ful sow, Shall be

## CHORUS.

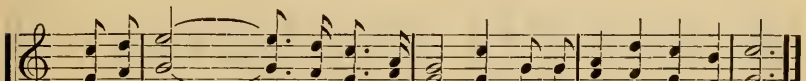


day-light fades a - way. } O, the reap - - ing time is com - ing,  
 har - vest comes at last.  
 time a - lone can show. }  
 garn - ered home in heav'n.

O, the reap - ing time is com - ing,



It is com - ing by and by, It is com - ing by and by;



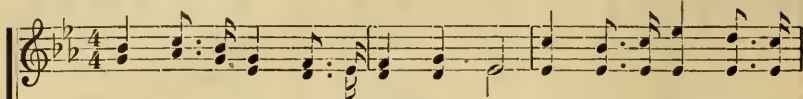
O, the reap - - ing time is com - ing, For the harvest home on high.  
 O, the reap - ing time is com - ing,

# When the King Comes in.

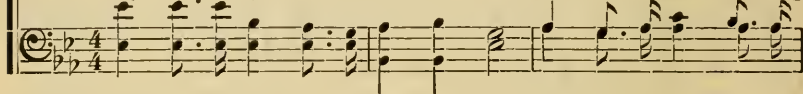
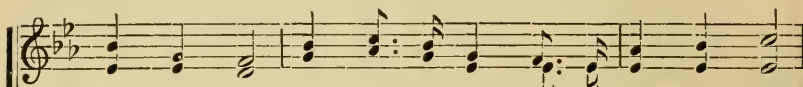
"And when the king came in see the guests he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment."—MATT. 22: 11.

J. E. LANDOR.

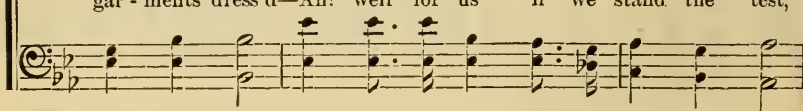
Rev. E. S. LORENZ.



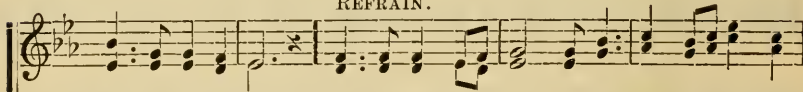
1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit - ing, perhaps, where His  
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied He who once  
 3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both  
 4. Joy - ful His eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding


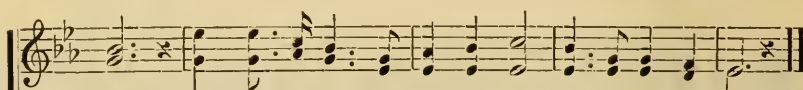
peo - ple be: How will it fare, then, with thee and me,  
 died for men; Splen - did the vis - ion be - fore us then,  
 friend and foe, Just what we are ev - 'ry one will know,  
 gar - ments dress'd—Ah! well for us if we stand the test,



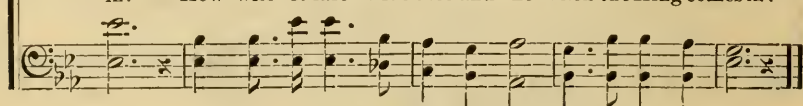
## REFRAIN.



When the King comes in? When the King comes in, Brother, When the King comes

in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?



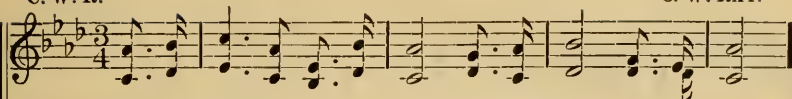
# Some Glad Day.

21

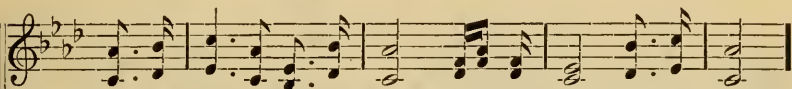
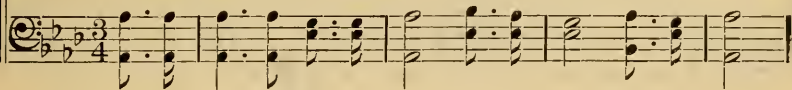
"I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14: 2.

C. W. R.

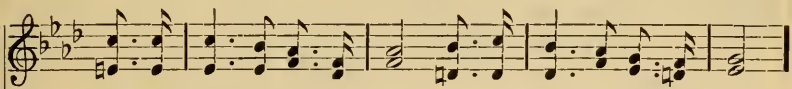
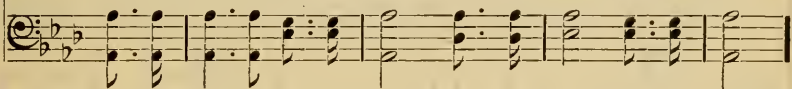
C. W. RAY.



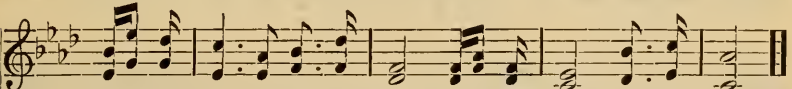
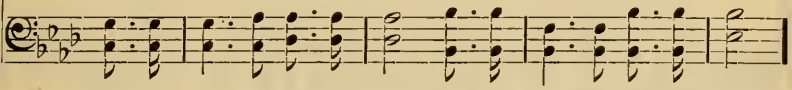
1. We shall cross the rest-less tide, Some glad day, some glad day;
2. By the glist-'ning pearl-y gate, Some glad day, some glad day,
3. Oh! that bless-ed home a - bove! Some glad day, some glad day;
4. We shall see with wond'ring eyes Some glad day, some glad day,



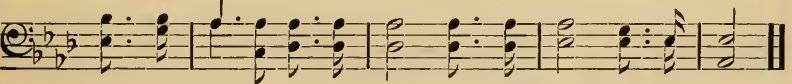
We shall all the storms out-ride, Some glad day, some glad day,  
 Friends be-lov'd will watch and wait, Some glad day, some glad day,  
 We its wondrous bliss shall prove, Some glad day, some glad day,  
 All the wealth of par-a - dise, Some glad day, some glad day,



Heav'n-ly mansions bright and fair, Our Re-deem-er will pre-pare,  
 O'er the shin-ing gold-paved street, We shall walk with tire-less feet,  
 In those towers of gems and gold, Saints and pa-tri-archs of old,  
 Yes! and best of all I'll see, Him who bled and died for me,



We shall find a wel-come there, Some glad day, some glad day.  
 There blest kindred we shall meet, Some glad day, some glad day.  
 We with rap-tures shall be - hold, Some glad day, some glad day.  
 With Him, near Him I shall be, Some glad day, some glad day.

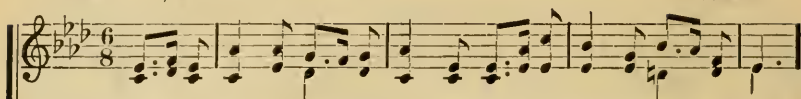




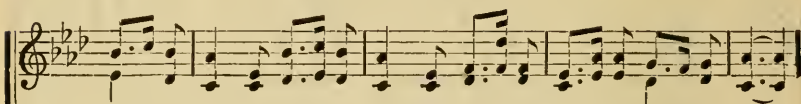
# Trusting, Solely Trusting.

J. C. MORGAN, M. D. Arr.

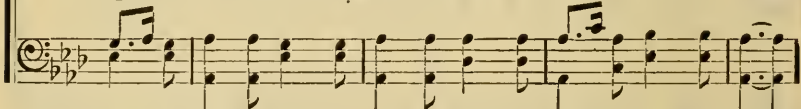
C. W. RAY.



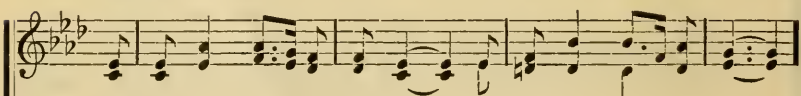
1. All my doubts I give to Je - sus: I've His gracious promise heard.
2. All my fears I give to Je - sus: Rest, my wea-ry soul on Him!
3. All my sin was laid on Je - sus: He doth wash me in His blood;
4. All in all I have in Je - sus: Poor, yet rich as cher - u - bim;



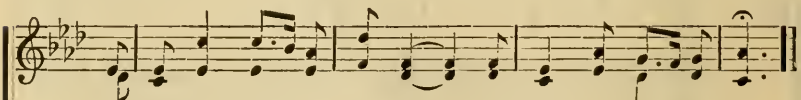
I shall nev - er be confound - ed; I am trust - ing in His word.  
 Though my way be hid in darkness, Nev - er can His light grow dim.  
 He will keep me, He hath saved me, He will bring me home to God.  
 Ig - no - rant and full of weakness, Heav'n's own store I find in Him.



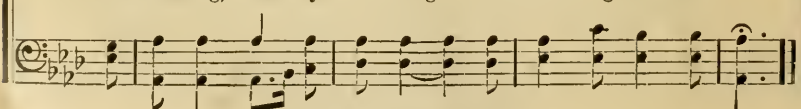
## CHORUS.



I'm trust - ing, sole - ly trust - ing, I'm trust - ing in His word;



I'm trust - ing, sole - ly trust - ing, I'm trust - ing in His word.

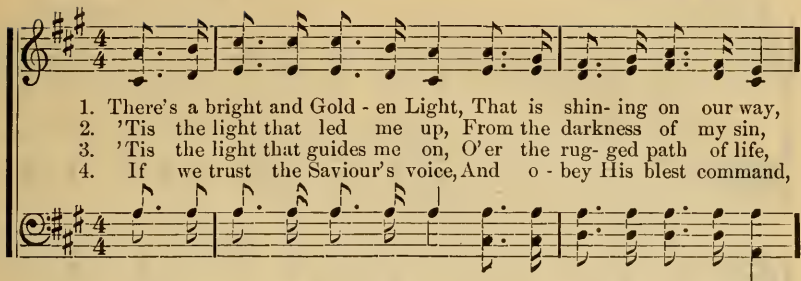


# Golden Light.

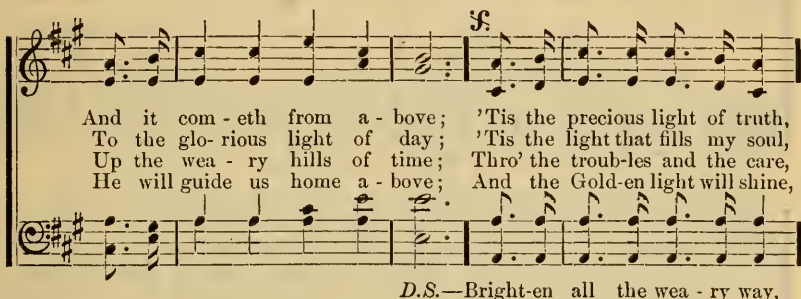
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G. A. M.

GEO. A. MINOR.

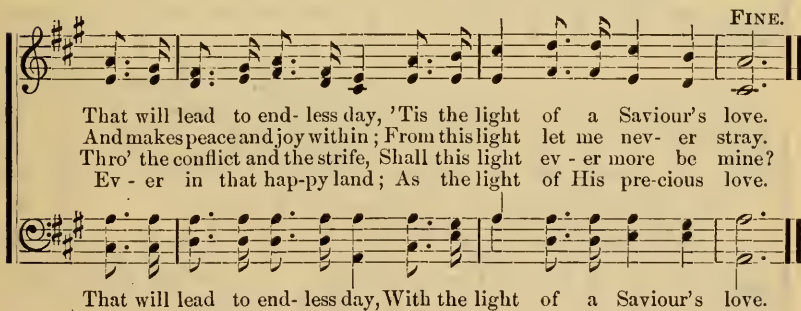


1. There's a bright and Gold - en Light, That is shin - ing on our way,  
 2. 'Tis the light that led me up, From the darkness of my sin,  
 3. 'Tis the light that guides me on, O'er the rug - ged path of life,  
 4. If we trust the Saviour's voice, And o - bey His blest command,



And it com - eth from a - bove; 'Tis the precious light of truth,  
 To the glo - rious light of day; 'Tis the light that fills my soul,  
 Up the wea - ry hills of time; Thro' the troub - les and the care,  
 He will guide us home a - bove; And the Gold - en light will shine,

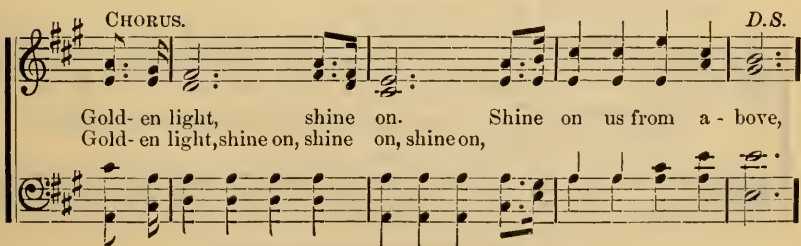
*D.S.*—Bright - en all the wea - ry way,



**FINE.**

That will lead to end - less day, 'Tis the light of a Saviour's love.  
 And makes peace and joy within; From this light let me nev - er stray.  
 Thro' the conflict and the strife, Shall this light ev - er more be mine?  
 Ev - er in that hap - py land; As the light of His pre - cious love.

That will lead to end - less day, With the light of a Saviour's love.



**CHORUS.** *D.S.*

Gold - en light, shine on. Shine on us from a - bove,  
 Gold - en light, shine on, shine on, shine on,

# Story of the Cross.

Rev. W. P. RIVERS.

R. M. McINTOSH, Mus. Doc.

1. O, the gos - pel sto - ry tell    Of the cross! (of the cross!) Let the  
 2. Let us plead the ho - ly name    Of the cross! (of the cross!) And the  
 3. O, the song shall nev - er cease    Of the cross! (of the cross!) Of the

ech - o rise and swell    Of the cross! (of the cross!) Sing the  
 Sav - iour's pain and shame    Of the cross! (of the cross!) For His  
 mer - cy, grace and peace    Of the cross! (of the cross!) For its

Sav - iour's grief and woe, How His blood did free - ly flow, Till the  
 name must be our plea, For sal - va - tion full and free, And in  
 glo - ry gilds the way, And it bath im - mor - tal ray, And we'll

*D.S.*—blood did free - ly flow, Till the

FINE. CHORUS.

world shall glad - ly know Of the cross! } Of the cross,..... of the  
 death our hope must be Of the cross! }  
 sing in heav'n for aye Of the cross! } Of the cross on which the

world shall glad - ly know Of the cross!

cross!..... Sing the Sav - iour's grief and woe, How His  
 bless - ed Sav - iour died,

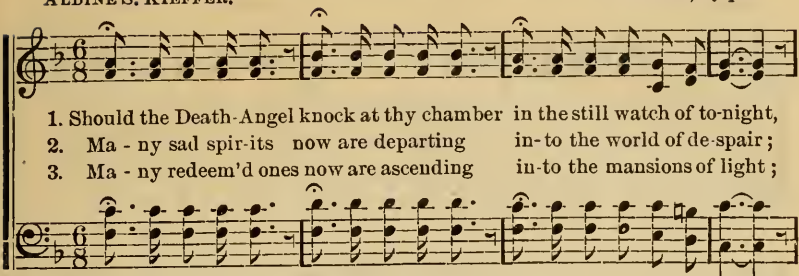


# Should the Death-Angel.

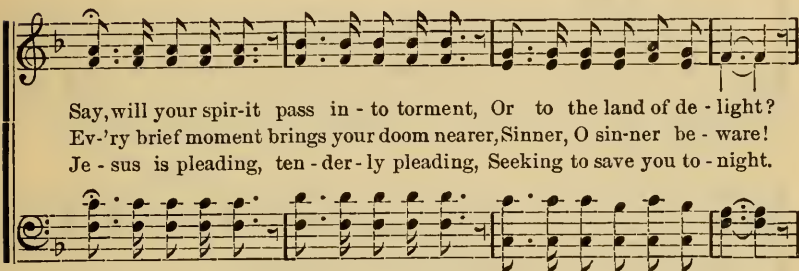
25

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

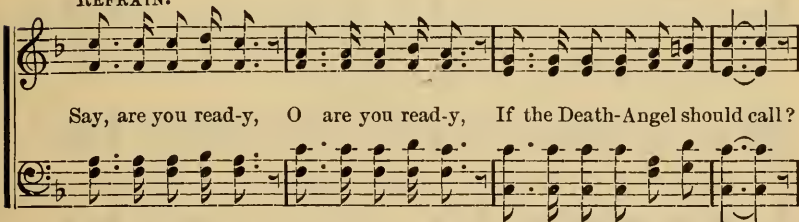


1. Should the Death-Angel knock at thy chamber in the still watch of to-night,  
2. Ma - ny sad spir-its now are departing in-to the world of de-spair;  
3. Ma - ny redeem'd ones now are ascending in-to the mansions of light;

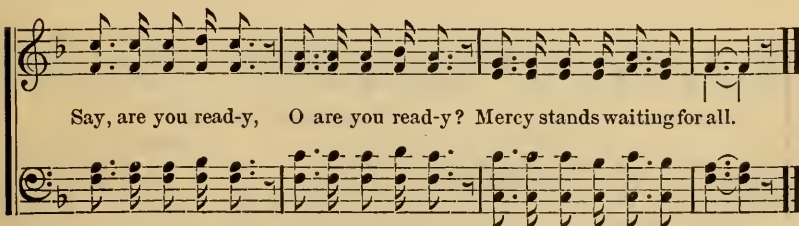


Say, will your spir-it pass in - to torment, Or to the land of de - light?  
Ev-'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer, Sinner, O sin-ner be - ware!  
Je - sus is pleading, ten - der - ly pleading, Seeking to save you to - night.

## REFRAIN.



Say, are you read-y, O are you read-y, If the Death-Angel should call?



Say, are you read-y, O are you read-y? Mercy stands waiting for all.

# Bringing in the Sheaves.

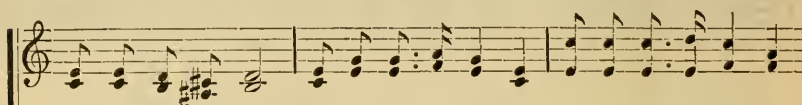
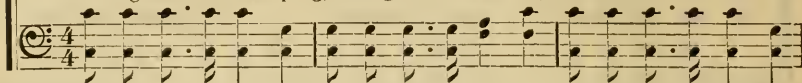
"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. 13 : 39.

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEORGE A. MINOR. By per.



1. Sowing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

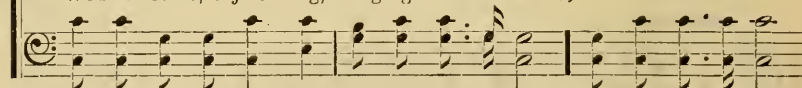


and the dew - y eve; Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,  
win-ter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la - bor end-ed,  
spir - it of - ten grieves: When our weeping's over, He will bid us wel-come,

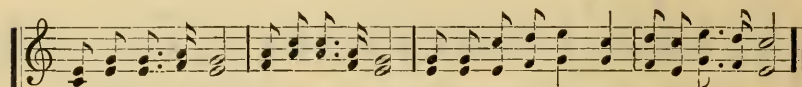


CHORUS.

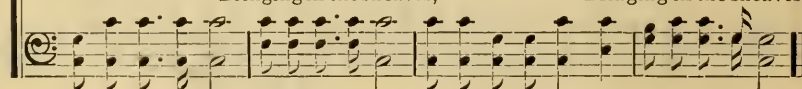
We shall come, re-joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. }  
We shall come, re-joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. } Bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come, re-joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. }



bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves,



Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing,  
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

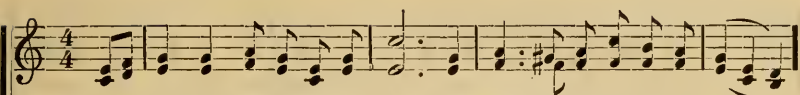


# Beyond the Jordan's Flood.

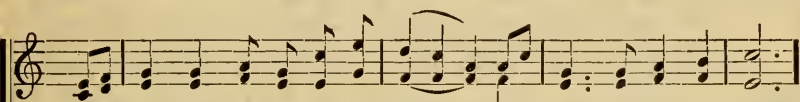
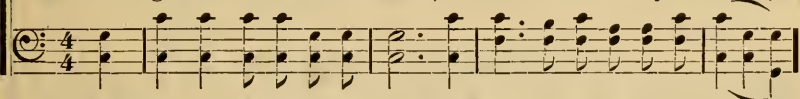
27

C. W. R.

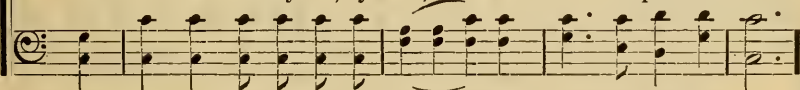
C. W. RAY.



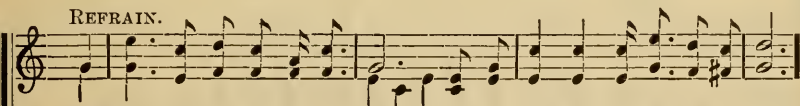
1. When on the mountain's tow'ring height, The faithful prophet took his stand;
2. 'Tho Jordan's au-gry waves may roll, And threat'ning rise on ev'ry hand ;
3. Be - yond the shadows and the gloom, By faith we see the golden strand ;
4. Through floods or flames if Jesus call, I'll fol - low as He may command ;



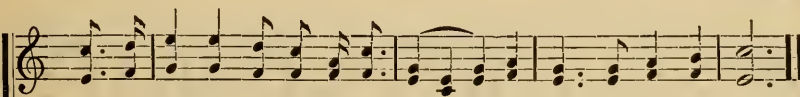
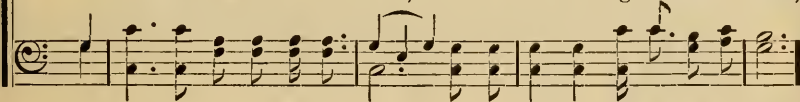
Be - yond the Jordan's swelling flood, He saw the promised land.  
 The Lord shall guide each trusting soul, Safe to the promised land.  
 And cherished hopes for-ev-er bloom, In all the promised land.  
 And trust to Him my life, my all, To reach the promised land.



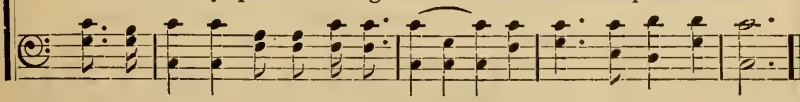
## REFRAIN.



We too shall reach the river's side ; On its cold and chilling banks shall stand ;



But we'll safe-ly pass the rolling tide. . . And reach the promised land.



# One By One.

Words arr. by C. W. R.  
DUET.

R. M. McINTOSH.  
CHORUS.

1. They're gathering homeward from ev-'ry land One by one, one by one;  
2. Ere resting they pass thro' the toil and strife One by one, one by one;  
3. And we, too, shall come to the riv - er - side One by one, one by one;

DUET.

CHORUS.

As wea - ry, their feet touch the shin - ing strand : Yes, one by one.  
Thro' wa - ters of death ere they en - ter life : Yes, one by one.  
We're near - er its wa - ters each e - ven - tide : Yes, one by one.

DUET.

Their brows are adorned with a gold-en crown ; Their travel-stain'd garments are  
To some are the floods of the riv - er still, While wending their way to the  
We hear the dread roar of death's chilly stream, And ev - er a - non thro' life's

all laid down, And cloth'd in white raiment o'er pavements of gold, They pass to the  
heav'nly hill, O'er oth-ers the billows break fiercely and wild, But rest will be  
fev'rish dream, But Jesus will point to the bright silv'ry strand And lead us thro'

CHORUS.

wondrous heav'nly fold.  
giv'n the un - de - filed.  
storms to glo - ry - land. } Gath'ring home, gath'ring home, Crossing the river



# One By One.—Concluded.

29

one by one ; Gath'ring home, gath'ring home ; Yes, one by one.

## Evening Adoration.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

JOS. HAYDN.

1. When, streaming from the eastern skies, The morning light salutes mine eyes,
2. And when to heav'n's all-glorious King My morningsac - ri - fice I bring,
3. When each day's scenes and labors close, And wearied na - ture seeks re - pose,
4. And at my life's last setting sun, My conflicts o'er, my la - bors done,

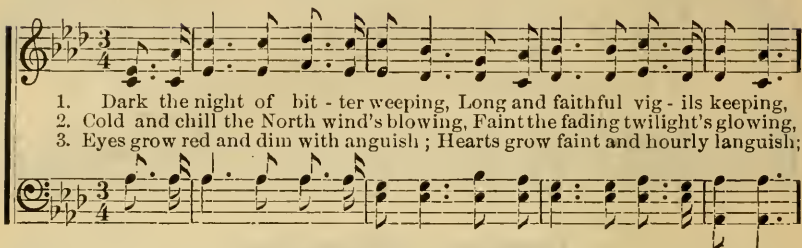
O Sun of righteous-ness di-vine, On me with beams of mer-cy shine! Oh!  
 And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame, Ask mercy in my Saviour's name; Then,  
 With pardoning mercy rich-ly blest, Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest; And,  
 Je-sus, Thy heav'nly radiance shed, To cheer and bless my dy-ing bed; And

chase the clouds of guilt a - way, And turn my darkness in - to day.  
 Je - sus, cleanse me with Thy blood, And be my Ad - vo - cate with God.  
 as each morn-ing sun shall rise, Oh, lead me on - ward to the skies!  
 from death's gloom my spirit raise, To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

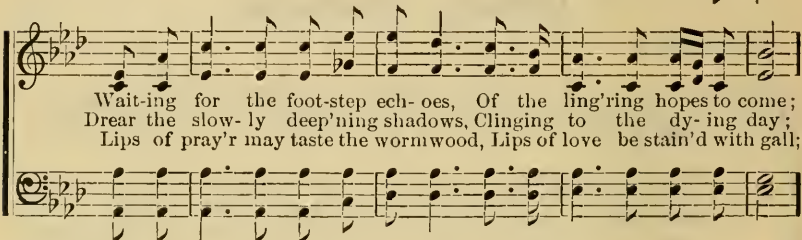
# 30 After Darkness Comes The Dawning.

C. W. R.

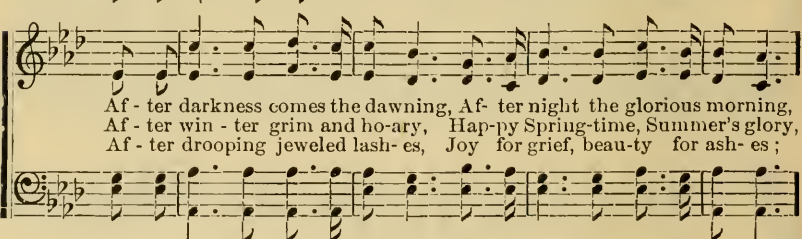
C. W. RAY.



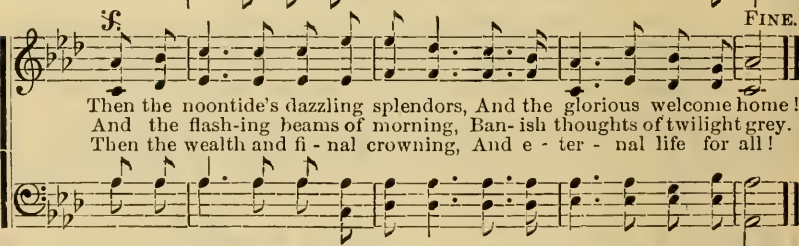
1. Dark the night of bit - ter weeping, Long and faithful vig - ils keeping,  
 2. Cold and chill the North wind's blowing, Faint the fading twilight's glowing,  
 3. Eyes grow red and dim with anguish ; Hearts grow faint and hourly languish ;



Waiting for the foot-step ech - oes, Of the ling'ring hopes to come ;  
 Drear the slow - ly deep'ning shadows, Clinging to the dy - ing day ;  
 Lips of pray'r may taste the wormwood, Lips of love be stain'd with gall ;

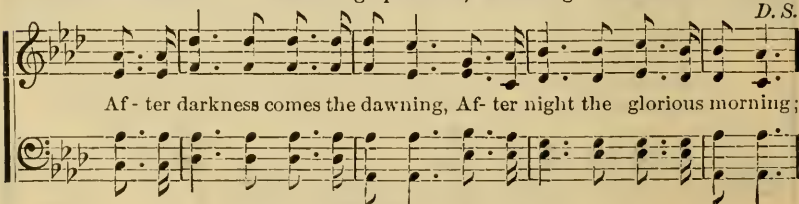


Af - ter darkness comes the dawning, Af - ter night the glorious morning,  
 Af - ter win - ter grim and ho - ary, Hap - py Spring - time, Summer's glory,  
 Af - ter drooping jeweled lash - es, Joy for grief, beau - ty for ash - es ;



*FINE.*  
 Then the noontide's dazzling splendors, And the glorious welcome home !  
 And the flash - ing beams of morning, Ban - ish thoughts of twilight grey.  
 Then the wealth and fi - nal crowning, And e - ter - nal life for all !

*D.S.*—Then the noontide's dazzling splendors, And the glorious welcome home !



*D. S.*  
 Af - ter darkness comes the dawning, Af - ter night the glorious morning ;

# Over on the Other Side.

31

C. W. RAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oft amidst the deep'ning shadows, As we lin- ger on the shore,
2. Dark and chill the foam-ing wa- ters, Fear- ful- ly they surge and roar,
3. Yes, when earthly toils are o - ver And we whisper our good- bye,

In the mists of death's dark riv - er, Kindred spir - its pass - ing o'er  
But with arms di- vine a - round us We are safe for - ev - er more;  
An- gels bright o'er us shall hov - er, And shall watch each parting sigh;

Leave be- hind them pre- cious tok - ens, As they cross the bil - lows wide,  
With our blest an- gel - ic con - voy We shall storms and waves out- ride,  
With glad songs and warm ca-ress - es They shall bear us o'er the tide

That a hap - py greet - ing waits us O - ver on the oth - er side.  
And be sure to find a wel - come O - ver on the oth - er side.  
To the land of changeless glo - ry O - ver on the oth - er side.

*D. S.*—But un-end- ing bliss awaits us, O - ver on the oth - er side.

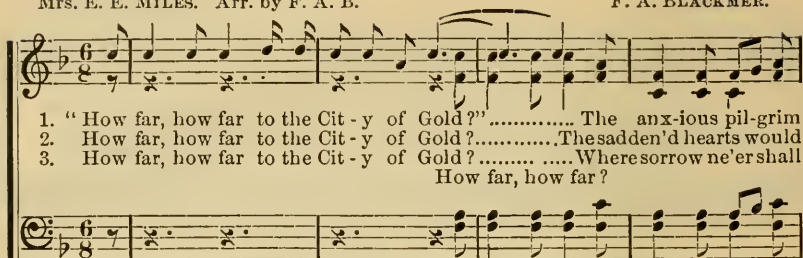
REFRAIN.

There beyond the mists and shadows Naught shall e'er the soul betide,

# How Far to the City of Gold?

Mrs. E. E. MILES. Arr. by F. A. B.

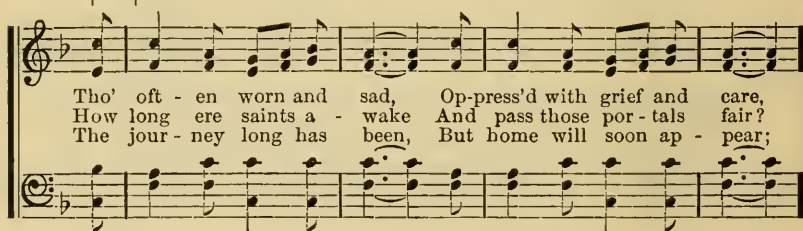
F. A. BLACKMER.



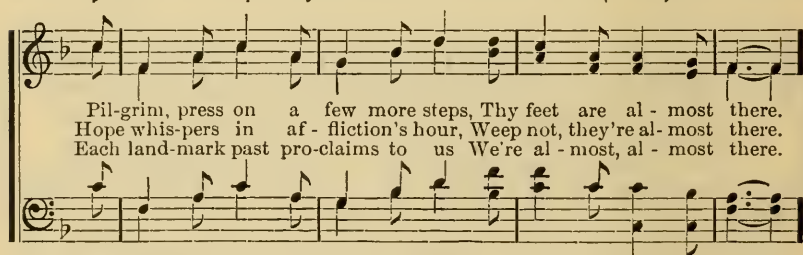
1. "How far, how far to the Cit-y of Gold?".....The anx-ious pil-grim
2. How far, how far to the Cit-y of Gold?.....The sad-den'd hearts would
3. How far, how far to the Cit-y of Gold?.....Where sor-row ne'er shall  
How far, how far?



cries, "How far to jour-ney ere I see Its tow'rs be-fore me rise?"  
know, While mourning o'er the friends they love, In death's embrace laid low;  
come—The promised land of joy and rest, The saints' e-ter-nal home?

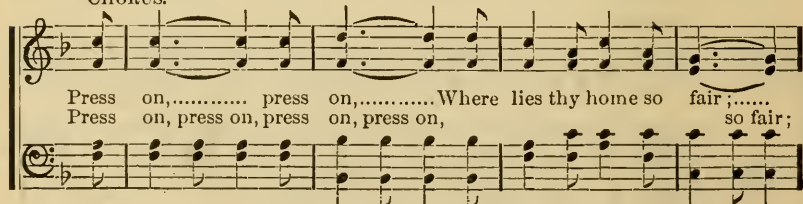


Tho' oft - en worn and sad, Op-press'd with grief and care,  
How long ere saints a - wake And pass those por - tals fair?  
The jour - ney long has been, But home will soon ap - pear;



Pil-grim, press on a few more steps, Thy feet are al - most there.  
Hope whis-pers in af - flict-ion's hour, Weep not, they're al-most there.  
Each land-mark past pro-claims to us We're al - most, al - most there.

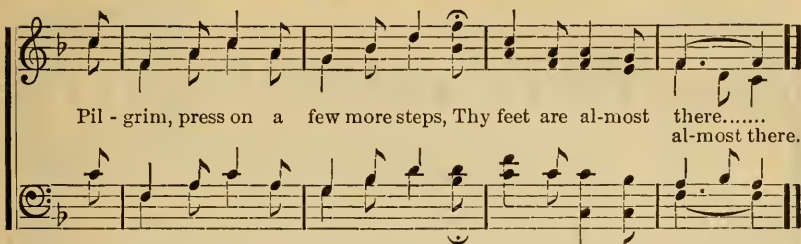
## CHORUS.



Press on,..... press on,.....Where lies thy home so fair;.....  
Press on, press on, press on, press on, so fair;



# How Far to the City of Gold?—Concluded. 33

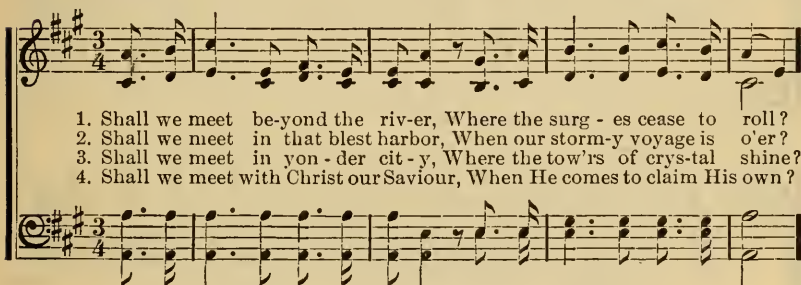


Pil - grim, press on a few more steps, Thy feet are al-most there.....  
al-most there.

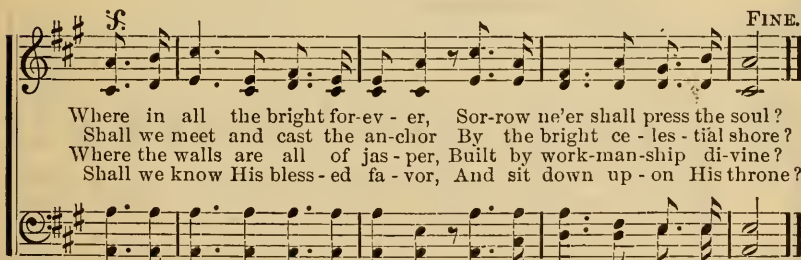
## Shall We Meet Beyond the River?

H. L. HASTINGS.

ELISHA S. RICE. .



1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

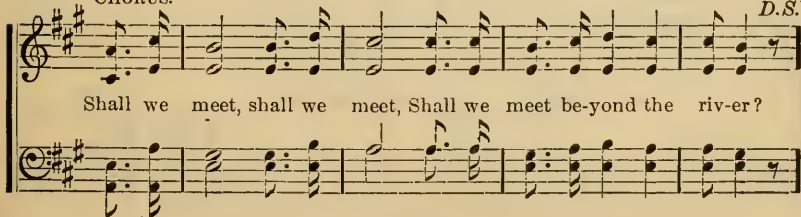


FINE.

Where in all the bright for-ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?  
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?  
Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?  
Shall we know His bless-ed fa - vor, And sit down up-on His throne?

*D.S.*—Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?

CHORUS.



*D.S.*

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er?

# Perfect Peace.

ELIZA SHERMAN.  
C. W. RAY.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. As a dis - tant strain of mu - sic, Fall - ing gen - tly on the ear,—  
2. Ev - er as a riv - er flow - eth, Thro' the sun - light and the shade,  
3. When at last my hands I'm fold - ing, With my life's last set - ting sun,

As the rip - ple of the brook - let On - ly tell - ing it is near:  
Thro' the still and sun - ny val - ley And the dark and tan - gled glade:  
When the shad - ow shall be fall - ing, And my earth - ly work is done;

So in - to our hearts there cometh, When all earthly thoughts do cease,  
So we feel it thro' our life - time, That when death brings our release,  
My Re - deem - er then shall whis - per, All thy cares and toils shall cease,

Soft - ly as a sun - beam fall - eth, The sweet sense of per - fect peace.  
We shall know the full fru - i - tion Of this soul - per - vad - ing peace.  
Thou didst trust my love and mer - cy Thou shalt rest in per - fect peace.

CHORUS.

Per - fect peace..... the Fa - ther giv - eth,  
Per - fect peace the Fa - ther giv - eth,

# Perfect Peace.—Concluded.

35

When the heart..... on Him is stayed;  
 When the heart on Him is stayed, on Him is stayed, on Him is stayed;

It shall nev - er - more be troub - led,  
 It shall nev - er - more be troub - led,

It shall nev - er be a - fraid.  
 It shall nev - er, it shall nev - er be a - fraid, be a - fraid.

## To-Day the Saviour Calls.

S. F. SMITH, D. D.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. To - day the Sav - iour calls; Ye wan - d'ers, come;  
 2. To - day the Sav - iour calls; Oh, hear Him now;  
 3. To - day the Sav - iour calls; For ref - uge fly;  
 4. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to His pow'r,

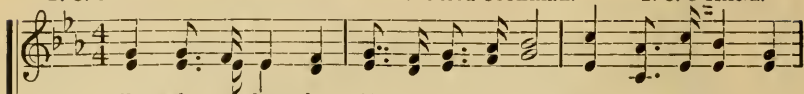
O ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?  
 With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.  
 The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.  
 Oh, grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

## Sweeping Through the Gates.

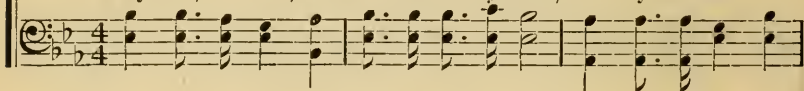
T. C. O'K.

Last words of Rev. Alfred Cookman.

T. C. O'KANE.



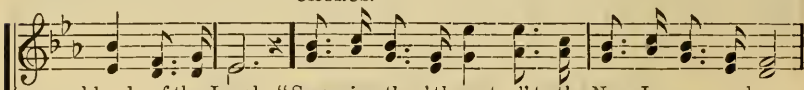
1. Who, who are these be - side the chil - ly wave, Just on the bor - ders
2. These, these are they who in af - flic - tion's woes, Ev - er have found in
3. These, these are they who in the con - flict dire, Bold - ly have stood a -
4. Safe, safe up - on the ev - er - shin - ing shore, Sin, pain, and death, and
5. May we, O Lord, be now en - tire - ly thine, Dai - ly from sin be



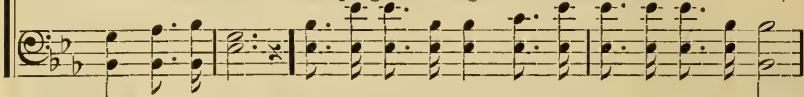
of the si - lent grave, Shouting Je - sus' pow'r to save Washed in the  
 Je - sus calm re - pose, Such as from a pure heart flows, Washed in the  
 mid the hot - test fire, Jesus now says, "Come up higher," Washed in the  
 sor - row all are o'er Hap - py now and ev - er - more, Washed in the  
 kept by pow'r di - vine, Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, Washed in the



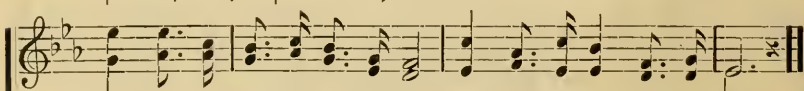
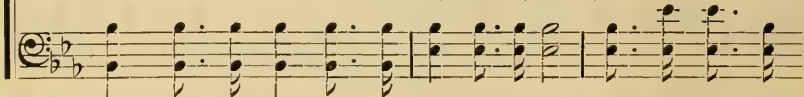
## CHORUS.



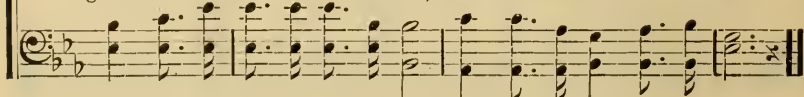
blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Je - ru - sa - lem,



"Washed in the blood of the Lamb:" "Sweep - ing thro' the  
 in the blood of the Lamb:



gates" to the New Je - ru - sa - lem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."





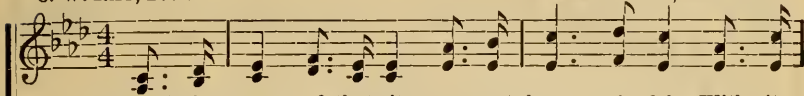
# Through the Gates.

37

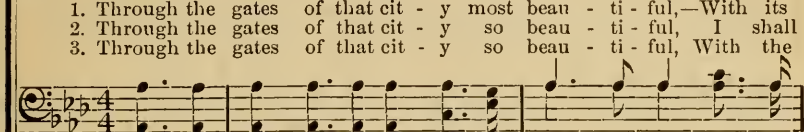
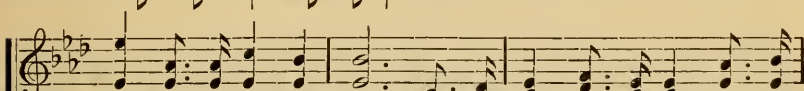
"God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. 11: 16.

C. W. RAY, D. D.

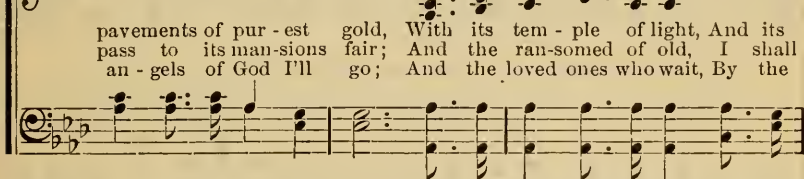
R. M. MCINTOSH, Mus. Doc.



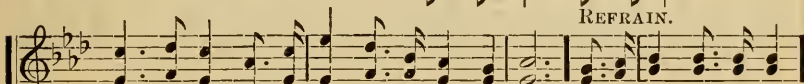
1. Through the gates of that cit - y most beau - ti - ful,—With its  
 2. Through the gates of that cit - y so beau - ti - ful, I shall  
 3. Through the gates of that cit - y so beau - ti - ful, With the

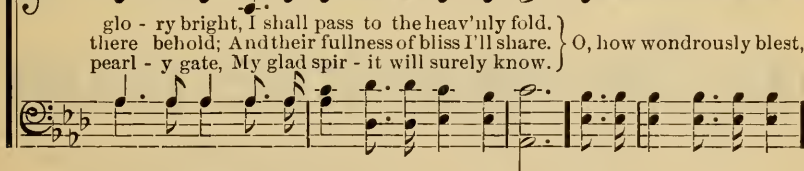
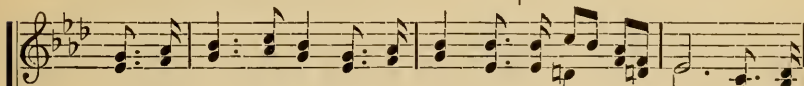
pavements of pur - est gold, With its tem - ple of light, And its  
 pass to its man - sions fair; And the ran - somed of old, I shall  
 an - gels of God I'll go; And the loved ones who wait, By the



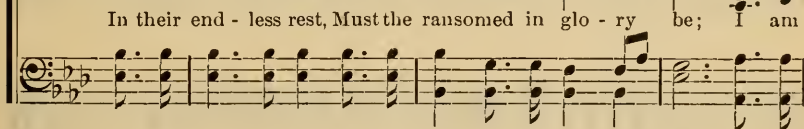

REFRAIN.



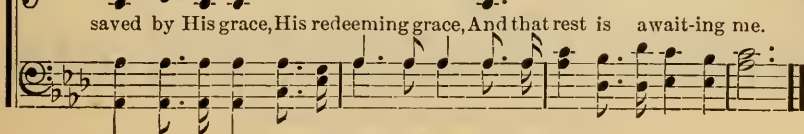
glo - ry bright, I shall pass to the heav'nly fold.  
 there behold; And their fullness of bliss I'll share. } O, how wondrously blest,  
 pearl - y gate, My glad spir - it will surely know. }

In their end - less rest, Must the ransomed in glo - ry be; I am

saved by His grace, His redeeming grace, And that rest is await - ing me.

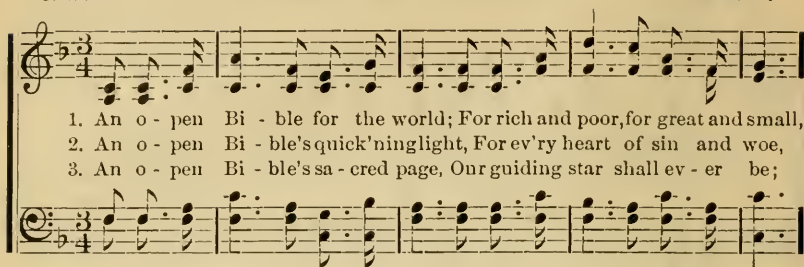




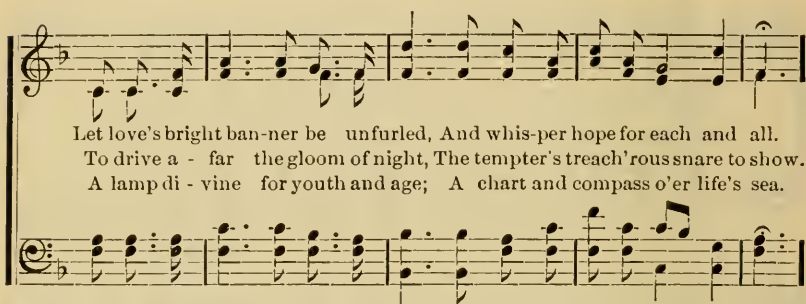
# An Open Bible for the World.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

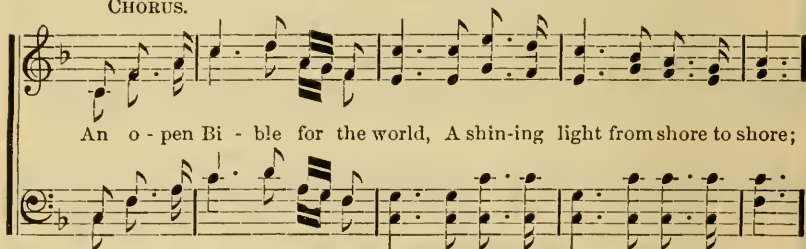


1. An o - pen Bi - ble for the world; For rich and poor, for great and small,  
 2. An o - pen Bi - ble's quick'ning light, For ev'ry heart of sin and woe,  
 3. An o - pen Bi - ble's sa - cred page, Our guiding star shall ev - er be;

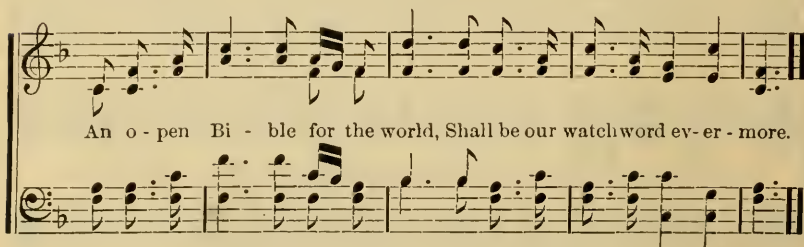


Let love's bright ban - ner be unfurled, And whis - per hope for each and all.  
 To drive a - far the gloom of night, The tempter's treach'rous snare to show.  
 A lamp di - vine for youth and age; A chart and compass o'er life's sea.

## CHORUS.



An o - pen Bi - ble for the world, A shin - ing light from shore to shore;



An o - pen Bi - ble for the world, Shall be our watchword ev - er - more.

# Joyfully! Joyfully!

39

W. HUNTER, D. D.

Words and Music Arr. by C. W. RAY.

A. D. MERRILL.

1. { Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move, Bound for the land of bright  
An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as I come, "Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly,  
2. { Friends fondly cherished have passed on before, Waiting, they watch me ap -  
Sing - ing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom, "Joyful - ly, joy - ful - ly,  
3. { Death, fierce and cru - el may soon lay me low, Dread King of ter - rors, I  
Je - sus hath bro - ken the bars of the tomb: Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly,

spir - its a - bove; } Soon, with my pil - grim - age end - ed be - low,  
haste to thy home." }  
proaching the shore; } Sounds of sweet mel - o - dy fall on my ear;  
haste to thy home." }  
fear not his blow; } Bright will the morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawn,  
will I go home. }

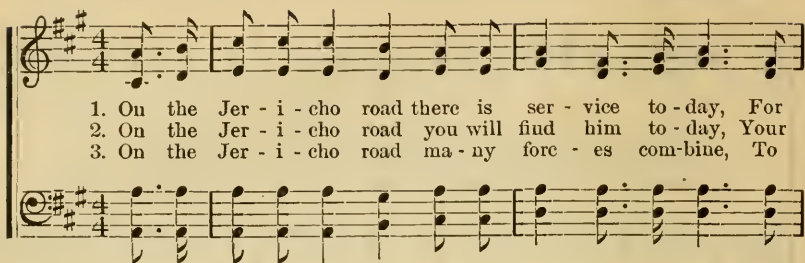
Home to that land of bright glo - ry I'll go; Pil - grim and stran - ger no  
Harps of my kin - dred in Je - sus I hear, Swell - ing the cho - rus from  
Death shall be banished, his scep - tre be gone, Joy - ful - ly, then shall I

*Ritard.*  
more shall I roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.  
heav - en's high dome, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home.  
wit - ness his doom: Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, safe - ly at home.

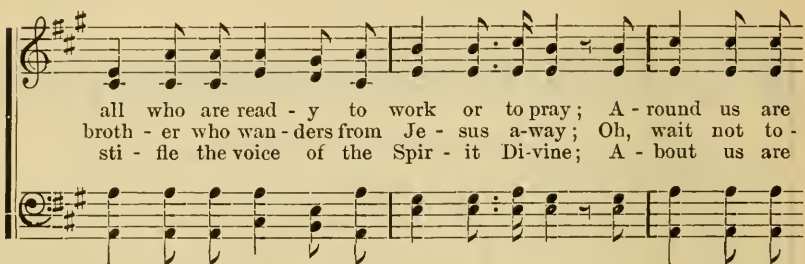
# On the Jericho Road.

Dr. J. J. MAXFIELD.

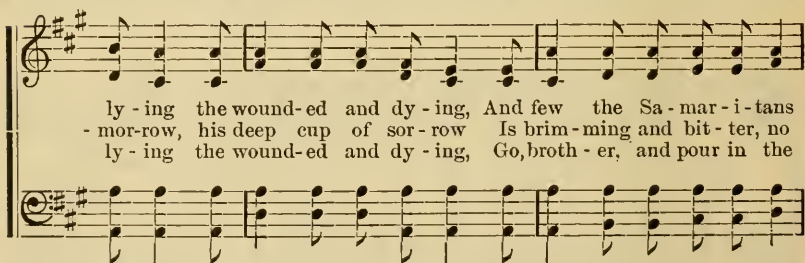
W. A. OGDEN, by per.



1. On the Jer - i - cho road there is ser - vice to - day, For  
 2. On the Jer - i - cho road you will find him to - day, Your  
 3. On the Jer - i - cho road ma - ny forc - es com - bine, To

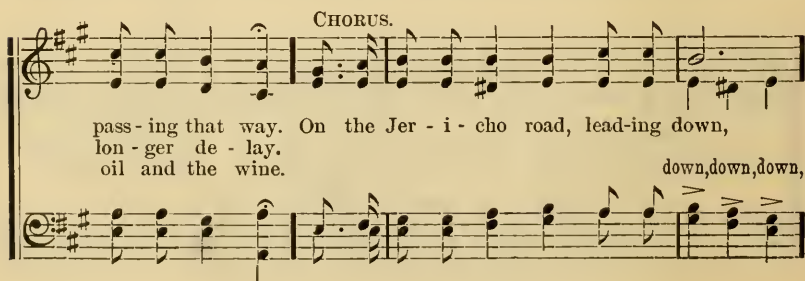


all who are read - y to work or to pray; A - round us are  
 broth - er who wan - ders from Je - sus a - way; Oh, wait not to -  
 sti - fle the voice of the Spir - it Di - vine; A - bout us are



ly - ing the wound - ed and dy - ing, And few the Sa - mar - i - tans  
 - mor - row, his deep cup of sor - row Is brim - ming and bit - ter, no  
 ly - ing the wound - ed and dy - ing, Go, broth - er, and pour in the

CHORUS.



pass - ing that way. On the Jer - i - cho road, lead - ing down,  
 lon - ger de - lay.  
 oil and the wine. down, down, down,

# On the Jericho Road.—Concluded. 41

The Le - vite goes care - less - ly by, Yet ma - ny who  
 jour - ney a - long that way Are wounded and read - y to die.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The bottom part is written on a bass clef staff with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are placed between the staves, aligned with the notes. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, creating a simple, hymn-like melody.

## Advocate and Friend.

C. W. RAY.

I. PLEYEL.

1. Sav-iour, Ad - vo - cate and Friend Grateful - ly Thy praise we sing;  
 2. In our hearts Thy - self en-throne, King of Glo - ry, Prince of Peace;  
 3. Weak and sin - ful though we are, Yet Thy glo - ry we con - fess;  
 4. Thou the "New and Liv - ing Way," Our A - ton - ing Sac - ri - fice;

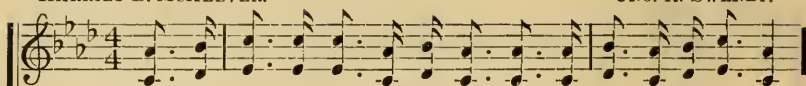
Grate - ful - ly be - fore thee bend, Lord of lords, Re - deem - er King.  
 We Thy Sovereign Scep - ter own, — Thy blest reign shall nev - er cease.  
 Thou art our bright "Morning Star," And the Sun of Righteous - ness.  
 Guard and guide our steps we pray, To the gates of par - a - dise.

This musical score is for a four-part setting. The top part is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom part is written on a bass clef staff with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are placed between the staves, aligned with the notes. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, creating a simple, hymn-like melody.

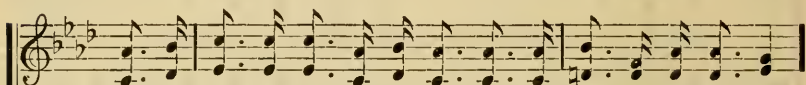
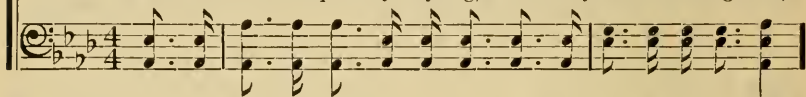
# While the Years are Rolling On.

HARRIET B. MCKEEVER.

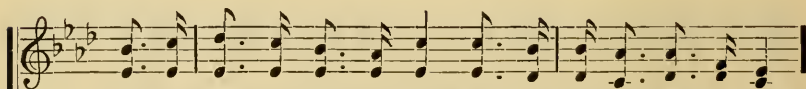
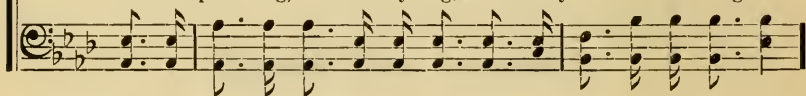
JNO. R. SWENEY.



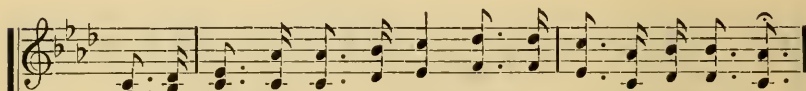
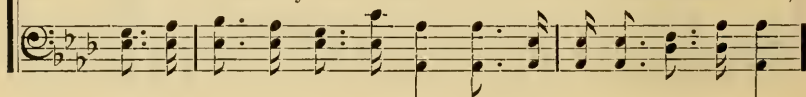
1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on;
2. There's no time to waste in sighing, While the years are rolling on;
3. Let us strengthen one another, While the years are rolling on;
4. Friends we love are quick-ly fly-ing, While the years are rolling on;



Christian souls the watch are keeping, While the years are roll - ing on.  
 Time is fly - ing, souls are dy - ing, While the years are roll - ing on.  
 Seek to raise a fall - en broth - er, While the years are roll - ing on.  
 No more part - ing, no more dy - ing, While the years are roll - ing on.



While our jour - ney we pur - sue, With the ha - ven still in view,  
 Lov - ing words a soul may win From the wretched paths of sin;  
 This is work for ev - 'ry hand, Till, throughout cre - a - tion's land,  
 In the world be - yond the tomb Sor - row nev - er - more can come,



There is work for us to do, While the years are roll - ing on.  
 We may bring the wand'ers in, While the years are roll - ing on.  
 Ar - mies for the Lord shall stand, While the years are roll - ing on.  
 When we meet in that blest home, While the years are roll - ing on.





# While the Years, etc.—Concluded. 43

## CHORUS.

Are roll-ing on, ..... Are roll-ing on, Are roll - ing on,

*rit.*  
O the good we may be do-ing, While the years are rolling on.

## In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

JOHN BOWRING.

I. CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive and fears an-noy,  
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way,  
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime.  
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
From the cross the ra-diance streaming, Adds new luster to the day.  
Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

# The Lamp Divine.

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet."—Psa. 119 : 105.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

1. My Sav-iour and my God, O make Thy Word di - vine,  
 2. O let Thy Ho - ly Word, Through all life's toil - some way,  
 3. When shad-ows 'round me creep, And fears my soul ap - pall,  
 4. Should doubts like spectres rise, And dark - ness veil my sky,

A flam-ing lamp, a noon-day Sun, With-in my heart to shine.  
 Re - veal to me each tempt-er's snare, And turn my night to day.  
 Then may Thy Word with heal-ing beams, Like sun-light 'round me fall.  
 Then let Thy Word so blest to me Whis-per that Thou art nigh.

## REFRAIN.

Like a light-house by the sea, Like a bea-con on the shore,

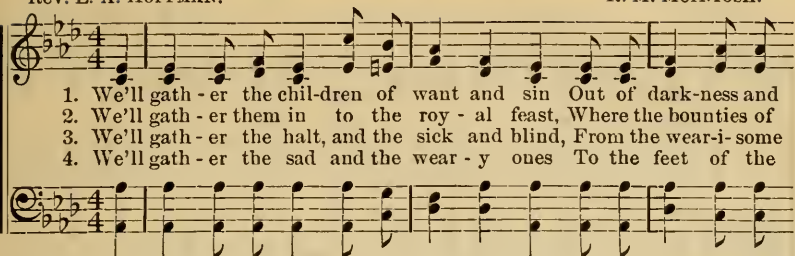
Mark the path of life for me; Bless and guide me ev - er - more.

# We'll Gather Them In.

45

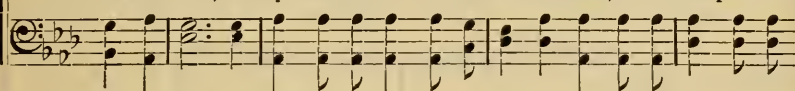
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

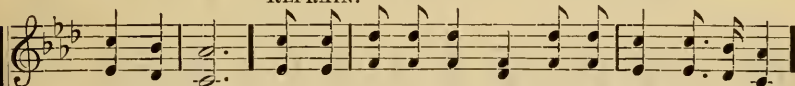


1. We'll gath - er the chil-dren of want and sin Out of dark-ness and  
 2. We'll gath - er them in to the roy - al feast, Where the bounties of  
 3. We'll gath - er the halt, and the sick and blind, From the wear-i-some  
 4. We'll gath - er the sad and the wear - y ones To the feet of the

out of gloom; We'll bring them in joy to the Master's home; In His house there is  
 grace are spread, Where perishing souls with the bread of life In the ten - der-est  
 paths of sin, To Je - sus, their Saviour and loving Friend, We will gather these  
 bless-ed Lord; He'll pardon their sin and renew their hearts; 'Tis the hope of His

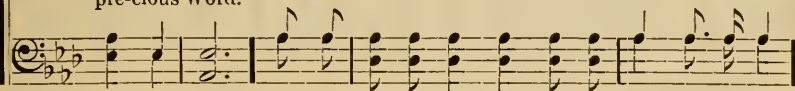


## REFRAIN.



am - ple room.  
 love are fed.  
 lost ones in.  
 pre-cious Word.

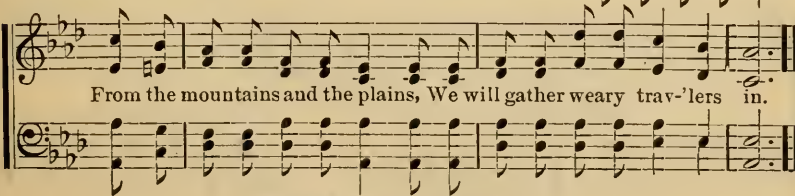
We will gath-er them in to the feast of the King,



From the highways and by-ways of sin, From the hedg-es and the lanes,



From the mountains and the plains, We will gather weary trav-'lers in.

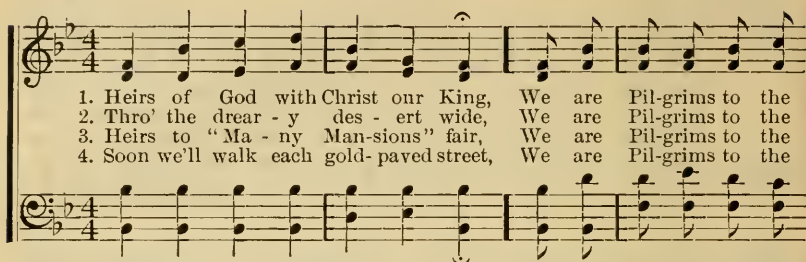


## Pilgrims to the Pearly Gates.

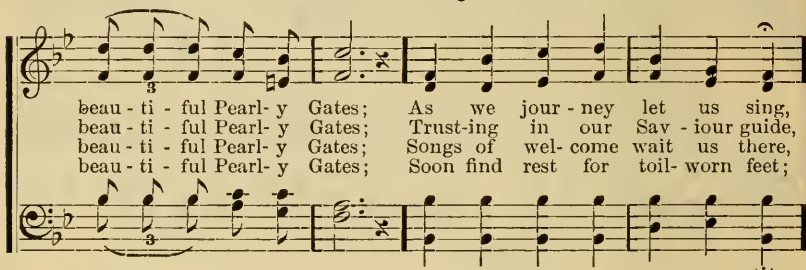
C. W. RAY.

Rev. 21: 21.

T. H. R. CHRISTIE.



1. Heirs of God with Christ our King, We are Pil-grims to the  
 2. Thro' the drear - y des - ert wide, We are Pil-grims to the  
 3. Heirs to "Ma - ny Man-sions" fair, We are Pil-grims to the  
 4. Soon we'll walk each gold-paved street, We are Pil-grims to the

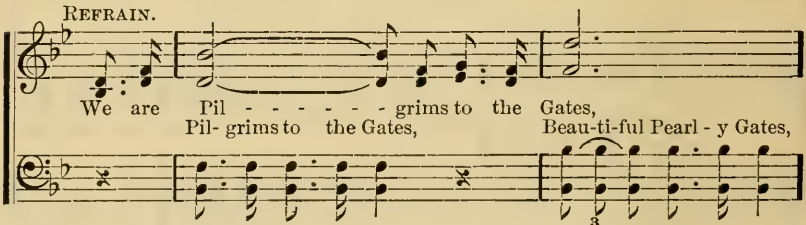


beau - ti - ful Pearl - y Gates; As we jour - ney let us sing,  
 beau - ti - ful Pearl - y Gates; Trust-ing in our Sav - iour guide,  
 beau - ti - ful Pearl - y Gates; Songs of wel - come wait us there,  
 beau - ti - ful Pearl - y Gates; Soon find rest for toil - worn feet;

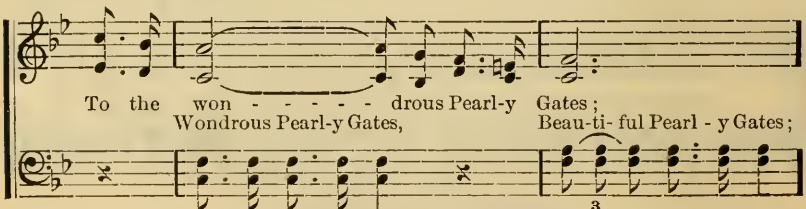


We are Pil - grims to the beau - ti - ful Pearl - y Gates.

## REFRAIN.



We are Pil - - - - grims to the Gates,  
 Pil - grims to the Gates, Beau-ti-ful Pearl - y Gates,



To the won - - - - drous Pearl-y Gates;  
 Wondrous Pearl-y Gates, Beau-ti-ful Pearl - y Gates;

# Pilgrims to the, etc.—Concluded. 47

Where the ran - - - - - somed spir - it waits;  
Ransomed spir- it waits Beau- ti- ful Pearl- y Gates.

We are Pilgrims to the beau-ti-ful Pearl-y Gates. Pearl- y Gates.

## Prayer and Assurance.

C. W. RAY.

HARLEY ANDERSON.

1. O Sav-iour true In life's re - view Do not my name dis - own;  
2. I would con-fess Thy pre-cious- ness Thy name with joy make known;  
3. From Thy dear side A heal- ing tide For guilt doth now a - tone;

My will sub - due, My heart re - new, Thy will to me make known.  
My suit I press, For-give and bless, And make me all thine own.  
For me pro - vide, And be my guide; O leave me not a - lone.

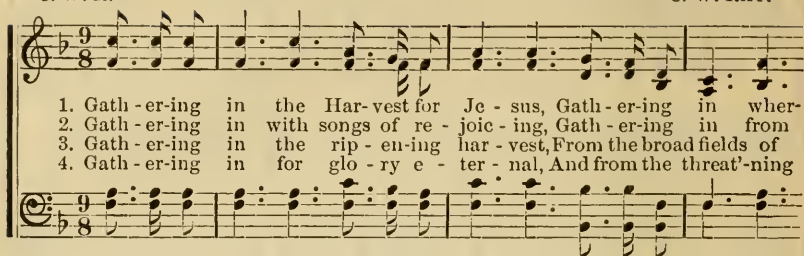
My soul re - fine, O make me Thine; Pre- pare me for my home.  
For Thee I pine, Con-fess me Thine, Pre-serve and bring me home.  
Let love di - vine, With grace combine And bring me safe- ly home.



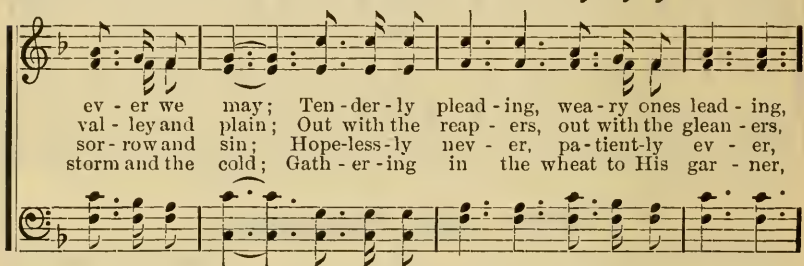
# Harvesting for Eternity.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

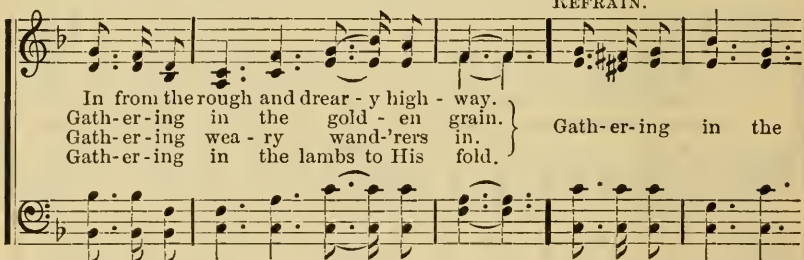


1. Gath-er-ing in the Har-vest for Je - sus, Gath-er-ing in wher-  
 2. Gath-er-ing in with songs of re - joic - ing, Gath-er-ing in from  
 3. Gath-er-ing in the rip - en-ing har - vest, From the broad fields of  
 4. Gath-er-ing in for glo - ry e - ter - nal, And from the threat'-ning

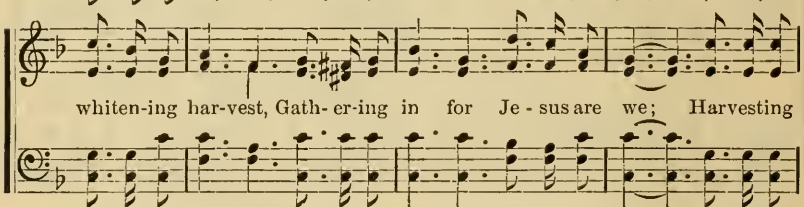


ev - er we may; Ten - der - ly plead - ing, wea - ry ones lead - ing,  
 val - ley and plain; Out with the reap - ers, out with the glean - ers,  
 sor - row and sin; Hope - less - ly nev - er, pa - tient - ly ev - er,  
 storm and the cold; Gath - er - ing in the wheat to His gar - ner,

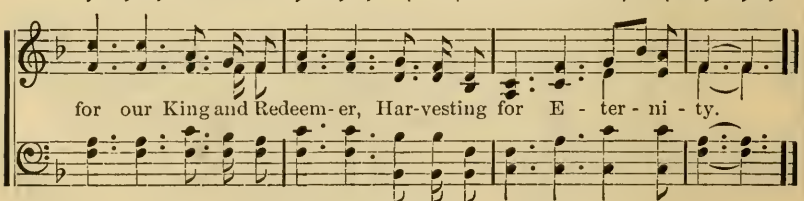
## REFRAIN.



In from the rough and drear - y high - way.  
 Gath-er-ing in the gold - en grain. } Gath-er-ing in the  
 Gath-er-ing wea - ry wand'-rers in.  
 Gath-er-ing in the lambs to His fold.



whiten-ing har-vest, Gath-er-ing in for Je - sus are we; Harvesting



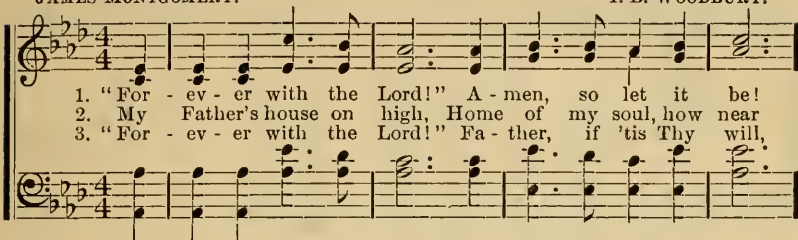
for our King and Redeem-er, Har-vesting for E - ter - ni - ty.

# Nearer Home.

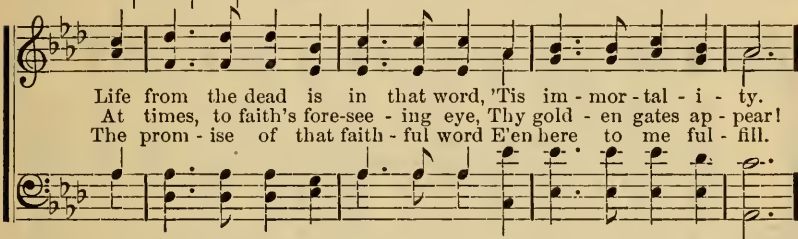
"So shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. 1: 17.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

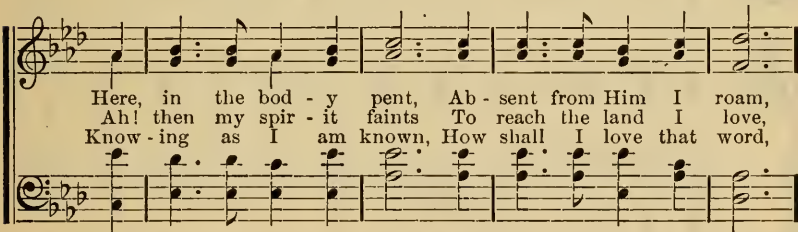
I. B. WOODBURY.



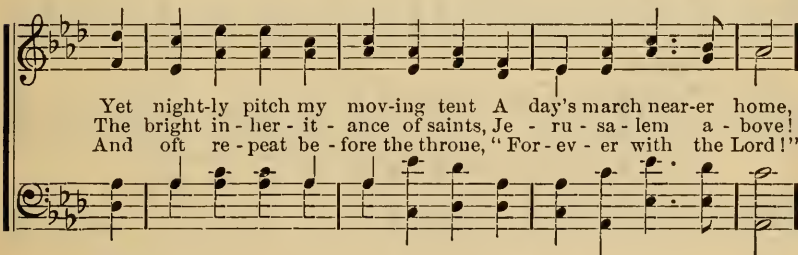
1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be!  
 2. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near  
 3. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" Fa - ther, if 'tis Thy will,



Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.  
 At times, to faith's fore-see - ing eye, Thy gold - en gates ap - pear!  
 The prom - ise of that faith - ful word E'en here to me ful - fill.

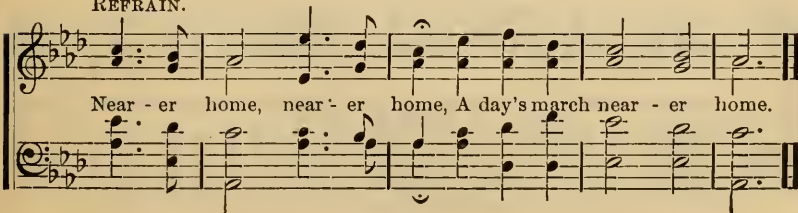


Here, in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam,  
 Ah! then my spir - it faints, To reach the land I love,  
 Know - ing as I am known, How shall I love that word,



Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march near-er home,  
 The bright in - her - it - ance of saints, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove!  
 And oft re - peat be - fore the throne, "For - ev - er with the Lord!"

## REFRAIN.



Near - er home, near - er home, A day's march near - er home.

# They Crucified Him.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE. Arr.

1. Come, sin - ner, be - hold what Je - sus hath done,  
 2. From heav - en He came, He loved you—He died:  
 3. No pit - y - ing eye, a sav - ing arm, none,  
 4. They cru - ci - fied Him, and yet He for - gave,  
 5. So what will you do with Je - sus your King?

Be - hold how He suf - fered for thee: They cru - ci - fied Him,  
 Such love as His nev - er was known; Be - hold on the cross  
 He saw us and pit - ied us then; A - lone in the fight,  
 "My Fa - ther, for - give them," He cried; What must He have borne,  
 Say, how will you meet Him at last? What plea in the day

God's in - no - cent Son, For - sak - en, He died on the tree!  
 your King cru - ci - fied, To make you an heir to His throne!  
 the vic - try He won; O praise Him, ye chil - dren of men.  
 the sin - ner to save, When un - der the bur - den He died!  
 of wrath will you bring, When of - fers of mer - cy are past?

## CHORUS.

They cru - ci - fied Him, they crucified Him, They nailed Him to the tree,

And there He died, A King cru - ci - fied To save a poor sinner like me, like me,

# The Best Story of All.

51

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

1. Of all the sweet sto - ries that ev - er were told,  
2. He came for our res - cue tho' fear - ful the cost,

This side the fair cit - y of jew - els and gold;  
He suf - fer'd and died for the way - ward and lost;

And told in the hov - el or rich pal - ace hall,  
*D.S.*—Yes; came and His life as a ran - som He gave,  
He saves us from sin, from its curse and its thrall;  
*D.S.*—But con - quer - ing death He now liv - eth a - gain,

**FINE.**  
This is the best sto - ry of all. Je - sus from heav - en the  
This is the best sto - ry of all.  
This is the best sto - ry of all. Smit - ten and wounded and  
This is the best sto - ry of all.


*D.S.*  
might - y to save, Came to re - deem us from death and the grave,  
cru - el - ly slain, Bear - ing the cross with its an - guish and pain;



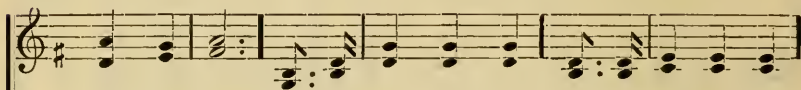
# When the Bridegroom Comes.

C. W. RAY.

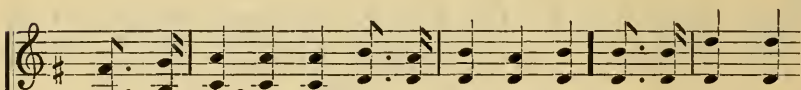
H. R. CHRISTIE.



1. When in robes of light, And in glo - ry bright, "Be-hold the  
2. Thro' all earth and sky, Shall be heard the cry, "Be-hold the  
3. The Arch - an - gel, will, Ev - 'ry bos - om thrill; "Be-hold the



Bride-groom comes," What a shout will rise? And with what sur-prise  
Bride-groom comes;" All the earth shall quake, And its pil - lars shake,  
Bride-groom comes;" What an hour 'twill be, When with bend-ed knee,



Shall we see him come from the part-ing skies? For his own be-  
And the dead shall from their long slum-bers wake While a - far and  
The un-saved the King in his beau-ty see? And with dire dis-

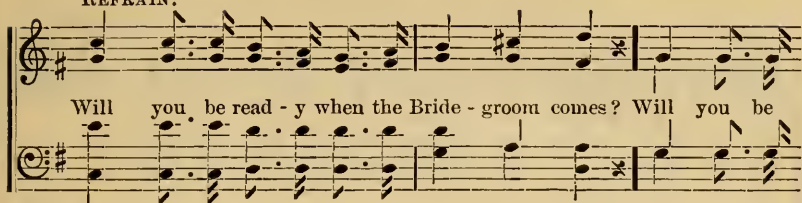


loved Who have faith - ful proved, "Be - hold the Bride-groom comes."  
near, All the world shall hear, "Be - hold the Bride-groom comes."  
may, And des-pair will say, "Be - hold the Bride-groom comes."



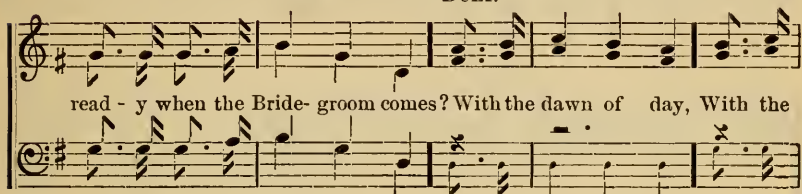
# When the Bridegroom, etc.—Concluded. 53

## REFRAIN.

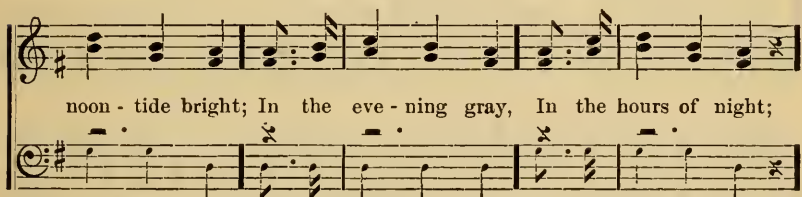


Will you be read - y when the Bride - groom comes? Will you be

## DUET.

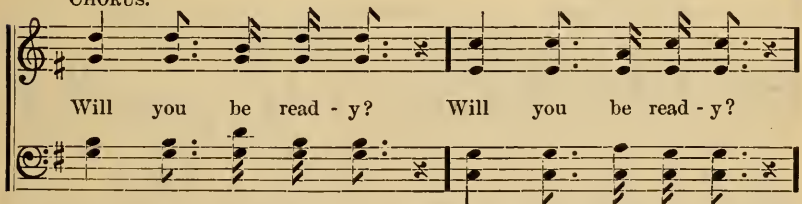


read - y when the Bride - groom comes? With the dawn of day, With the

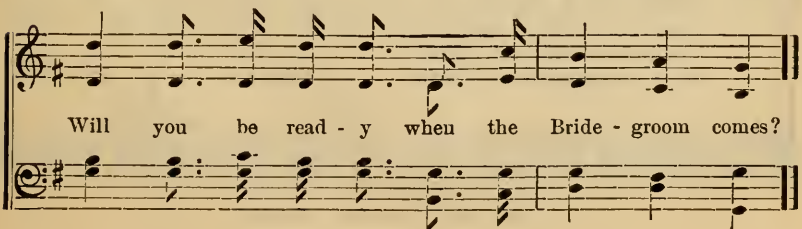


noon - tide bright; In the eve - ning gray, In the hours of night;

## CHORUS.



Will you be read - y? Will you be read - y?



Will you be read - y when the Bride - groom comes?

# Toiling in the Name of Jesus.

"Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."—Col. 3: 17.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

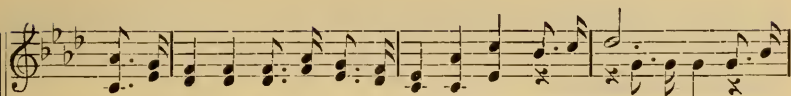
1. In the bat - tle of life we'll go forth to - day, Toil - ing  
 2. We will wage ho - ly war 'gainst the hosts of sin,  
 3. When the bat - tle is o'er we will rest at home,

on, toil - ing on, In the name of the Lord we will  
 In the name of our Cap - tain we'll  
 Toil - ing on, toiling on, When the Lord of the skies bids us

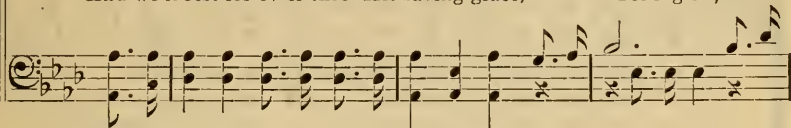
work and pray, Toiling on, toiling on, Je - sus is our  
 sure - ly win, We will la - bor  
 hith - er come, Toiling on, toiling on, Then a crown of

Lead - er and we can - not fail, Toiling on, toiling on,  
 in the vineyard of the Lord,  
 vic'try on our heads He'll place, Toiling on, toiling on,

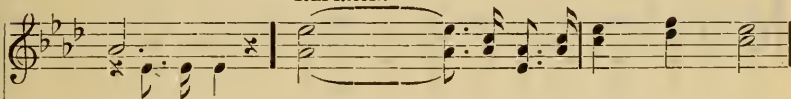
# Toiling in the Name, etc.—Concluded. 55



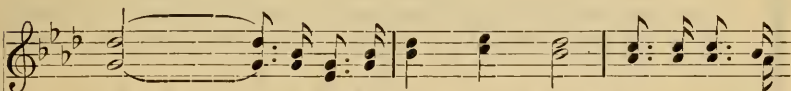
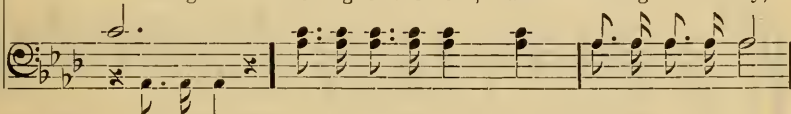
He will lead us safe-ly and we shall prevail, Toiling on, toiling  
And our battling armor is His own sure word,  
And we'll rest for-ev-er thro' His saving grace, Toiling on,



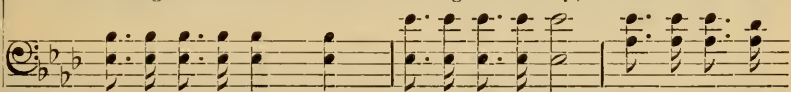
## REFRAIN.



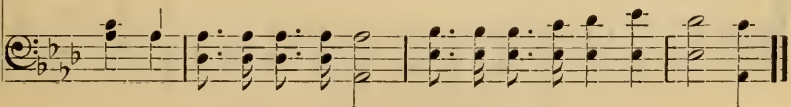
on. Toil - - ing for the Lord to - day,  
toiling on. Toiling for the Lord, and toiling all the day,



Toil - - ing for the Lord al - way, Toil-ing in the  
Toiling for the Lord, and toil-ing all the way,



vineyard, toiling with our might, Toil-ing in the name of Je - sus.



# The Glad Home Coming.

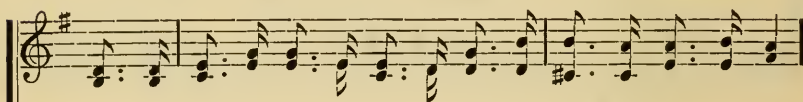
"For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."—1 Thess. 4: 15-17.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON. Arr.

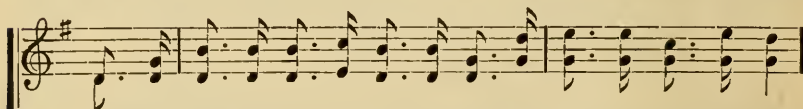
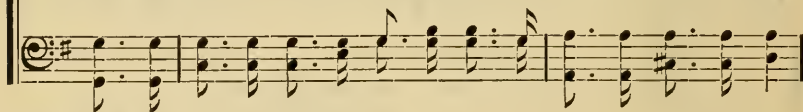
Rev. A. B. BOWSER.



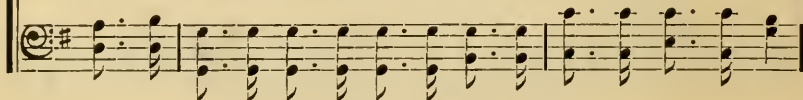
1. I am long - ing for the gath - ring of the ran - somed o - ver there,
2. I am let - ting go the pleas - ures and the treas - ures worldlings prize,
3. Let us hast - en the ap - pear - ing of the Bridegroom in the air,
4. Oh! the joy of meet - ing Je - sus and the loved ones gone be - fore,



I am wait - ing for the com - ing of the Bride - groom in the air,  
I am lay - ing up my treas - ures and am - bi - tions in the skies,  
Let us send the pre - cious Gos - pel of the King - dom ev - 'ry - where,  
Oh! the bliss when death and sor - row, sin and sick - ness come no more,



I am put - ting on the gar - ments which the heav' nly bride shall wear,  
I am set - ting my af - fec - tions where there are no bro - ken ties,  
Let the world have time - ly warn - ing for the sum - mons to pre - pare,  
All my heart is turn - ing ev - er to that ev - er - last - ing shore,



# The Glad Home Coming.—Concluded. 57

For the glad home com - ing draw - eth nigh; (draweth nigh.)  
 For the glad home com - ing draw - eth nigh; (draweth nigh.)  
 For the glad home com - ing draw - eth nigh; (draweth nigh.)  
 Where the glad home com - ing draw - eth nigh. (draweth nigh.)

## CHORUS.

Oh! the glad home com - ing! It is swift - ly draw - ing nigh,

Oh! the sad home long - ing will be o - ver by and by;

Lo! the Bride - groom com - eth, ho - ly watch - ers soon will cry,

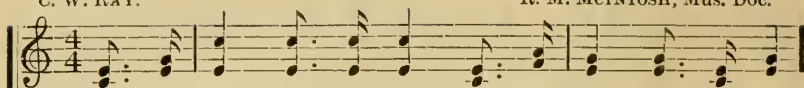
For the glad home com - ing draw - eth nigh; draw-eth nigh.



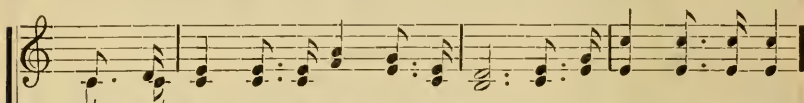
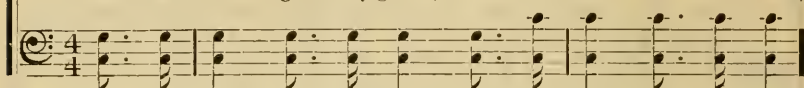
# Go Banish the Night.

C. W. RAY.

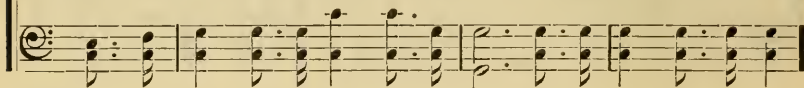
R. M. MCINTOSH, Mus. Doc.



1. Go, ye Chil - dren of light, Go and ban - ish the night,
2. Go what - e'er may be - tide, O'er the des - ert so wide,
3. Where the sun - light may gleam, O - ver lake - let or stream,



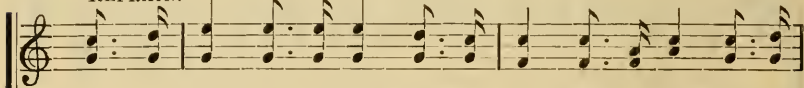
Go as her - alds of Christ and the day; Go, sal - va - tion pro-claim,  
 Bid the weak and de-spair-ing a - rise; That each heart may enthrone  
 O'er the wild, rough and lone-ly high-way; Go from shore un - to shore,



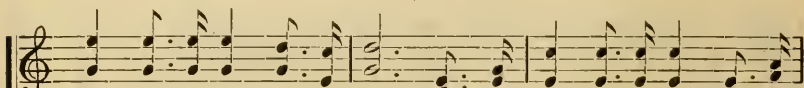
In the Sav-iour's dear name, Go and drive all the dark-ness a - way.  
 The Re-deem - er a - lone, And to Him lift their sin darken'd eyes.  
 Go in faith ev - er-more, Bear the light of the glad gos - pel day.



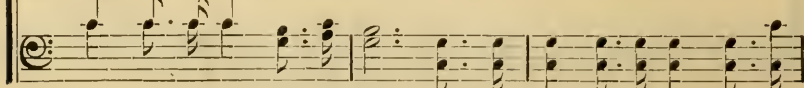
## REFRAIN.



O - ver mount - ain and sea, Where the lost ones may be, Let the



news of re-demp-tion be told; Till o'er val - ley and plain, Our Re -



# Go Banish the Night.—Concluded. 59

deem - er shall reign, And the wand'-ring are brought to the fold.

## There'll be no Sorrow There.

Rev. E. W. DUNBAR.

1. I love to think of heaven, Where white-robed an - gels are;  
 2. I love to think of heaven, Where my Re-deem - er reigns;  
 3. I love to think of heaven, The saints' e - ter - nal home;

Where many a friend is gath-ered safe, From fear, and toil, and care.  
 Where rapturous songs of tri-umph rise, In end - less, joy-ous strains.  
 Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade, And all our joys are one.

In heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

CHORUS.

D.S.

There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;

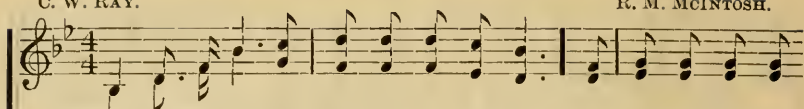
- 1 Come, we that love the Lord,  
 And let our joys be known;  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
 Who never knew our God;  
 But children of the heavenly King  
 May speak their joys abroad.

- 3 The hill of Zion yields  
 A thousand sacred sweets,  
 Before we reach the heavenly fields  
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry; [ground,  
 We're marching through Immanuel's  
 To fairer worlds on high.

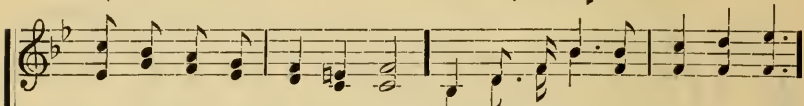
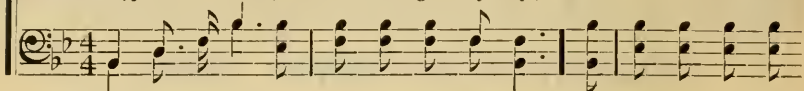
# Praise, Praise the Lord.

C. W. RAY.

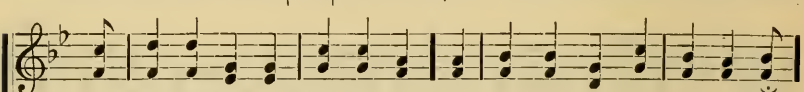
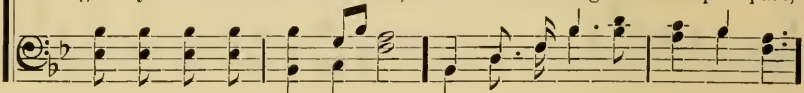
R. M. MCINTOSH.



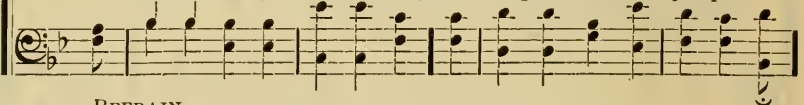
1. Praise, praise the Lord, The dear Re-deem - er King; Let ev - 'ry voice in  
 2. Praise, praise the Lord, All glo - ry to His name; Let ev - 'ry heart and  
 3. Praise, praise the Lord, Who laid His glo - ry by; And to re-move our



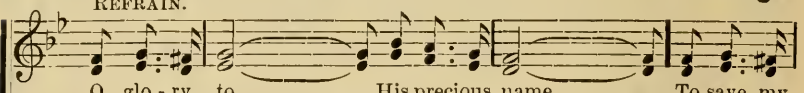
sweet ac - cord His prais - es sing, He hath redeemed us with His blood,  
 ev - 'ry tongue His pow'r proclaim, He is our Ad - vo - cate a - bove;  
 guilt - y stains could bleed and die, Now He doth reign and will pre - pare,



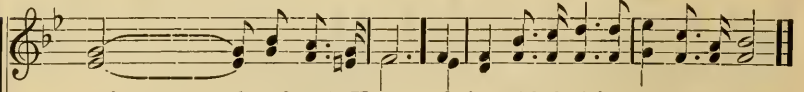
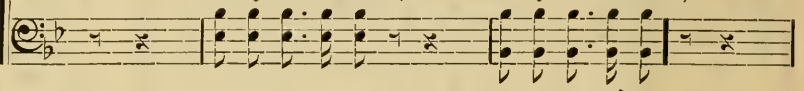
From sin and shame, O bless His name, And made us Kings and Priests to God,  
 Our great High Priest, Who spreads the feast, Of wondrous wondrous grace and love!  
 A man-sion blest, in end-less rest, And bring His ransomed peo-ple there.



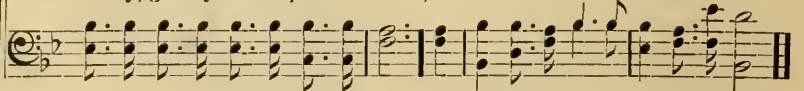
## REFRAIN.



O glo - ry to..... His precious name..... To save my  
 Glo-ry to His name; Glo-ry to His name;



soul.....from heav'n He came, O sing Al-le-lu-iah; praise ye the Lord!  
 Glo - ry, glo - ry to His precious name,

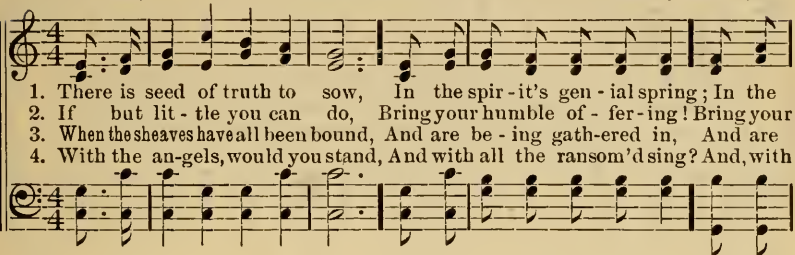


# Are You Working for the King? 61

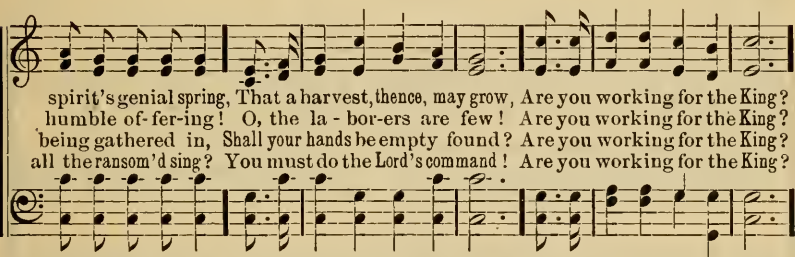
"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecc. 11: 6.

E. R. LATTA.

JOHN R. BRYANT.

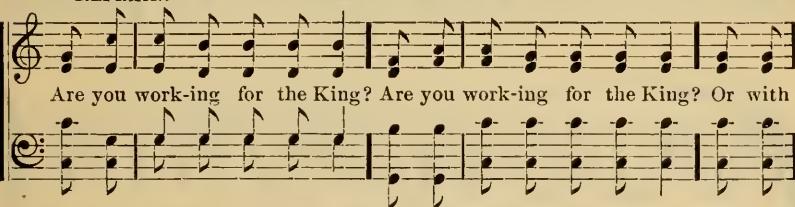


1. There is seed of truth to sow, In the spir-it's gen-ial spring; In the  
 2. If but lit-tle you can do, Bring your humble of-fer-ing! Bring your  
 3. When the sheaves have all been bound, And are be-ing gath-ered in, And are  
 4. With the an-gels, would you stand, And with all the ransom'd sing? And, with

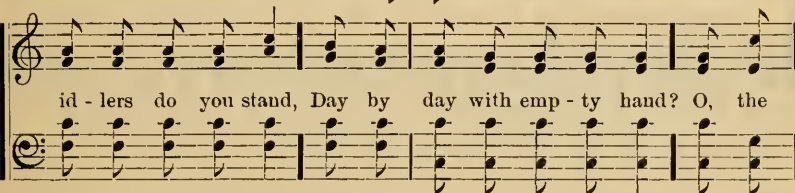


spirit's genial spring, That a harvest, thence, may grow, Are you working for the King?  
 humble of-fer-ing! O, the la-bor-ers are few! Are you working for the King?  
 being gathered in, Shall your hands be empty found? Are you working for the King?  
 all the ransom'd sing? You must do the Lord's command! Are you working for the King?

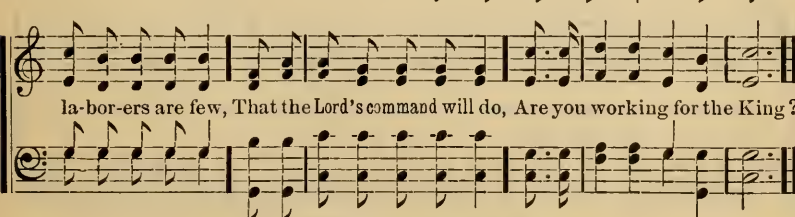
## REFRAIN.



Are you work-ing for the King? Are you work-ing for the King? Or with



id-lers do you stand, Day by day with emp-ty hand? O, the



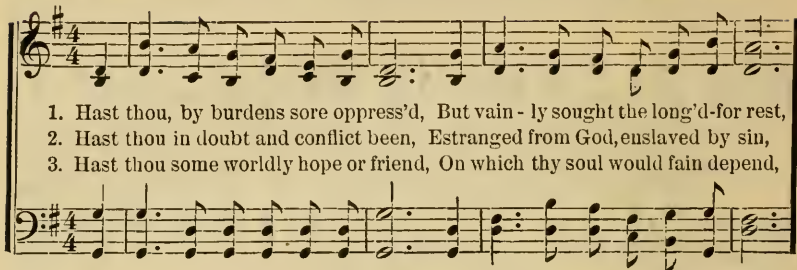
la-bor-ers are few, That the Lord's command will do, Are you working for the King?



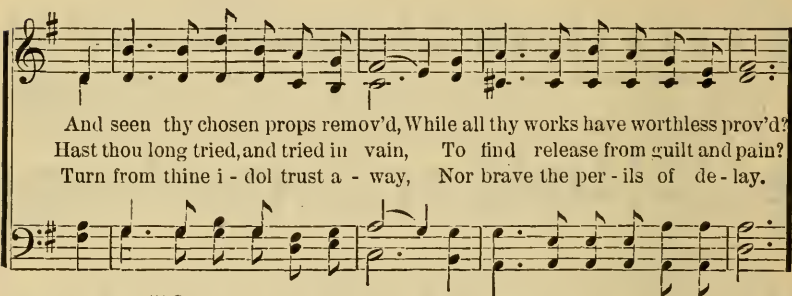
## Lay Thy Burden Down.

C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

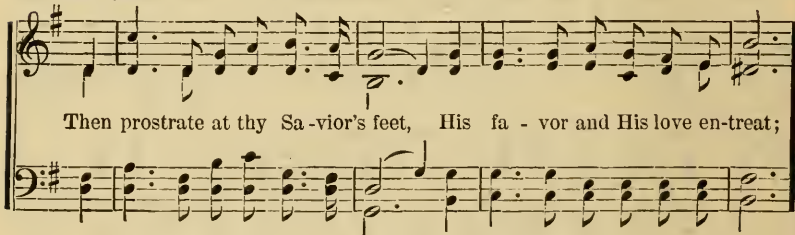


1. Hast thou, by burdens sore oppress'd, But vain - ly sought the long'd-for rest,
2. Hast thou in doubt and conflict been, Estranged from God, enslaved by sin,
3. Hast thou some worldly hope or friend, On which thy soul would fain depend,

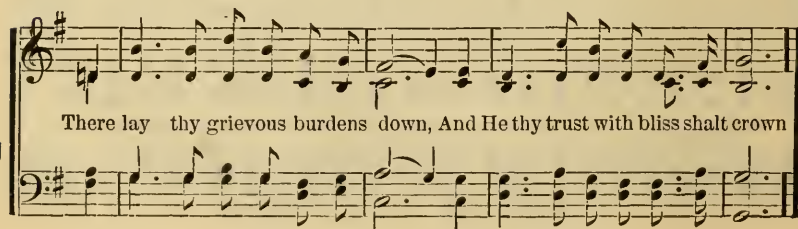


And seen thy chosen props remov'd, While all thy works have worthless prov'd?  
 Hast thou long tried, and tried in vain, To find release from guilt and pain?  
 Turn from thine i - dol trust a - way, Nor brave the per - ils of de - lay.

## CHORUS.



Then prostrate at thy Sa - vior's feet, His fa - vor and His love en-treat;



There lay thy grievous burdens down, And He thy trust with bliss shalt crown

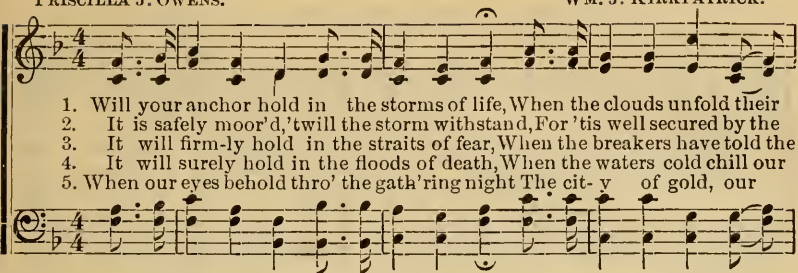


# We Have an Anchor.

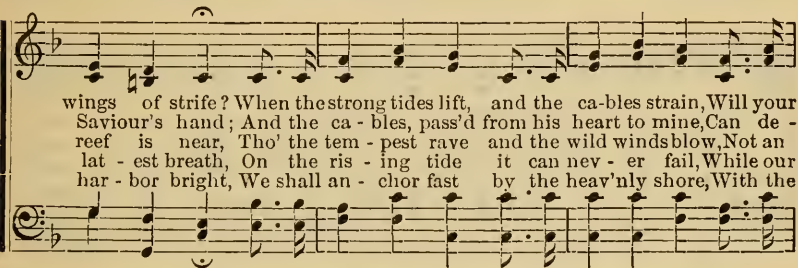
63

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold their  
 2. It is safely moor'd, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured by the  
 3. It will firm-ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the  
 4. It will surely hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our  
 5. When our eyes behold thro' the gath'ring night The cit-y of gold, our

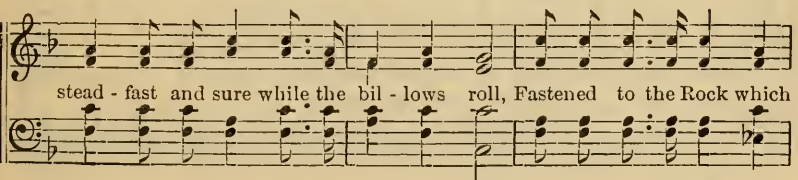


wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca-bles strain, Will your  
 Saviour's hand; And the ca-bles, pass'd from his heart to mine, Can de-  
 reef is near, Tho' the tem-pest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an  
 lat-est breath, On the ris-ing tide it can nev-er fail, While our  
 har-bor bright, We shall an-chor fast by the heav'nly shore, With the

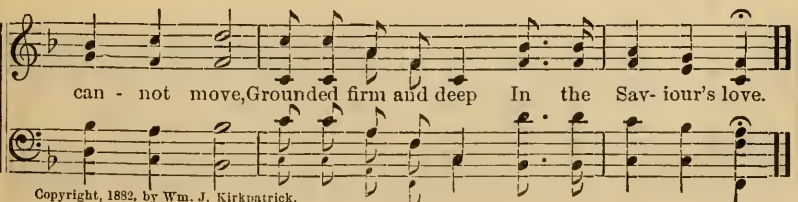
REFRAIN.



an-chor drift, or firm re-main?  
 fy the blast, tho' strength divine.  
 angry wave shall our bark o'erflow. } We have an anchor that keeps the soul  
 hopes a-bide with-in the veil.  
 storms all past for - ev - er - more.



stead-fast and sure while the bil-lows roll, Fastened to the Rock which



can-not move, Grounded firm and deep In the Sav-iour's love.

# Twilight is Falling.

"In my Father's house are many mansions." John 14: 2.

A. S. KIEFFER.

B. C. UNSELD, by per.

1. Twi - light is steal - ing o - ver the sea, Shad - ows are fall - ing  
 2. Voic - es of loved ones! songs of the past! Still lin - ger round me  
 3. Come in the twi - light, come, come to me! Bring - ing some mes - sage

dark on the lea; Borne on the night winds, voi - ces of yore  
 while life shall last; Lone - ly I wan - der, sad - ly I roam,  
 o - ver the sea, Cheer - ing my path - way while here I roam,

*f* CHORUS.

Come from the far - off shore. }  
 Seek - ing that far - off home. } Far a - way be - yond the star - lit skies.  
 Seek - ing that far - off home. }

Where the love - light nev - er nev - er dies, Gleam - eth a man - sion,

fill'd with de - light, Sweet hap - py home, so bright!

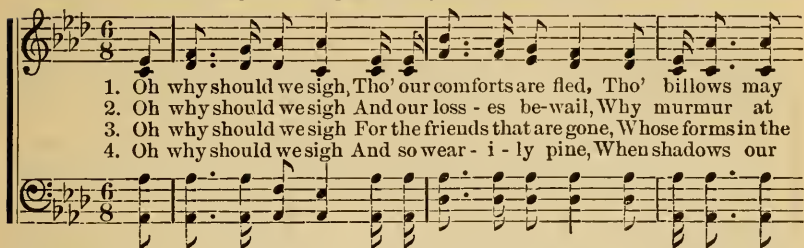
# Why Should we Sigh.

65

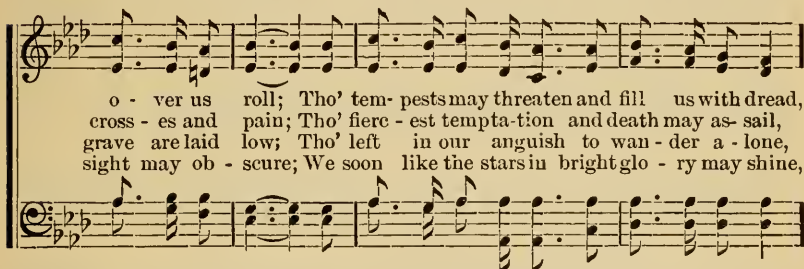
C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."—Ro. 8: 28.

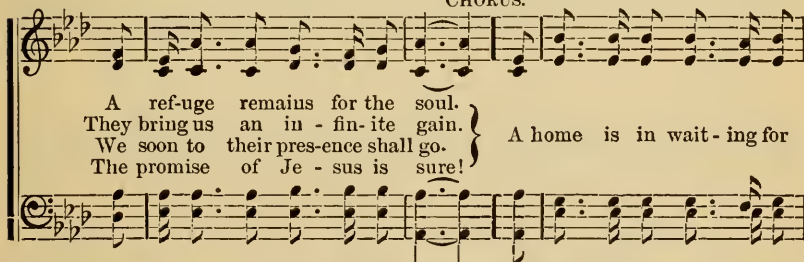


1. Oh why should we sigh, Tho' our comforts are fled, Tho' billows may  
 2. Oh why should we sigh And our loss - es be-wail, Why murmur at  
 3. Oh why should we sigh For the friends that are gone, Whose forms in the  
 4. Oh why should we sigh And so wear - i - ly pine, When shadows our

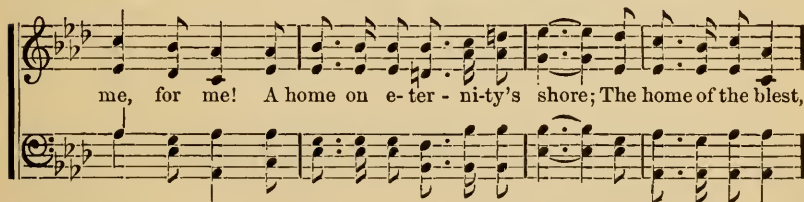


o - ver us roll; Tho' tem - pests may threaten and fill us with dread,  
 cross - es and pain; Tho' fierce - est tempta - tion and death may as - sail,  
 grave are laid low; Tho' left in our anguish to wan - der a - lone,  
 sight may ob - scure; We soon like the stars in bright glo - ry may shine,

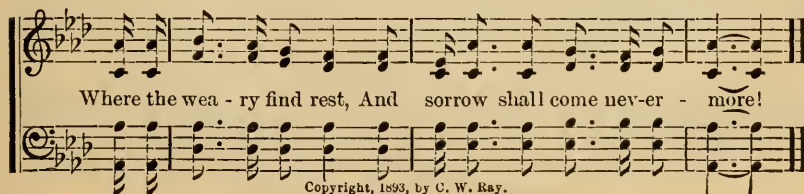
## CHORUS.



A ref-uge remains for the soul.  
 They bring us an in - fin - ite gain. } A home is in wait - ing for  
 We soon to their pres - ence shall go.  
 The promise of Je - sus is sure!



me, for me! A home on e - ter - ni - ty's shore; The home of the blest,



Where the wea - ry find rest, And sorrow shall come nev - er - more!

# 66 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

## "CONSECRATION."

MARY BROWN.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

*Andante.*

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, O'er the storm-y sea;  
 2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak—  
 3. There's sure-ly somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;  
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—  
 Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus the cru-ci-fied—

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,  
 O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,  
 So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

*D.S.*—I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

*D.S.*  
 I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.  
 My voice shall ech-o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.  
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

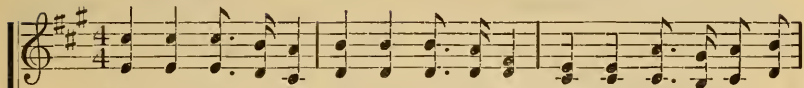
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.



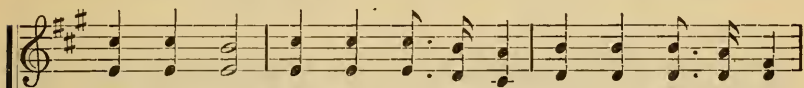
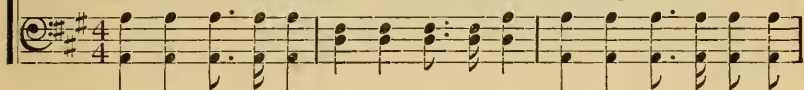
# Leaning on the Everlasting Arms. 67

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



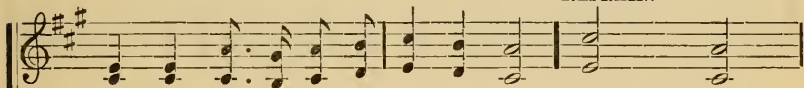
1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -



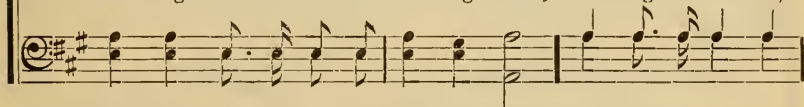
last - ing arms! What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,  
last - ing arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,



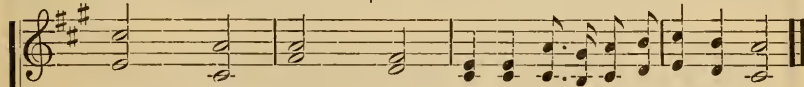
## REFRAIN.



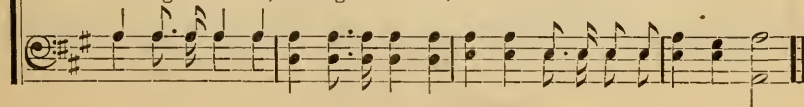
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. } Lean - - ing,  
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. }  
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. } Lean - ing on Je - sus,



lean - - - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;  
Lean - ing on Je - sus,



Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.  
Leaning on Je - sus, leaning on Je - sus,





# The Kingdom Shall Endure.

C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

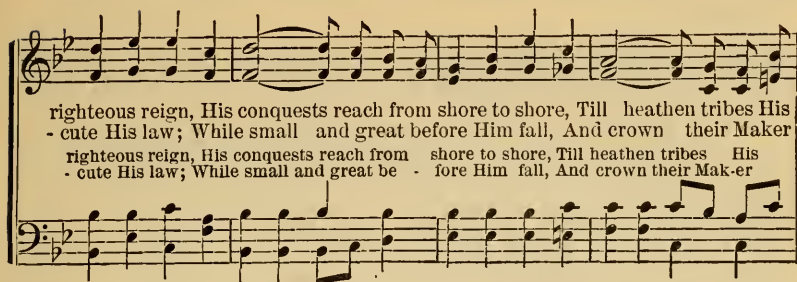
1. The King - - - dom of the Lord..... For ev - - -  
 2. The Isl - - - ands of the sea..... Shall sweet - - -  
 1. The Kingdom of the Lord, The Kingdom of the Lord For - ev - er shall en-  
 2. The Isl - ands of the sea Shall sweet of-fer-ings bring, Shall sweet of-fer-ings

- - - er shall en-dure;..... The prom - - - ise of His  
 - - - est off'rings bring;..... And songs..... of ju - bi -  
 - dure, For - ev - er shall endure; The prom-ise of His word, The  
 bring, Shall sweet of - fer-ings bring; And songs, ju - bi - lee songs, Shall

word . . . . . For - ev - - - er shall be sure. He  
 lee . . . . . They grate - - - ful - ly shall sing. The  
 promise of His word, For - ev - er shall be sure, For - ev - er shall be sure. He  
 they gratefully sing, Shall they gratefully sing, Shall they gratefully sing. The

will..... His ho - ly cause maintain, He will..... ex-tend His  
 world ..... shall bend with trembling awe, And haste..... to ex - e -  
 will His ho - - ly cause main-tain, He will ex - tend His  
 world shall bend with trem - bling awe, And haste to ex - e -

# The Kingdom Shall, etc.—Concluded. 69

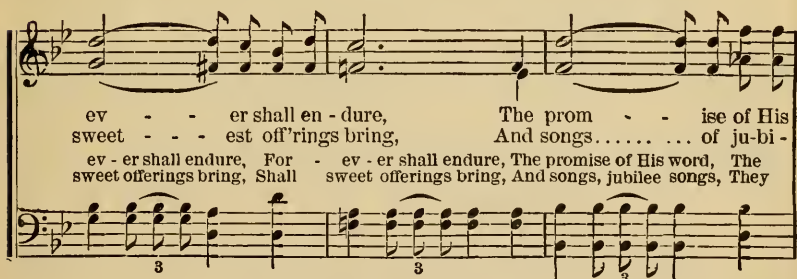


righteous reign, His conquests reach from shore to shore, Till heathen tribes His  
- cute His law; While small and great before Him fall, And crown their Maker  
righteous reign, His conquests reach from shore to shore, Till heathen tribes His  
- cute His law; While small and great be - fore Him fall, And crown their Mak-er

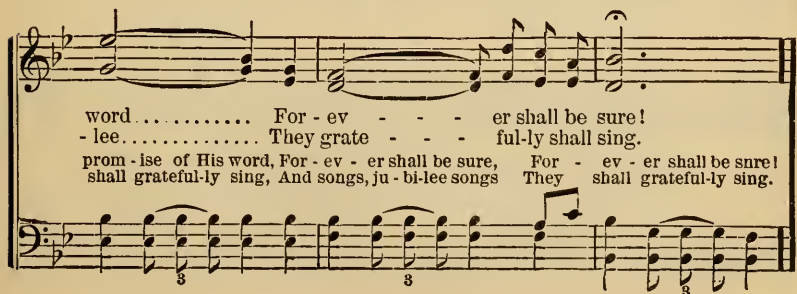
CHORUS.



name a - dore. The King - - - dom of the Lord..... For  
Lord of all. The Isl - - - ands of the sea..... Shall  
name a - dore. The kingdom of the Lord, The king-dom of the Lord For  
Lord of all. The is-lands of the sea, The is-lands of the sea Shall



ev - - - er shall en - dure, The prom - - - ise of His  
sweet - - - est off'rings bring, And songs..... of ju-bi -  
ev - er shall endure, For - ev - er shall endure, The promise of His word, The  
sweet offerings bring, Shall sweet offerings bring, And songs, jubilee songs, They



word..... For - ev - - - er shall be sure!  
- lee..... They grate - - - ful-ly shall sing.  
prom - ise of His word, For - ev - er shall be sure, For - ev - er shall be snre!  
shall grateful-ly sing, And songs, ju - bi-lee songs They shall grateful-ly sing.

## Best of All.

C. W. RAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Andante.*

1. Je-sus all my grief is sharing, He my mansion is preparing, When I'm
2. Je-sus loves and watches o'er me, When astray He will restore me; An-gel
3. Je-sus loves and He will guide me, All I need He will provide me, In His

trembling and despair-ing, He will ev-er hear my call; When the  
guards He sends be-fore me, Lest in fa-tal snares I fall; With His  
bo-som He will hide me, When the woes of life ap-pall; He will

storms are 'round me sweep-ing, Tho' in help-lessness I'm sleeping, I am  
friends He hath enrolled me, By His might He will uphold me, In His  
hear my feeblest sigh-ing, Needful grace to me sup-ply-ing, He'll be

safe in His own keep-ing, This to me is best of all: Best of  
arms He will en-fold me, This to me is best of all: Best of  
with me when I'm dy-ing, This to me is best of all: Best of

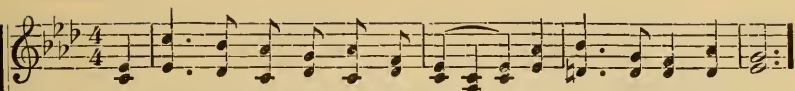
*ad lib.*  
all, best of all, I am safe in His own keeping, This to me is best of all.  
all, best of all, In His arms He will enfold me, This to me is best of all.  
all, best of all, He'll be with me when I'm dying, This to me is best of all.

# The Music of His Name.

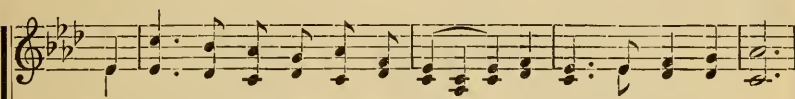
71

C. W. R.

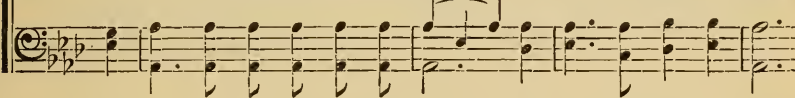
C. W. RAY.



1. How sweet the mu-sic of His name, Who pleads for us a - bove;
2. How sweet the mu-sic of His name, Whose mer - cy can-not fail;
3. How sweet the mu-sic of His name, To sin - ners when forgiv'n;
4. How sweet the mu-sic of His name, His grace how rich and free;



What grate-ful lips shall fit - ly frame The sto - ry of His love?  
 Whose blood re - moves our guilt and shame, And ev - er must a - vail.  
 Who may in Him a ti - tle claim, To all the bliss of heav'n.  
 Let ev - 'ry tongue His love pro-claim, O'er ev - 'ry land and sea!



## CHORUS.



How sweet, how sweet, How sweet the mu-sic of the Saviour's name;



How sweet, how sweet the mu-sic of His pre-cious name!





## Over Jordan.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

1. There shall come a glad-some day, When the friends of Je- sus may, With His  
 2. Though the sul - len bil - lows roar, He shall bear His people o'er, Safe - ly  
 3. Through the wa-ters dark and chill, He in ten-dermer-cy will, Fold us

an- gels pass a-way, O - ver Jor - dan; They shall see the mansions fair,  
 to the shining shore, O - ver Jor - dan; He the riv-er shall divide,  
 to His bos-om, till O - ver Jor - dan; Then to fountains pure and sweet,

D.S.—We may soon rejoic-ing stand

FINE.

They shall in His Kingdom share, They shall find a welcome there, Over Jordan.  
 He shall stay the an- gry tide, And a passage way provide, O - ver Jor - dan.  
 Where His ransomed people meet, He shall guide our weary feet, Over Jor - dan.

And receive the welcome hand, Faraway in glo - ry land, o - ver Jor - dan.

CHORUS.

D.S.

O - ver Jor-dan, ov-er Jor- dan, We shall kindred spirits greet, over Jor-dan,

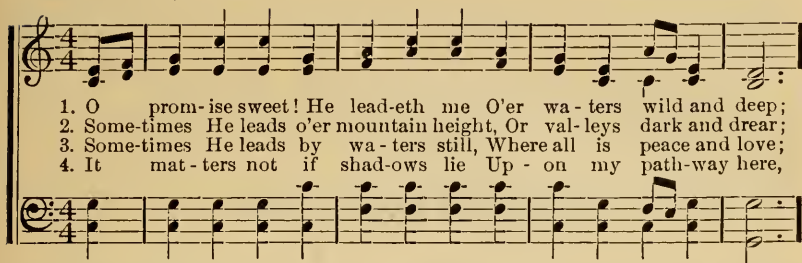


# "I Will Uphold Thee."

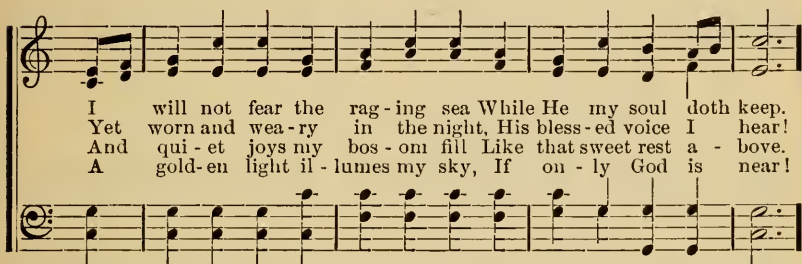
73

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS.

R. M. McINTOSH.

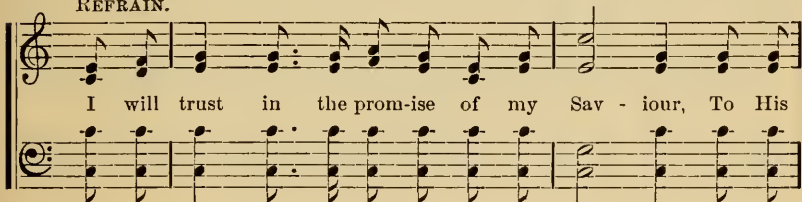


1. O prom-ise sweet! He lead-eth me O'er wa-ters wild and deep;  
 2. Some-times He leads o'er mountain height, Or val-leys dark and drear;  
 3. Some-times He leads by wa-ters still, Where all is peace and love;  
 4. It mat-ters not if shad-ows lie Up-on my path-way here,



I will not fear the rag-ing sea While He my soul doth keep.  
 Yet worn and wea-ry in the night, His bless-ed voice I hear!  
 And qui-et joys my bos-om fill Like that sweet rest a-bove.  
 A gold-en light il-lumes my sky, If on-ly God is near!

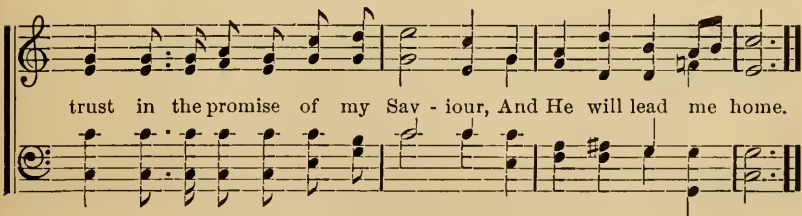
## REFRAIN.



I will trust in the prom-ise of my Sav-iour, To His



pres-ence He ev-er bids me come; I will

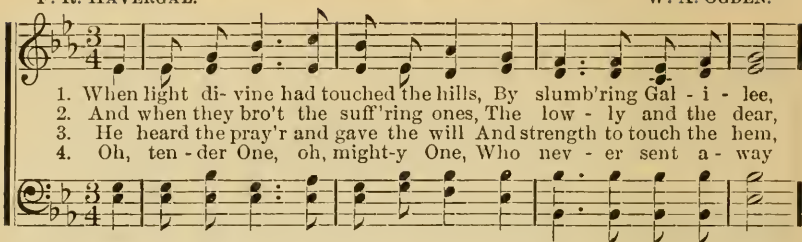


trust in the promise of my Sav-iour, And He will lead me home.

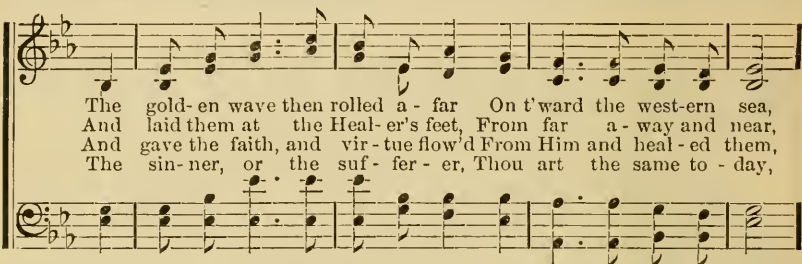
## Sing of the Mighty One.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

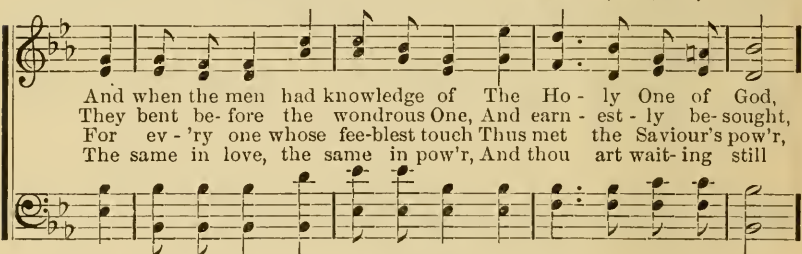
W. A. OGDEN.



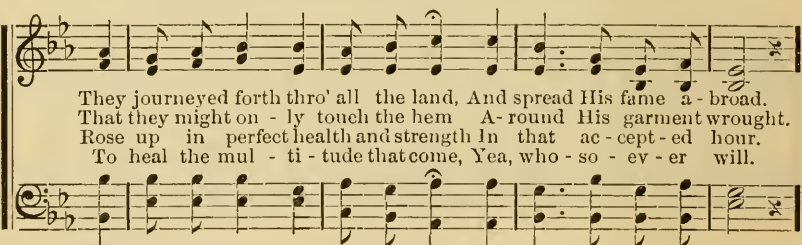
1. When light di-vine had touched the hills, By slumb'ring Gal-i-lee,  
 2. And when they bro't the suff'ring ones, The low-ly and the dear,  
 3. He heard the pray'r and gave the will And strength to touch the hem,  
 4. Oh, ten-der One, oh, might-y One, Who nev-er sent a-way



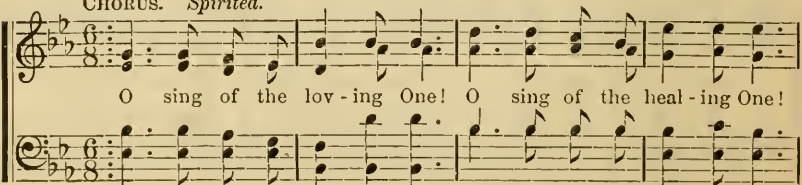
The gold-en wave then rolled a-far On t'ward the west-ern sea,  
 And laid them at the Heal-er's feet, From far a-way and near,  
 And gave the faith, and vir-tue flow'd From Him and heal-ed them,  
 The sin-ner, or the suf-fer-er, Thou art the same to-day,



And when the men had knowledge of The Ho-ly One of God,  
 They bent be-fore the wondrous One, And earn-est-ly be-sought,  
 For ev-'ry one whose fee-blest touch Thus met the Saviour's pow'r,  
 The same in love, the same in pow'r, And thou art wait-ing still

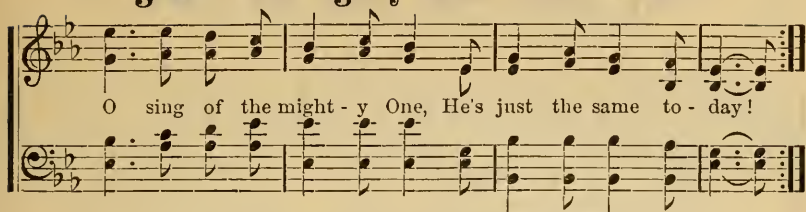


They journeyed forth thro' all the land, And spread His fame a-broad.  
 That they might on-ly touch the hem A-round His garment wrought.  
 Rose up in perfect health and strength In that ac-cept-ed hour.  
 To heal the mul-ti-tude that come, Yea, who-so-ev-er will.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*


O sing of the lov-ing One! O sing of the heal-ing One!

# Sing of the Mighty One.—Concluded. 75

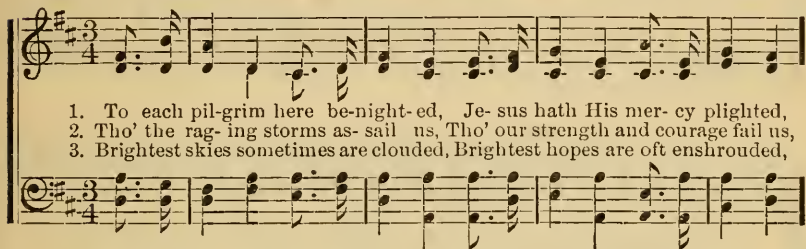


O sing of the might - y One, He's just the same to - day!

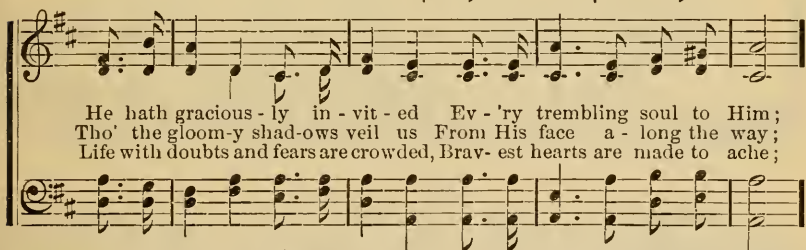
## Through the Shadows.

LILLIAN RAINOR.

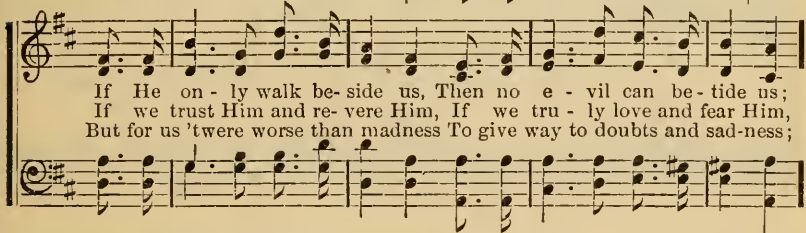
LYNN RYLAND.



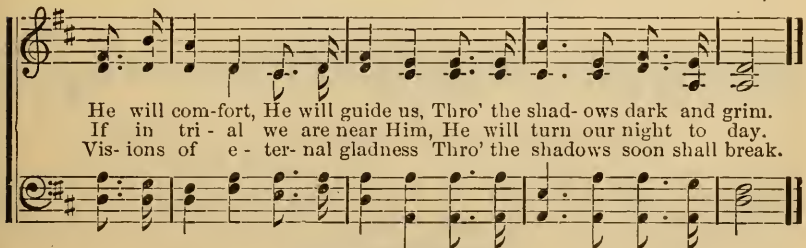
1. To each pil-grim here be-night-ed, Je-sus hath His mer-cy plighted,  
2. Tho' the rag-ing storms as-sail us, Tho' our strength and courage fail us,  
3. Brightest skies sometimes are clouded, Brightest hopes are oft enshrouded,



He hath gracious-ly in-vit-ed Ev-'ry trembling soul to Him;  
Tho' the gloom-y shad-ows veil us From His face a-long the way;  
Life with doubts and fears are crowded, Brav-est hearts are made to ache;



If He on-ly walk be-side us, Then no e-vil can be-tide us;  
If we trust Him and re-vere Him, If we tru-ly love and fear Him,  
But for us 'twere worse than madness To give way to doubts and sad-ness;

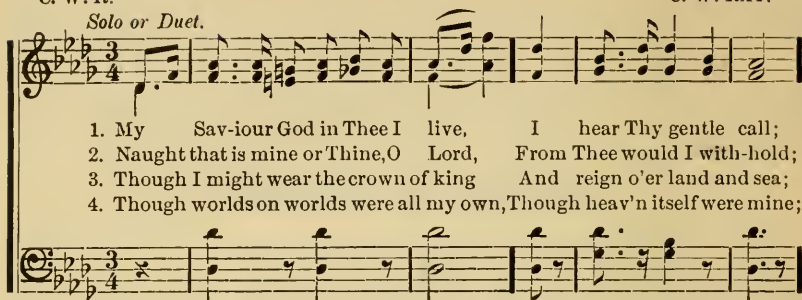


He will com-fort, He will guide us, Thro' the shad-ows dark and grim.  
If in tri-al we are near Him, He will turn our night to day.  
Vis-ions of e-ter-nal gladness Thro' the shadows soon shall break.

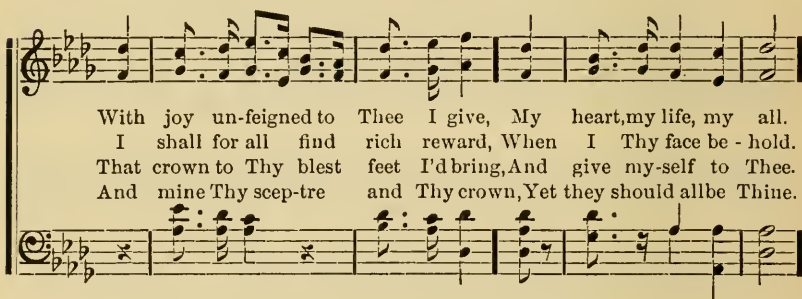
# My Heart and Life for Thee.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

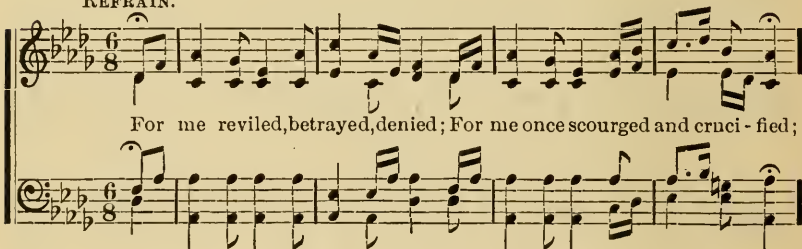
*Solo or Duet.*


1. My Sav-iour God in Thee I live, I hear Thy gentle call;  
 2. Naught that is mine or Thine, O Lord, From Thee would I with-hold;  
 3. Though I might wear the crown of king And reign o'er land and sea;  
 4. Though worlds on worlds were all my own, Though heav'n itself were mine;

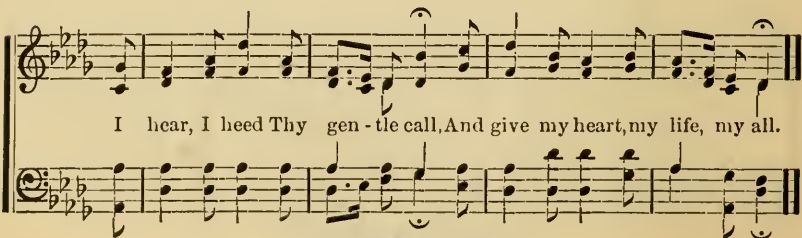


With joy un-feigned to Thee I give, My heart, my life, my all.  
 I shall for all find rich reward, When I Thy face be-hold.  
 That crown to Thy blest feet I'd bring, And give my-self to Thee.  
 And mine Thy scap-tre and Thy crown, Yet they should all be Thine.

REFRAIN.



For me reviled, betrayed, denied; For me once scourged and cruci-fied;



I hear, I heed Thy gen-tle call, And give my heart, my life, my all.

# The Lord In His Garden.

77

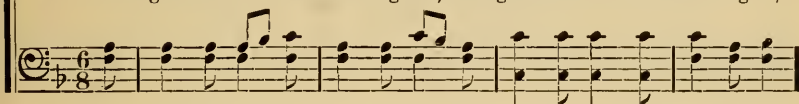
"My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices."—Sol. Song. 6: 2.

Anon.

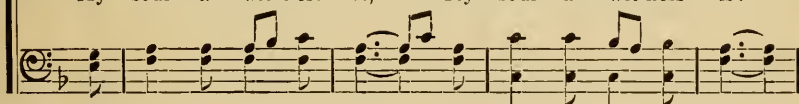
J. INGALLS.



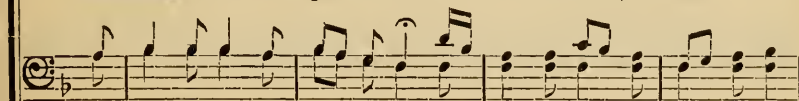
1. The Lord in - to His gar - den comes, The spices yield their rich perfumes,
2. O that this dry and bar - ren ground, In springs of wa - ter may abound, —
3. The glo - rious time is roll - ing on, The gra - cious work is now begun, —



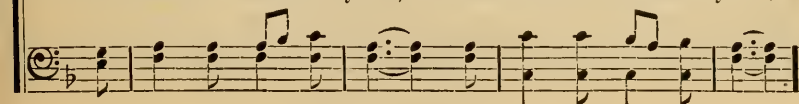
The lil - ies grow and thrive, The lil - ies grow and thrive;  
A fruit - ful soil be - come, A fruit - ful soil be - come;  
My soul a wit - ness is, My soul a wit - ness is:



Re - fresh - ing show'rs of grace di - vine, From Je - sus flow to ev - 'ry vine,  
The des - ert blossoms like the rose, When Je - sus conquers all His foes,  
Come, taste and see the pardon free To all man - kind, as well as me:



And make the dead re - vive, And make the dead re - vive.  
And makes His peo - ple one, And makes His peo - ple one.  
Who come to Christ may live, Who come to Christ may live.





# Jesus I would Follow.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."—MATT. 16: 24.

LILLIAN RAINOR.

FRANK NIELSON.

1. Meek and low-ly, Pure and ho-ly, Je-sus I would fol-low Thee;  
 2. I may sure-ly Walk se-cure-ly, Since I shall not walk a-lone;  
 3. Lead me ev-er, Leave me nev-er, Till I reach the pearl-y gate,

And in glo-ry, Tell the sto-ry Of Thy wondrous love for me.  
 And my path-way Provelike noon-day, If my hand is in Thine own.  
 There Im-mortals, In the port-als, For the faith-ful ev-er wait.

Worn and wea-ry, O'er the dreary Rough and rug-ged way I go;  
 Tho' I grieve Thee, Do not leave me, Till I reach my home a-bove;  
 Thus be-friend-ed, And de-fend-ed Till my pil-grim-age shall end,

If I stumble, Make me hum-ble, And Thy sav-ing mer-cy show.  
 Gent-ly guide me, Bless me, hide me, In the bos-om of Thy love.  
 With the dawning Some glad morning I to glo-ry shall as-cend.

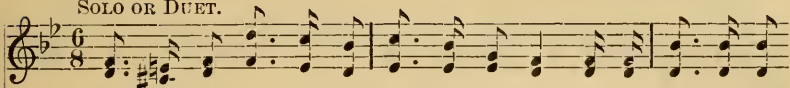
# Death is Only a Dream.

79

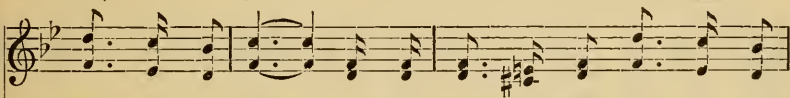
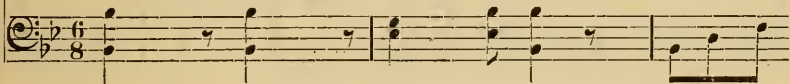
C. W. RAY.

A. J. BUCHANAN.  
Arr. by C. W. RAY.

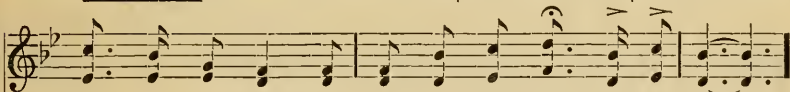
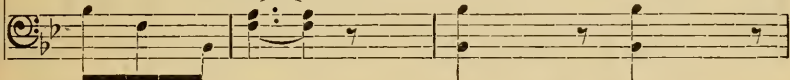
SOLO OR DUET.



1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem - u - lous breath, As we stand by the
2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest In the bo - som of
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap - pall, Tho' it fright - ful - ly
4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide, Doth the light of e -



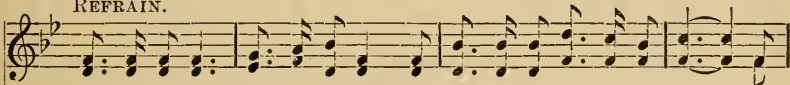
mys - ti - cal stream, In the val - ley and by the dark  
Je - sus su - preme, In the man - sions of glo - ry pre -  
dis - mal may seem, In the arms of their Sav - iour no  
ter - ni - ty gleam; And the ran - somed the dark - ness and



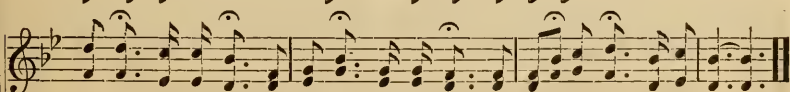
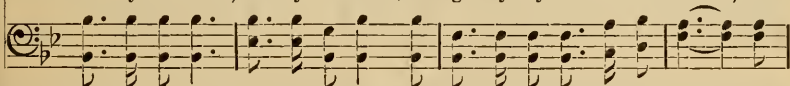
riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.  
pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.  
ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.  
storm shall out - ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.



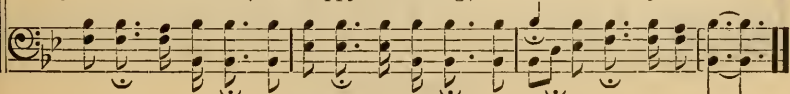
REFRAIN.



On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream, And glo - ry beyond the dark stream; How



peaceful the slumber, how happy the waking; For death is on - ly a dream.

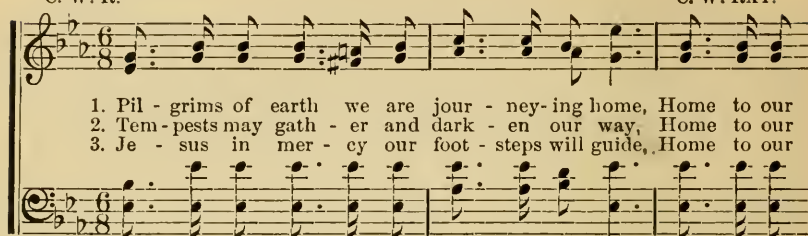


# Journeying Home.

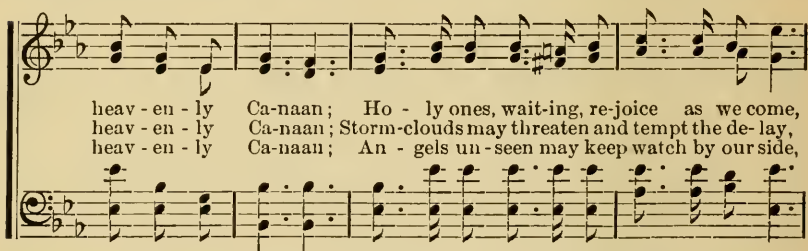
"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."—Num. 10 : 29.

C. W. R.

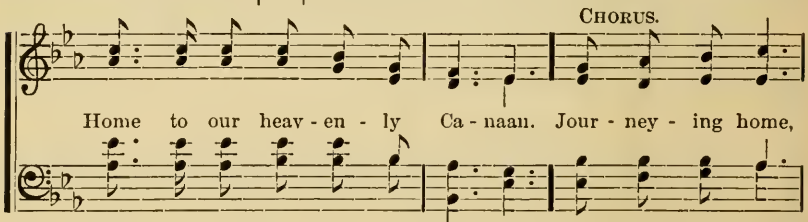
C. W. RAY.



1. Pil - grims of earth we are jour - ney - ing home, Home to our  
 2. Tem - pests may gath - er and dark - en our way, Home to our  
 3. Je - sus in mer - cy our foot - steps will guide, Home to our

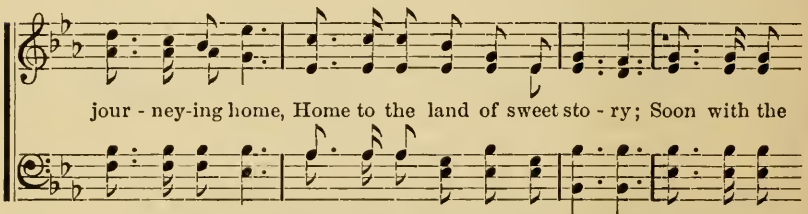


heav - en - ly Ca-naan; Ho - ly ones, wait-ing, re-joyce as we come,  
 heav - en - ly Ca-naan; Storm-clouds may threaten and tempt the de-lay,  
 heav - en - ly Ca-naan; An - gels un - seen may keep watch by our side,

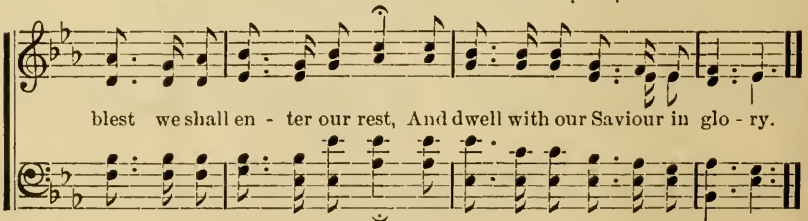


CHORUS.

Home to our heav - en - ly Ca - naan. Jour - ney - ing home,



jour - ney-ing home, Home to the land of sweet sto - ry; Soon with the



blest we shall en - ter our rest, And dwell with our Saviour in glo - ry.

# The Half He Has Never Revealed.

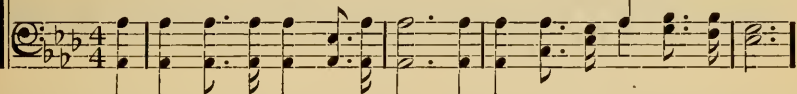
81

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

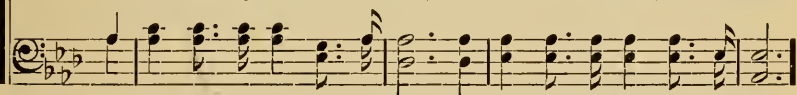
R. M. MCINTOSH.



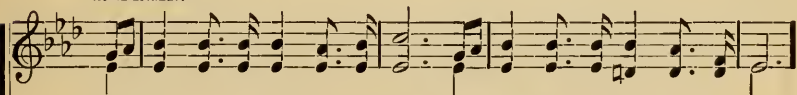
1. The half nev - er yet has been told Of all His af-fec - tion for me;
2. The half He has nev - er re-vealed Of all the com-pas-sion and grace,
3. The half He has nev - er re-vealed Of all the rich treasures of peace
4. The half He has nev - er re-vealed Of all the pure rap-ture and bliss



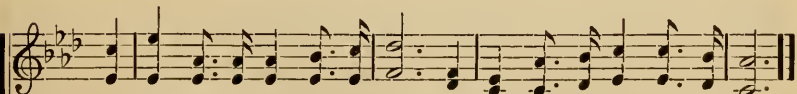
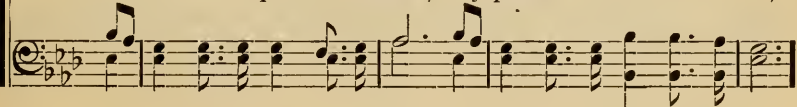
Each day doth more ful - ly un-fold His love, so a-maz-ing and free.  
That led Him to Cal - va - ry's cross, To die in the poor sinner's place.  
He holds in re-serve for my soul, The stores of its wealth to increase.  
He waits on my soul to be-stow; What wondrous redemption is this!



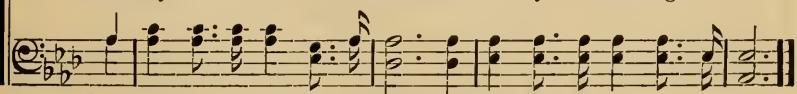
## REFRAIN.



And this is His promise so sweet, My per-fect Re-deem-er to be,



Each day His a-dor - a - ble love More ful - ly re-veal-ing to me.



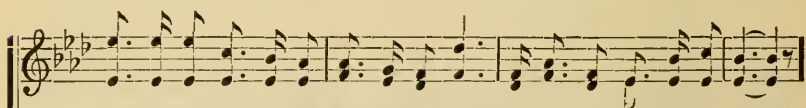
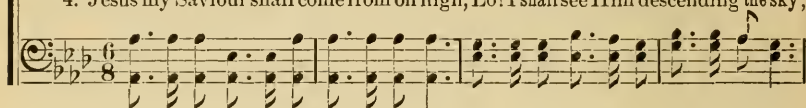
# Seeking for Me.

English, alt. by C. W. R.

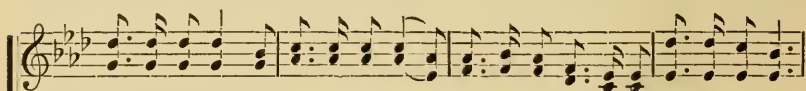
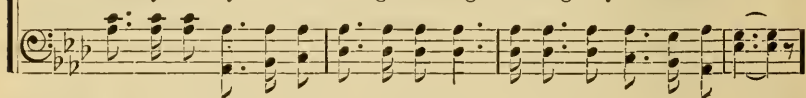
C. W. RAY.



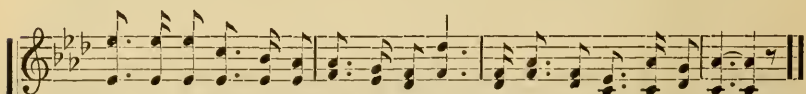
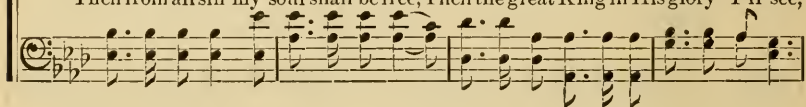
1. Jesus my Saviour, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger, to sorrow and shame,
2. Jesus my Saviour on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt for poor sinners like me ;
3. Jesus my Saviour, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring afar from the fold,
4. Jesus my Saviour shall come from on high, Lo! I shall see Him descending the sky ;



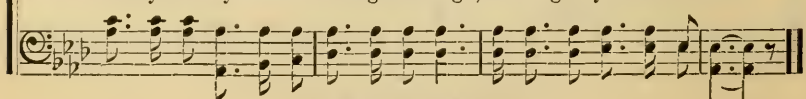
O, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name, Seek-ing for you and for me.  
 O, it is won-der-ful how could it be? Dy-ing for you and for me ;  
 Sought me in love and com-pas-sion un-told, Now He is call-ing for thee.  
 Swift-ly the day of His com-ing draws nigh Com-ing for you and for me.



Seek-ing for you and seek-ing for me, That we the heirs of His kingdom may be,  
 Dy - ing for you and dy - ing for me, Bearing our guilt that our souls may be free;  
 Ten-der-ly call - ing, call - ing for thee, As in His mer - cy once call - ing for me,  
 Then from all sin my soul shall be free, Then the great King in His glory I'll see,



O it is won-der-ful blest be His name, Seek-ing for you and for me.  
 O it is won-der-ful how could it be? Dy-ing for you and for me.  
 Sought me in love and com-pas-sion un-told, Now He is call-ing for thee.  
 Swift-ly the day of His com-ing draws nigh, Com-ing for you and for me.



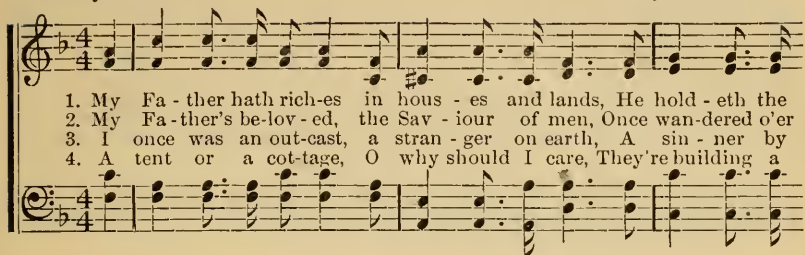


# The Child of a King.

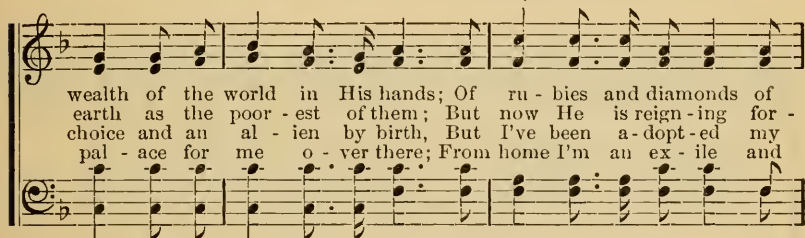
83

HATTIE E. BUELL.  
Arr. by C. W. R.

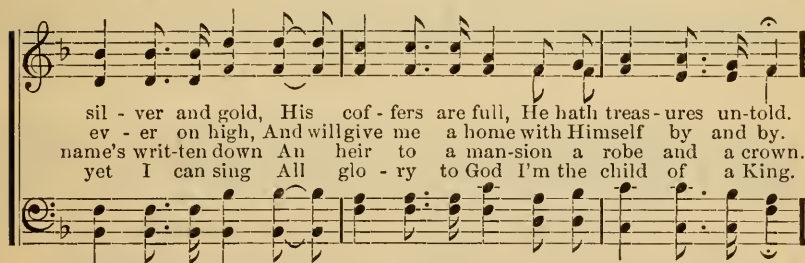
REV. JNO. B. SUMNER.  
Arr. by C. W. RAY.



1. My Fa - ther hath rich - es in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the  
2. My Fa - ther's be - lov - ed, the Sav - iour of men, Once wan - dered o'er  
3. I once was an out - cast, a stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by  
4. A tent or a cot - tage, O why should I care, They're building a

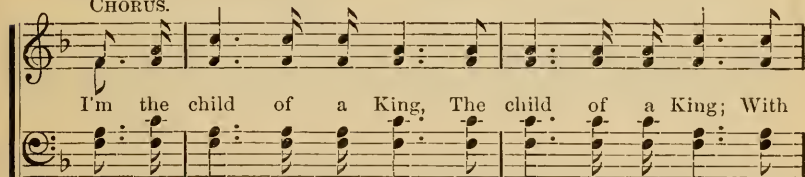


wealth of the world in His hands; Of ru - bies and diamonds of  
earth as the poor - est of them; But now He is reign - ing for -  
choice and an al - ien by birth, But I've been a - dopt - ed my  
pal - ace for me o - ver there; From home I'm an ex - ile and

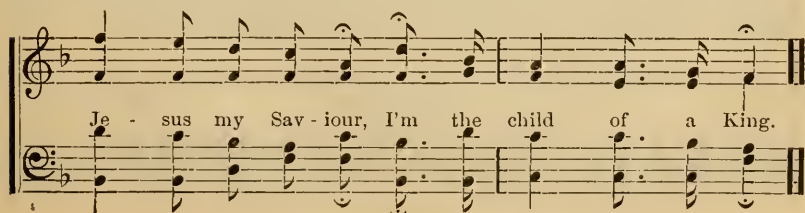


sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full, He hath treas - ures un - told.  
ev - er on high, And will give me a home with Himself by and by.  
name's writ - ten down An heir to a man - sion a robe and a crown.  
yet I can sing All glo - ry to God I'm the child of a King.

## CHORUS.



I'm the child of a King, The child of a King; With

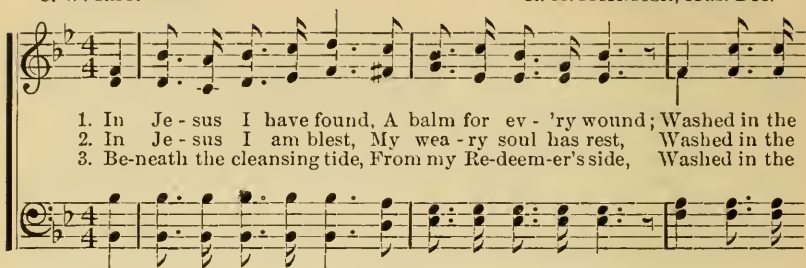


Je - sus my Sav - iour, I'm the child of a King.

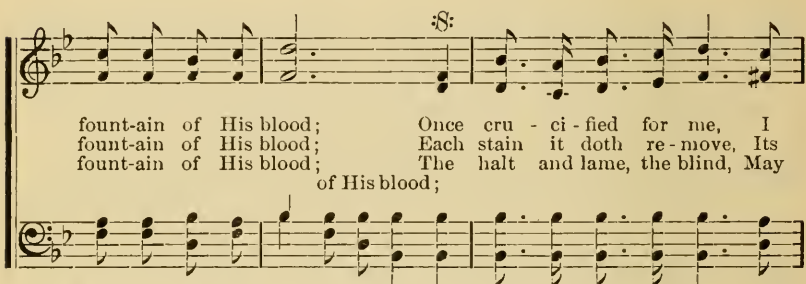
# The Fountain of His Blood.

C. W. RAY.

R. M. MCINTOSH, Mus. Doc.

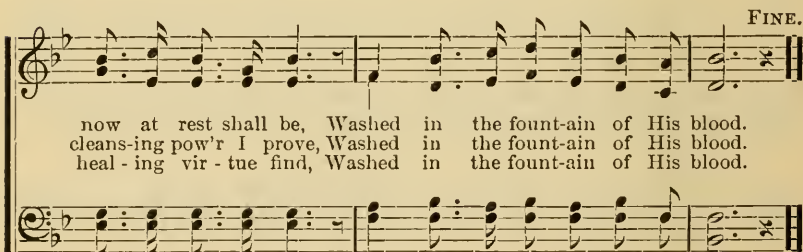


1. In Je - sus I have found, A balm for ev - 'ry wound; Washed in the  
 2. In Je - sus I am blest, My wea - ry soul has rest, Washed in the  
 3. Be - neath the cleansing tide, From my Re - deem - er's side, Washed in the



fount - ain of His blood; Once cru - ci - fied for me, I  
 fount - ain of His blood; Each stain it doth re - move, Its  
 fount - ain of His blood; The halt and lame, the blind, May  
 of His blood;

D.S.—I'm washed as white as snow, Be -

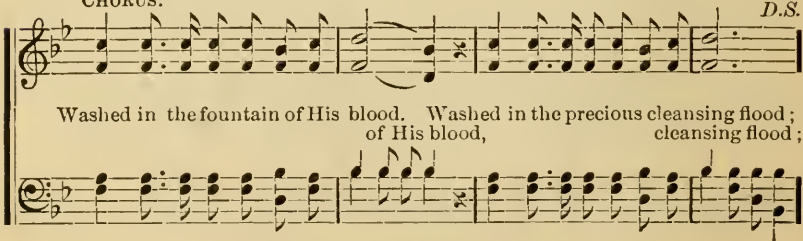


FINE.

now at rest shall be, Washed in the fount - ain of His blood.  
 cleans - ing pow'r I prove, Washed in the fount - ain of His blood.  
 heal - ing vir - tue find, Washed in the fount - ain of His blood.

neath the crim - som flow; Washed in the fount - ain of His blood.

CHORUS.



Washed in the fountain of His blood. Washed in the precious cleansing flood;  
 of His blood, cleansing flood;

# Beautiful Zion.

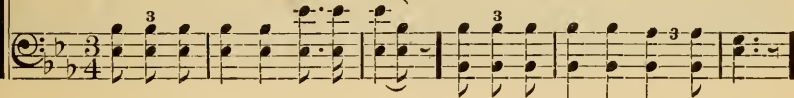
85

Rev. GEORGE GILL, 1850.

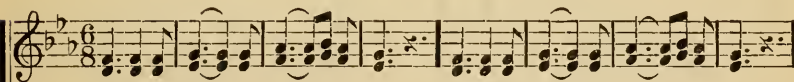
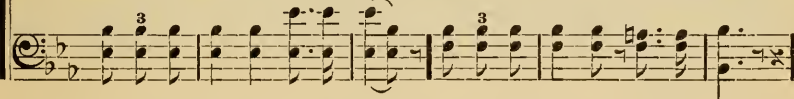
T. J. COOK.



1. Beau-ti-ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau-ti-ful cit - y that I love;
2. Beau-ti-ful heaven, where all is light; Beau-ti-ful an - gels clothed in white;
3. Beau-ti-ful crowns on ev - 'ry brow, Beau-ti-ful palms the conquerors show:
4. Beautiful throne for Christ our King, Beau-ti-ful songs the an - gels sing;



Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl-y white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple—God its light.  
 Beau-ti-ful strains that never tire; Beau-ti-ful harps thro' all the choir—  
 Beau-ti-ful robes the ransomed wear, Beau-ti-ful all who en - ter there—  
 Beau-ti-ful rest—all wandering cease; Beau-ti-ful home of per-fect peace—



He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, Opens those pearly gates to me.  
 There shall I join the chor - us sweet, Worshipping at the Sav - iour's feet.  
 Thither I press with ea - ger feet; There shall my rest be long and sweet.  
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see; Haste to His heav'nly home with me.

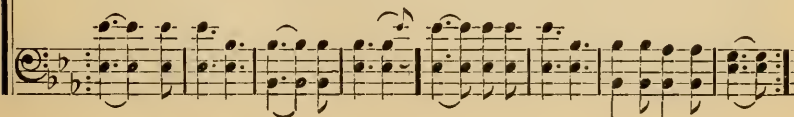


REFRAIN.

*Repeat pp.*



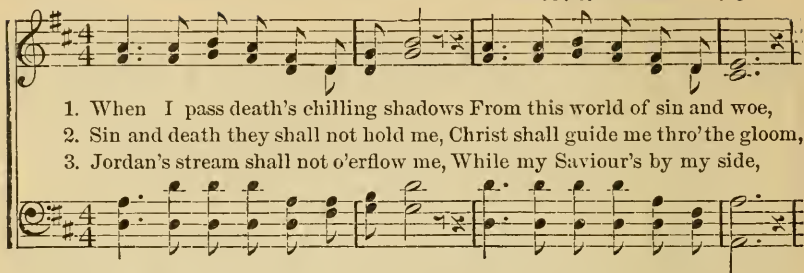
Zi - on, Zi-on, love-ly Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, cit-y of our God.



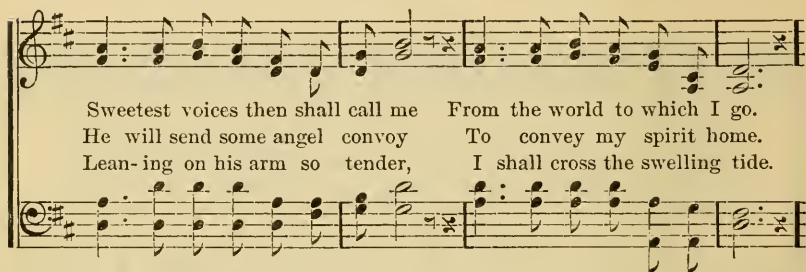
# Soon with Angels.

C. W. R.

Rev. J. C. BURKETT. By per.

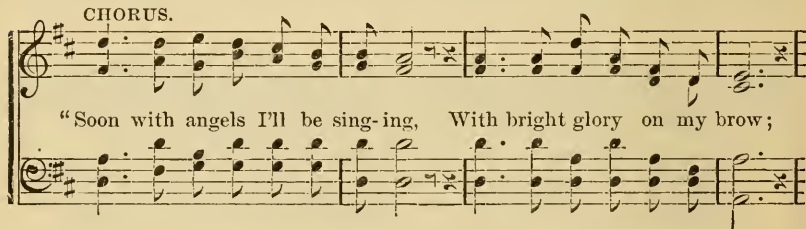


1. When I pass death's chilling shadows From this world of sin and woe,  
 2. Sin and death they shall not hold me, Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom,  
 3. Jordan's stream shall not o'erflow me, While my Saviour's by my side,

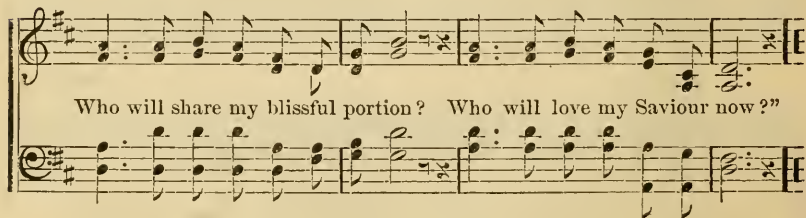


Sweetest voices then shall call me From the world to which I go.  
 He will send some angel convoy To convey my spirit home.  
 Lean-ing on his arm so tender, I shall cross the swelling tide.

CHORUS.



"Soon with angels I'll be sing-ing, With bright glory on my brow;



Who will share my blissful portion? Who will love my Saviour now?"

4 Kindred spirits shall surround me,  
 Coming from the upper skies,  
 Glory shining all around me,  
 While the earthly twilight dies.

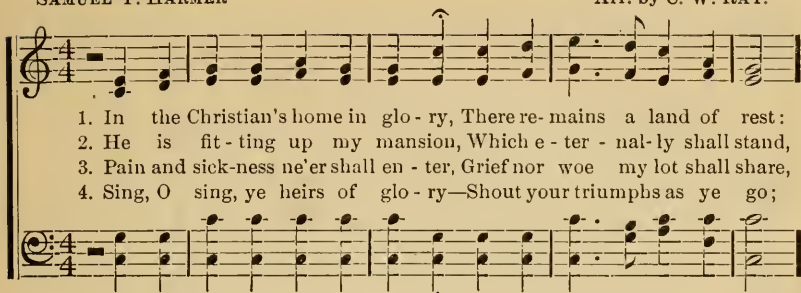
5 Clad in robes of dazzling splendor  
 He shall soon appear in view;  
 Could you see my dear Redeemer,  
 You would love and serve him too.

# Rest for the Weary.

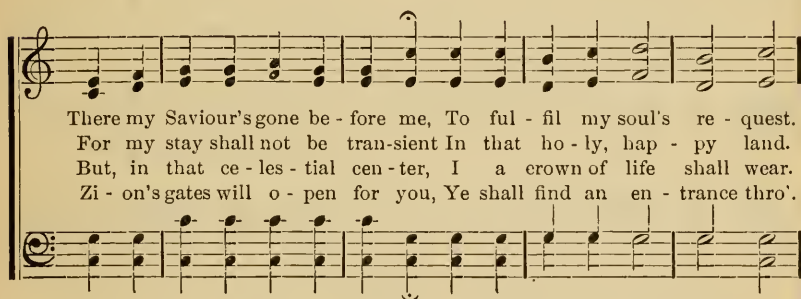
87

SAMUEL Y. HARMER

Arr. by C. W. RAY.

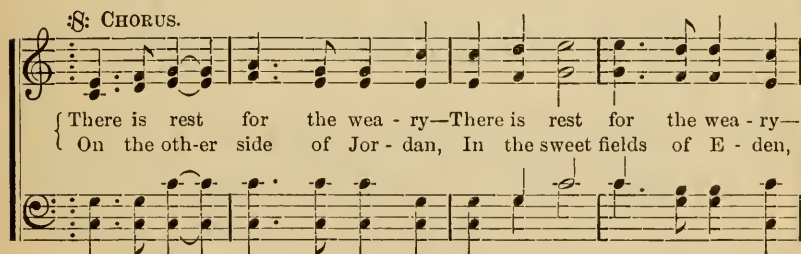


1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of rest:  
 2. He is fit - ting up my mansion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,  
 3. Pain and sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,  
 4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry—Shout your triumphs as ye go;



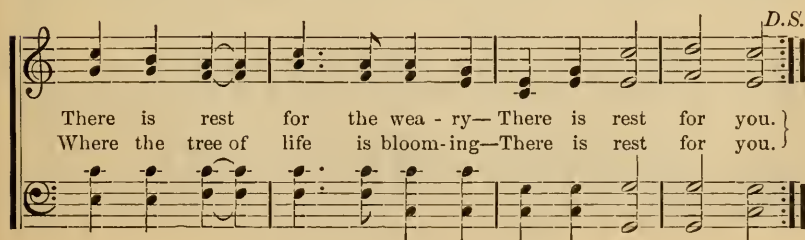
There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.  
 For my stay shall not be tran - sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.  
 But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.  
 Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, Ye shall find an en - trance thro'.

§: CHORUS.



{ There is rest for the wea - ry—There is rest for the wea - ry—  
 { On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

*D.S.*



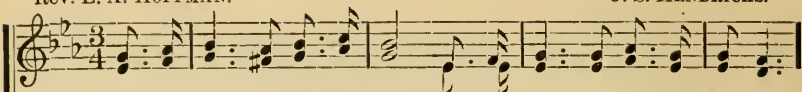
There is rest for the wea - ry—There is rest for you.  
 Where the tree of life is bloom - ing—There is rest for you.




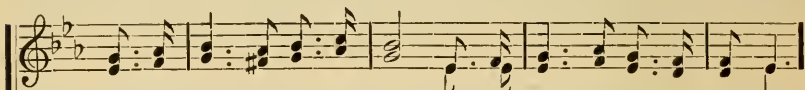
# Tell the Message to Another.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

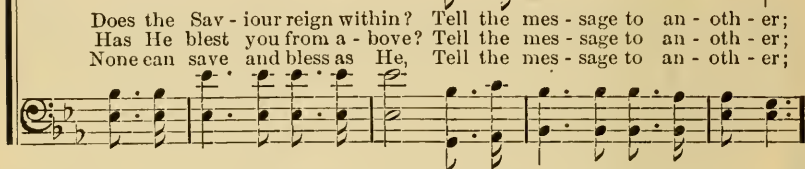
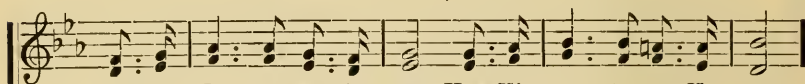
J. S. HENDRICKS.



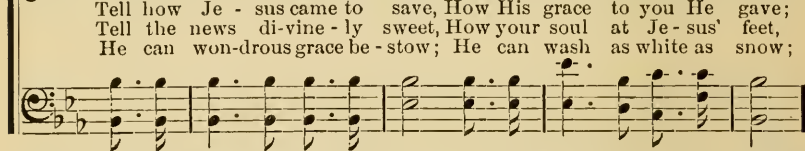
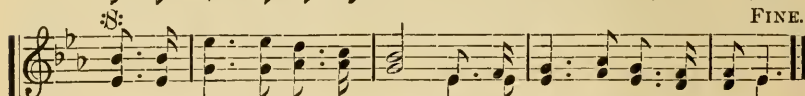
1. Have you been redeemed from sin? Tell the mes - sage to an - oth - er;  
 2. Are you hap - py in His love? Tell the mes - sage to an - oth - er;  
 3. God's dear wit - ness would you be? Tell the mes - sage to an - oth - er;

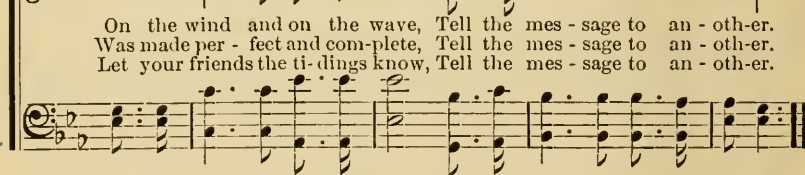
Does the Sav - iour reign within? Tell the mes - sage to an - oth - er;  
 Has He blest you from a - bove? Tell the mes - sage to an - oth - er;  
 None can save and bless as He, Tell the mes - sage to an - oth - er;

Tell how Je - sus came to save, How His grace to you He gave;  
 Tell the news di - vine - ly sweet, How your soul at Je - sus' feet,  
 He can won - drous grace be - stow; He can wash as white as snow;





On the wind and on the wave, Tell the mes - sage to an - oth - er.  
 Was made per - feet and com - plete, Tell the mes - sage to an - oth - er.  
 Let your friends the ti - dings know, Tell the mes - sage to an - oth - er.

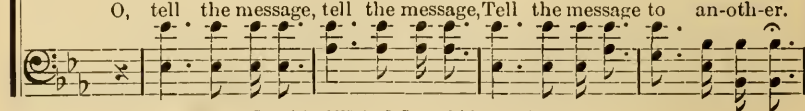


REFRAIN.

D.S.



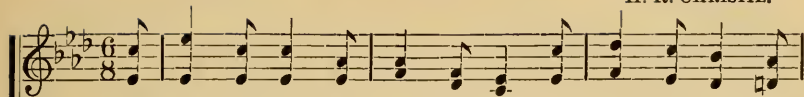
O, tell the message, tell the message, Tell the message to an - oth - er.



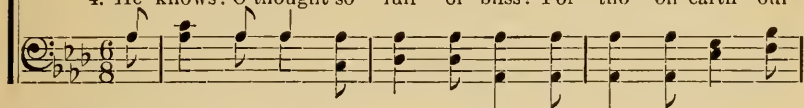
# He Knows It All.

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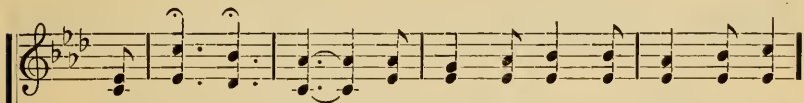
H. R. CHRISTIE.



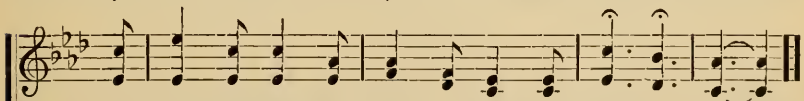
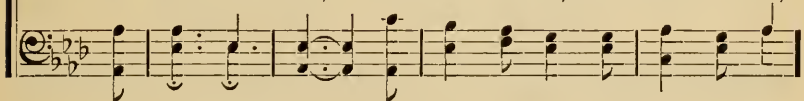
1. He knows the bit - ter, wear - y way, The end - less striv - ing
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our
3. He knows, when, faint and worn, we sink, How deep the pain. how
4. He knows! O thought so full of bliss! For tho' on earth our



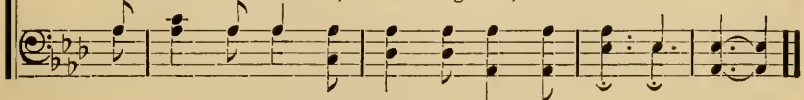
day by day, The souls that weep, the souls that pray—  
lives be - tween, The wounds the world has nev - er seen—  
near the brink Of dark de - spair we pause and shrink—  
joys we miss, We still can bear it, feel - ing this—



He knows it all, He knows it all, He knows it all,  
He knows it all, He knows it all, He knows it all,  
He knows it all, He knows it all, He knows it all,  
He knows it all, He knows it all, He knows it all,



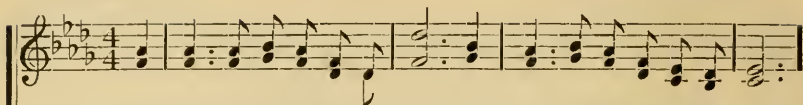
The souls that weep, the souls that pray, He knows it all.  
The wounds the world has nev - er seen, He knows it all.  
Of dark de - spair we pause and shrink, He knows it all.  
We still can bear it, feel - ing this, He knows it all.



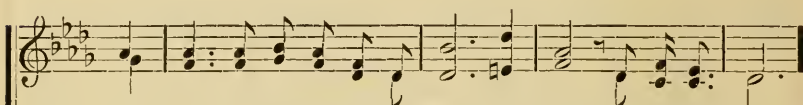
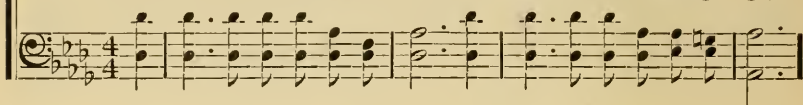
# Some Blessed Day.

C. W. RAY.

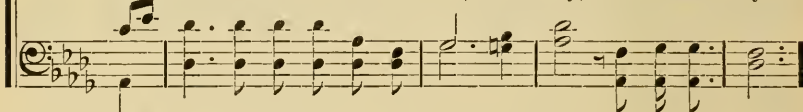
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Some day, but when I can-not tell, To toil and tears I'll bid farewell ;
2. Some day, with-in the gates so fair, A golden harp my hands shall bear ;
3. Some day, I'll see my Saviour's face, And, welcomed to His blest embrace,
4. Some day, some blessed day, I know I'll meet the loved of long a - go,



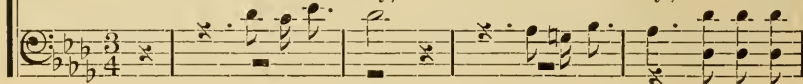
For I shall with the an-gels dwell, Some day, some blessed day.  
 And glist'ning robes of white I'll wear, Some day, some blessed day.  
 Shall with His peo-ple find a place, Some day, some blessed day.  
 And see how much to Christ I owe, Some day, some blessed day.



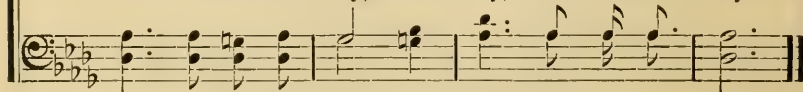
## CHORUS.



Some day,..... some day,..... To my blest  
 Some blessed day, some blessed day ;



home I'll haste a - way, Some day, some bless-ed day.



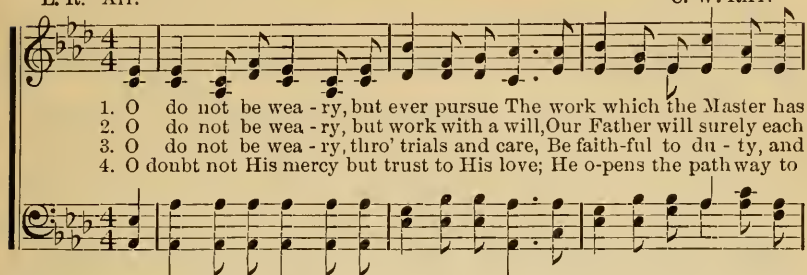
# We Shall Reap By and By.

91

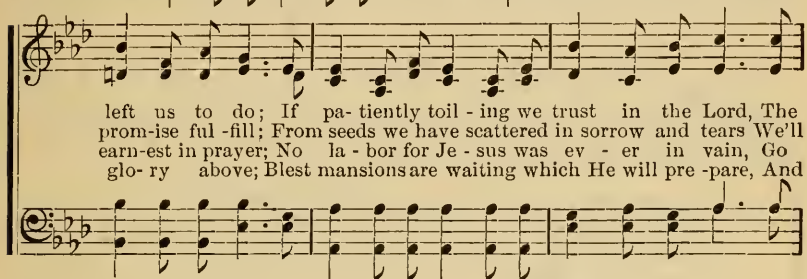
"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not,"—Gal. 6: 9.

L. R. Arr.

C. W. RAY.

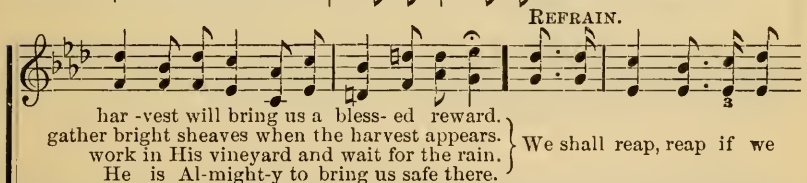


1. O do not be wea - ry, but ever pursue The work which the Master has  
 2. O do not be wea - ry, but work with a will, Our Father will surely each  
 3. O do not be wea - ry, thro' trials and care, Be faith - ful to du - ty, and  
 4. O doubt not His mercy but trust to His love; He o - pens the path way to

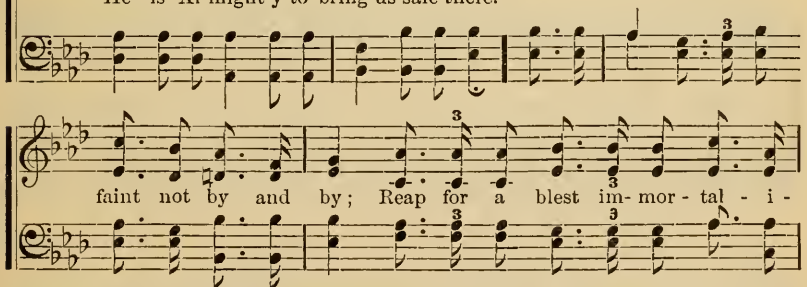


left us to do; If pa - tiently toil - ing we trust in the Lord, The  
 prom - ise ful - fill; From seeds we have scattered in sorrow and tears We'll  
 earn - est in prayer; No la - bor for Je - sus was ev - er in vain, Go  
 glo - ry above; Blest mansions are waiting which He will pre - pare, And

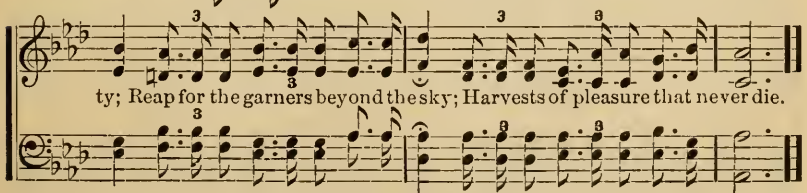
REFRAIN.



har - vest will bring us a bless - ed reward.  
 gather bright sheaves when the harvest appears. } We shall reap, reap if we  
 work in His vineyard and wait for the rain.  
 He is Al - might - y to bring us safe there.



faint not by and by; Reap for a blest im - mor - tal - i -



ty; Reap for the garner's beyond the sky; Harvests of pleasure that never die.

# The World of Light.

By permission.

O. SNOW. Arr. by C. W. R.

1. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where saints and an - gels sing;  
 2. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where sor - row can - not come;  
 3. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Un - seen to mor - tal sight,  
 4. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Of har - mo - ny and love;

A world where peace and pleas - ure reigns, And heav'nly prais - es ring.  
 A world where tears shall nev - er fall In sigh - ing for our home.  
 And dark - ness nev - er en - ters there; That home is fair and bright.  
 Oh, may we safe - ly en - ter there, And dwell with God a - bove.

## CHORUS.

We'll be there, we'll be there, Palms of vic - t'ry, crowns of

glo - ry we shall wear, In that beau - ti - ful world on high.



# There is Joy.

93

MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. When a sin - ner comes, as a sin - ner may, There is joy, . . . .  
 2. When a soul is born in the king - dom bright, There is joy, . . . .  
 3. When a pil - grim comes to the riv - er wide, There is joy, . . . .  
 There is joy,

there is joy ; . . . . When he turns to God in the gos - pel way,  
 there is joy ; . . . . When it walks by faith in the gos - pel light,  
 there is joy ; . . . . When he dwells se - cure on the oth - er side,  
 there is joy,

**CHORUS.**  
 There is joy, . . . . there is joy. There is joy a - mong the  
 There is joy,

an - gels, And their harps with mu - sic ring, . . . . When a  
 mu - sic ring,

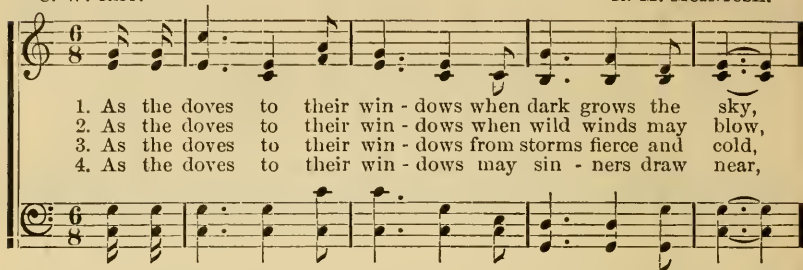
sin - ner comes re - pent - ing, Bend - ing low be - fore the King.

# As the Doves to Their Windows.

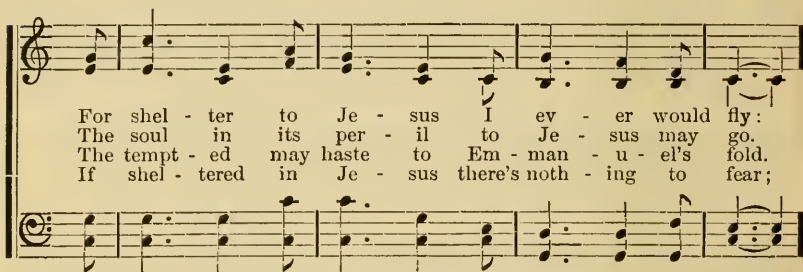
Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?—ISA. 60: 8.

C. W. RAY.

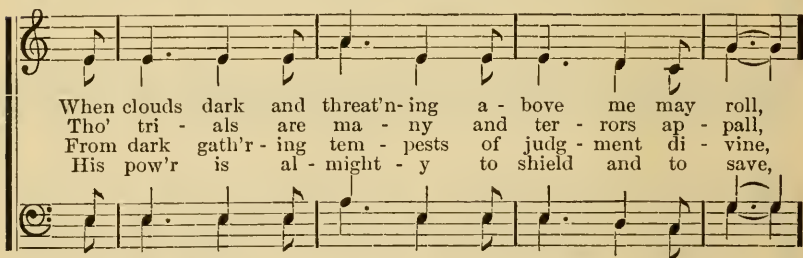
R. M. MCINTOSH.



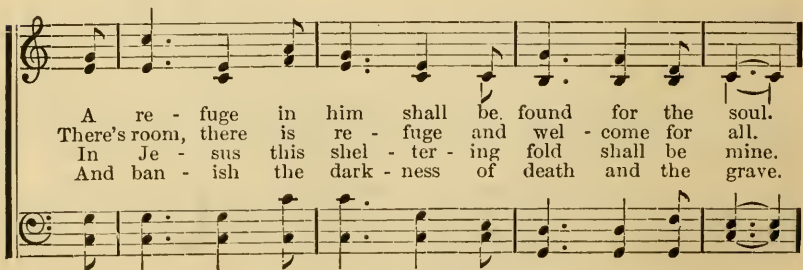
1. As the doves to their win - dows when dark grows the sky,  
 2. As the doves to their win - dows when wild winds may blow,  
 3. As the doves to their win - dows from storms fierce and cold,  
 4. As the doves to their win - dows may sin - ners draw near,



For shel - ter to Je - sus I ev - er would fly:  
 The soul in its per - il to Je - sus may go.  
 The tempt - ed may haste to Em - man - u - el's fold.  
 If shel - tered in Je - sus there's noth - ing to fear;



When clouds dark and threat'n-ing a - bove me may roll,  
 Tho' tri - als are ma - ny and ter - rors ap - pall,  
 From dark gath'r - ing tem - pests of judg - ment di - vine,  
 His pow'r is al - might - y to shield and to save,

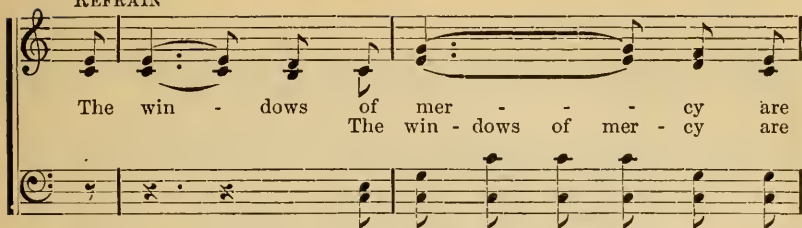


A re - fuge in him shall be found for the soul.  
 There's room, there is re - fuge and wel - come for all.  
 In Je - sus this shel - ter - ing fold shall be mine.  
 And ban - ish the dark - ness of death and the grave.

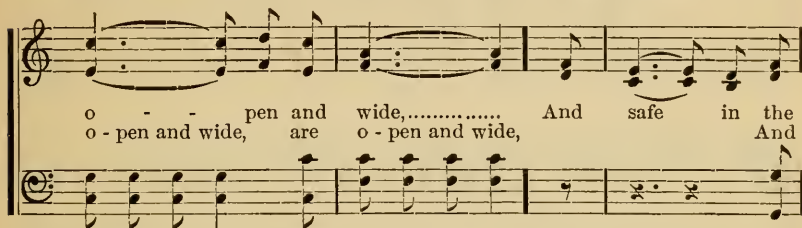
# As the Doves, etc.—Concluded.

95

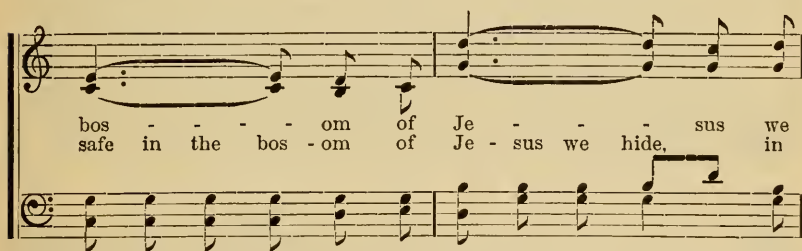
## REFRAIN



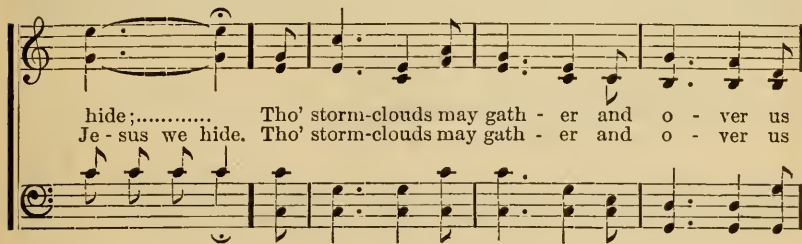
The win - dows of mer - cy are  
The win - dows of mer - cy are



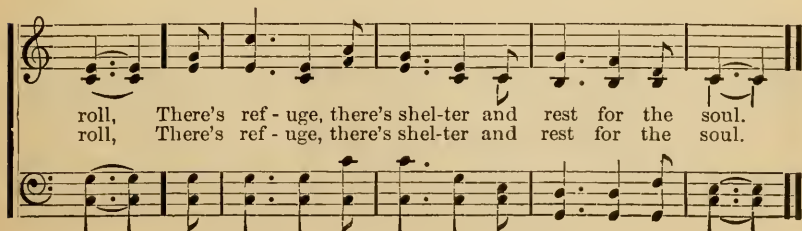
o - pen and wide,..... And safe in the  
o - pen and wide, are o - pen and wide, And



bos - om of Je - sus we  
safe in the bos - om of Je - sus we hide, sus in



hide;..... Tho' storm-clouds may gath - er and o - ver us  
Je - sus we hide. Tho' storm-clouds may gath - er and o - ver us

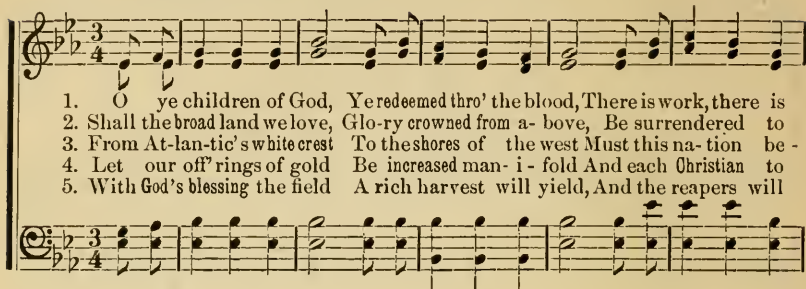


roll, There's ref - uge, there's shel - ter and rest for the soul.  
roll, There's ref - uge, there's shel - ter and rest for the soul.

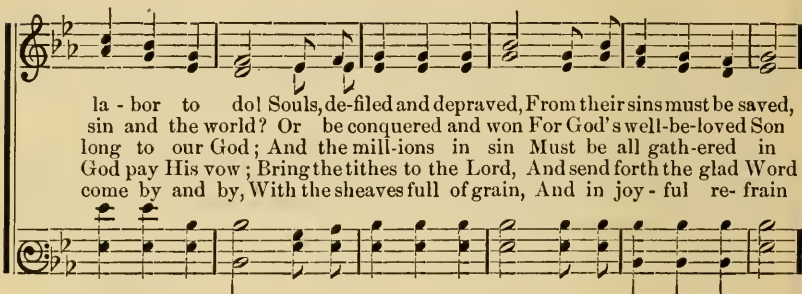
# If We Send not the Light.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

H. R. CHRISTIE.

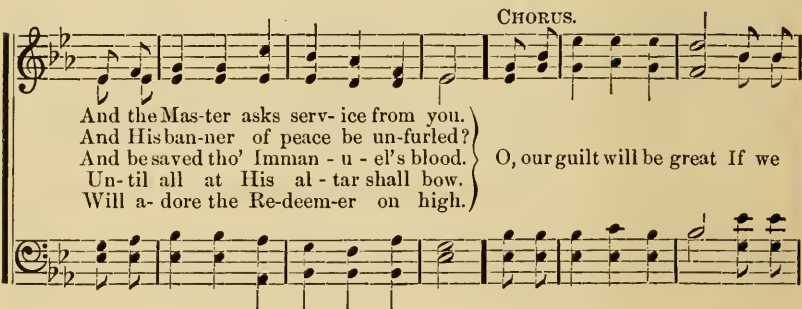


1. O ye children of God, Ye redeemed thro' the blood, There is work, there is  
 2. Shall the broad land we love, Glo-ry crowned from a-bove, Be surrendered to  
 3. From At-lan-tic's white crest To the shores of the west Must this na-tion be -  
 4. Let our off' rings of gold Be increased man-i - fold And each Christian to  
 5. With God's blessing the field A rich harvest will yield, And the reapers will

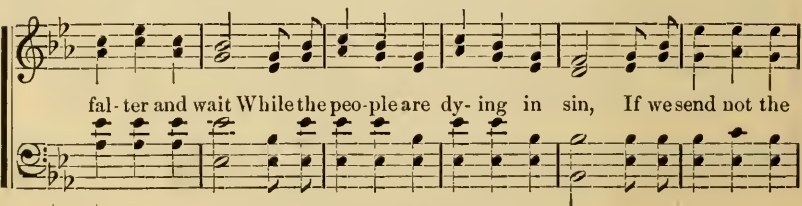


la - bor to do! Souls, de-filed and depraved, From their sins must be saved,  
 sin and the world? Or be conquered and won For God's well-be-loved Son  
 long to our God; And the mill-ions in sin Must be all gath-ered in  
 God pay His vow; Bring the tithes to the Lord, And send forth the glad Word  
 come by and by, With the sheaves full of grain, And in joy - ful re-frain

CHORUS.



And the Mas-ter asks serv-ice from you.  
 And His ban-ner of peace be un-furled?  
 And be saved tho' Imman - u - el's blood. O, our guilt will be great If we  
 Un-til all at His al - tar shall bow.  
 Will a-dore the Re-deem-er on high.)



fal-ter and wait While the peo-ple are dy-ing in sin, If we send not the

# If We Send not, etc.—Concluded.

97

light To dis-pel the dark night And for Je-sus the per-ish-ing win!

## My Lord and My God.

MARY A. MCKEE.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

1. Tho' we have not touch'd His hands, Tho' we have not press'd His side,
2. We may reach the hand of faith, We may touch His throbbing heart,
3. Tho' we have not seen the trace Of the cru-el nails or spear,
4. We may learn to know His voice, And the path His feet have trod,

We may hear His sweet commands, And a-dore the Cru-ci-fied.  
 And be blessed of Him who saith His rich grace He will im-part.  
 We will see His lov-ing face, We may feel His pres-ence near.  
 And with Him of old re-joice In our Sav-iour and our God.

### CHORUS.

He who lived, and loved, and died, Left a bless-ing wide and free

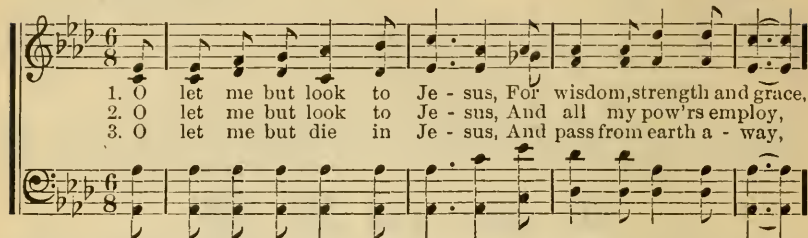
For the tempt-ed and the tried, Tho' His face they can-not see



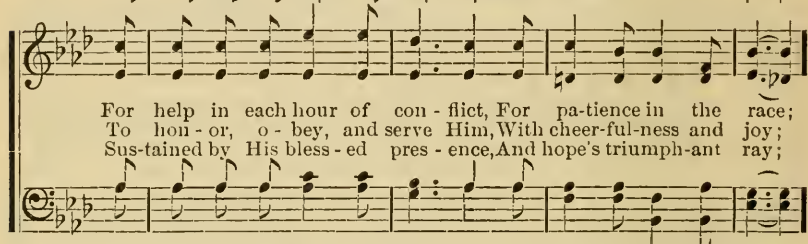
# Let Me Look to Jesus.

J. H. MARTIN. Arr.

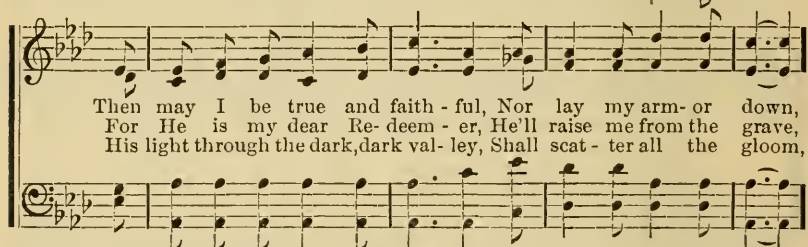
JNO. R. BRYANT.



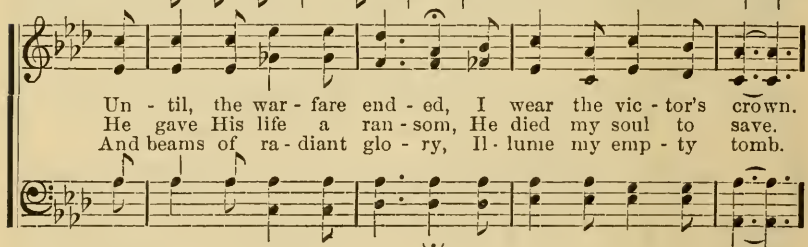
1. O let me but look to Je - sus, For wisdom, strength and grace,  
 2. O let me but look to Je - sus, And all my pow'rs employ,  
 3. O let me but die in Je - sus, And pass from earth a - way,



For help in each hour of con - flict, For pa-tience in the race;  
 To hon - or, o - bey, and serve Him, With cheer-ful-ness and joy;  
 Sus-tained by His bless - ed pres - ence, And hope's triumph-ant ray;

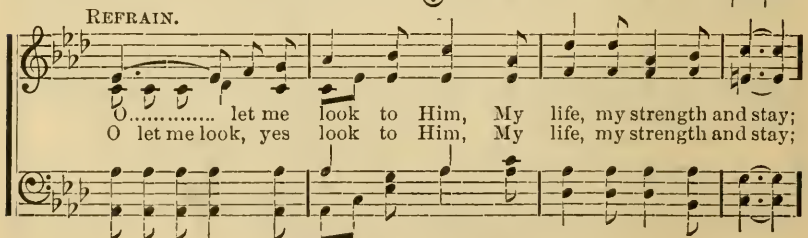


Then may I be true and faith - ful, Nor lay my arm - or down,  
 For He is my dear Re - deem - er, He'll raise me from the grave,  
 His light through the dark, dark val - ley, Shall scat - ter all the gloom,



Un - til, the war - fare end - ed, I wear the vic - tor's crown.  
 He gave His life a ran - som, He died my soul to save.  
 And beams of ra - diant glo - ry, Il - lumine my emp - ty tomb.

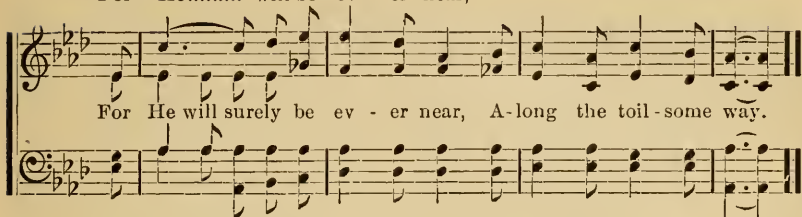
## REFRAIN.



O..... let me look to Him, My life, my strength and stay;  
 O let me look, yes look to Him, My life, my strength and stay;

# Let Me Look to Jesus.—Concluded. 99

For He..... will be ev - er near,

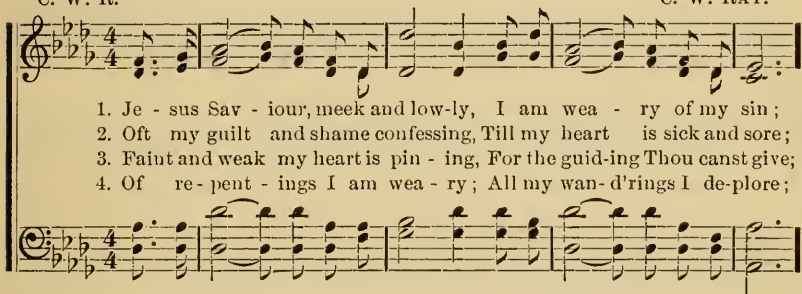


For He will surely be ev - er near, A-long the toil-some way.

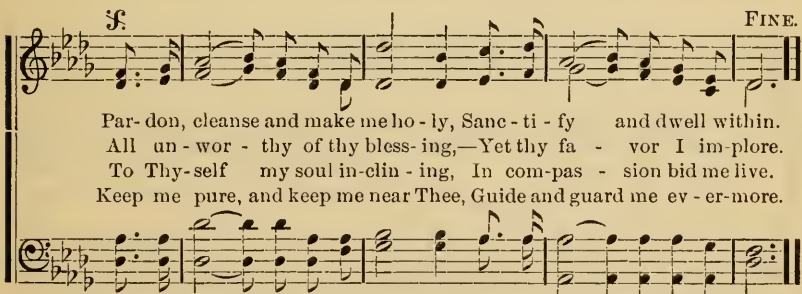
## Weary of Sin.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.



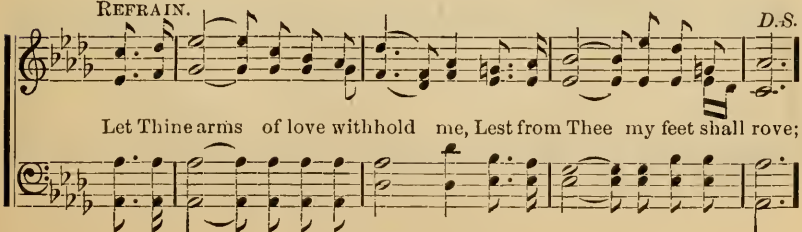
1. Je - sus Sav - iour, meek and low-ly, I am wea - ry of my sin ;
2. Oft my guilt and shame confessing, Till my heart is sick and sore ;
3. Faint and weak my heart is pin - ing, For the guid-ing Thou canst give ;
4. Of re - pent - ings I am wea - ry ; All my wan-d'rings I de-plore ;



Par-don, cleanse and make me ho - ly, Sanc - ti - fy and dwell within.  
All un - wor - thy of thy bless-ing,—Yet thy fa - vor I im-plore.  
To Thy-self my soul in-clin - ing, In com-pas - sion bid me live.  
Keep me pure, and keep me near Thee, Guide and guard me ev - er-more.

D.S.—In Thy blest embrace en-fold me, Fill me with Thy wondrous love.

REFRAIN.

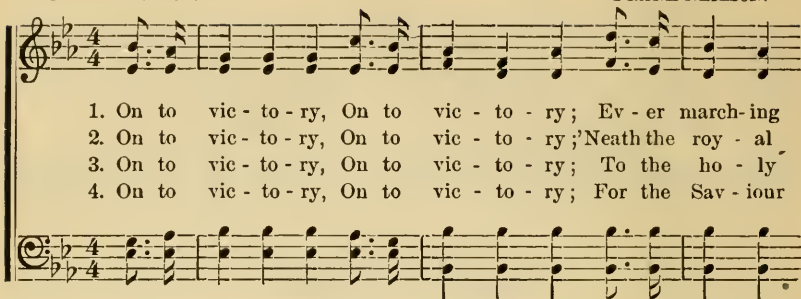


Let Thine arms of love withhold me, Lest from Thee my feet shall rove ;

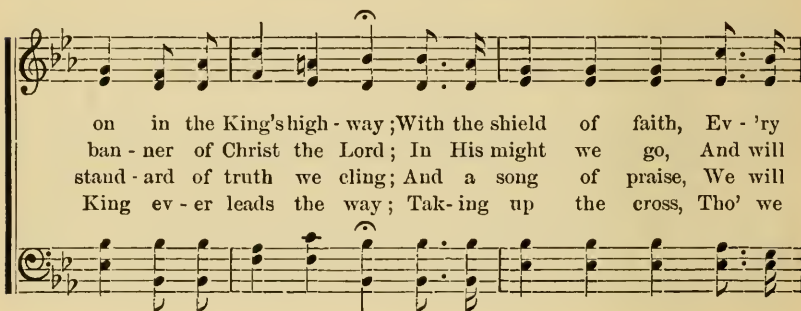
# On to Victory.

LILLIAN RAINOR.

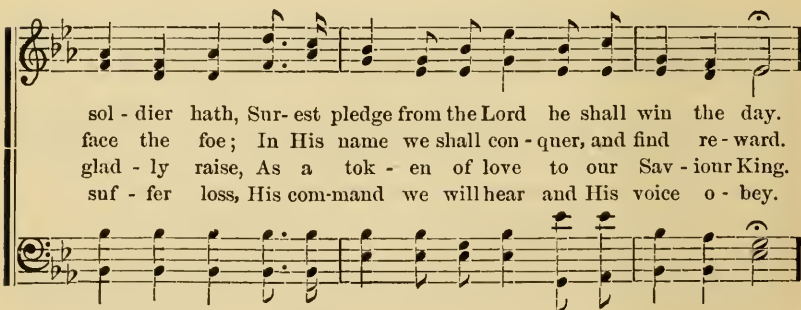
FRANK NEILSON.



1. On to vic - to - ry, On to vic - to - ry; Ev - er march - ing  
 2. On to vic - to - ry, On to vic - to - ry; Neath the roy - al  
 3. On to vic - to - ry, On to vic - to - ry; To the ho - ly  
 4. On to vic - to - ry, On to vic - to - ry; For the Sav - iour

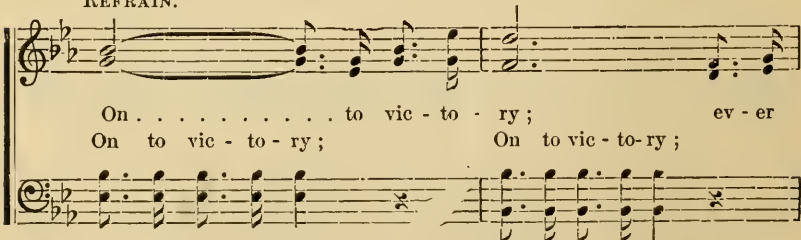


on in the King's high - way; With the shield of faith, Ev - 'ry  
 ban - ner of Christ the Lord; In His might we go, And will  
 stand - ard of truth we cling; And a song of praise, We will  
 King ev - er leads the way; Tak - ing up the cross, Tho' we



sol - dier hath, Sur - est pledge from the Lord he shall win the day.  
 face the foe; In His name we shall con - quer, and find re - ward.  
 glad - ly raise, As a tok - en of love to our Sav - iour King.  
 suf - fer loss, His com - mand we will hear and His voice o - bey.

## REFRAIN.



On . . . . . to vic - to - ry; ev - er  
 On to vic - to - ry; On to vic - to - ry;

# On to Victory.—Concluded.

101

firm . . . . . and ev - er faith - - - ful,  
Firm and ev - er faith - ful ev - er firm and ev - er faith - ful ;

Let His name . . . . . our watchword be ;  
our watchword be ; Let His name our watchword be ;

Till His king - dom and His glo - ry we shall see,  
we shall see.

## Doxology.

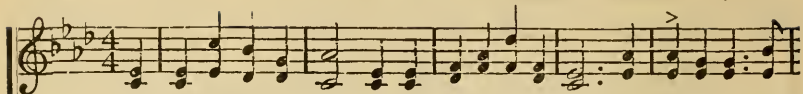
Praise God from whom all blessings flow ; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low :

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host ; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

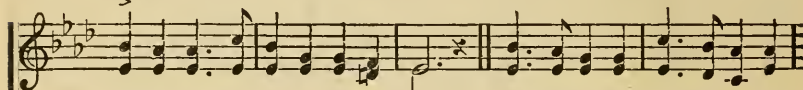
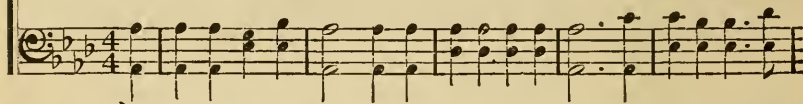
## Mighty to Save.

Rev. R. W. TOOD.

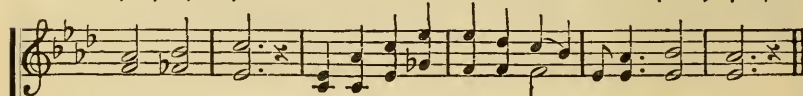
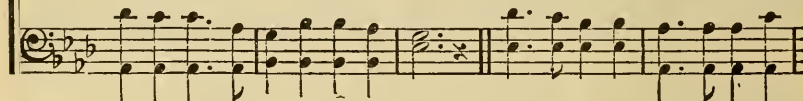
HARRY SANDERS. By per.



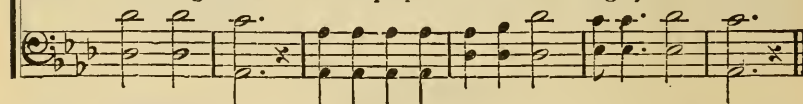
1. Oh, who is this that cometh From Edom's crimson plain, With wounded side, with  
 2. Oh, why is thine apparel With reeking gore all dyed, Like them that tread the



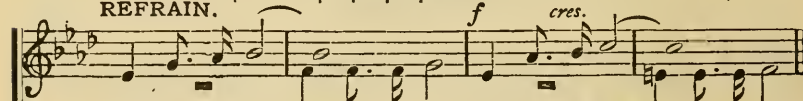
garments dyed? Oh, tell me now thy name. "I, that saw thy soul's distress, A  
 winepress red? Oh, why this bloody tide? "I the winepress trod alone, 'Neath



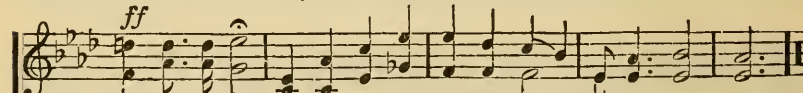
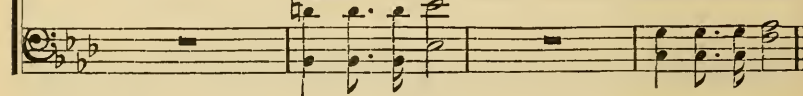
ran - som gave. I, that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save."  
 dark'n-ing skies. Of the people there was none Mighty to save."



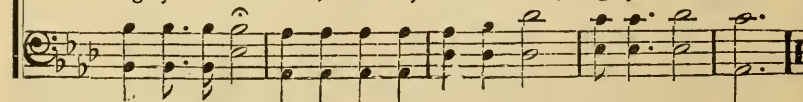
## REFRAIN.



Might-y to save, . . . Might-y to save, . . . Might-y to save, . . .



Mighty to save. Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, Mighty to save.



3 O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour,  
 How couldst thou bear this shame?  
 "With mercy fraught, mine own arm  
 Salvation in my name. [brought

I the bloody fight have won:  
 Conquered the grave.  
 Now the year of joy has come,  
 Mighty to save."

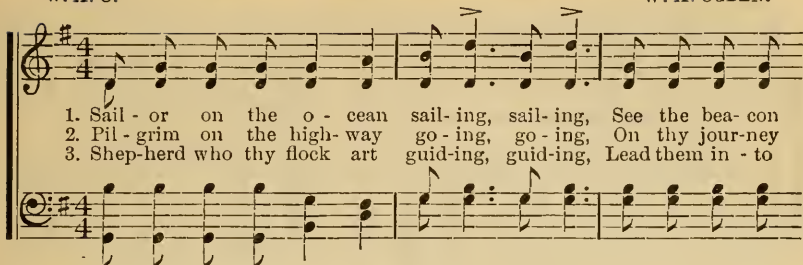


# Sailor On the Ocean.

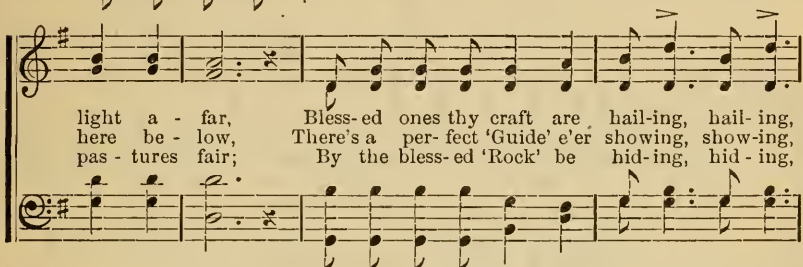
103

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

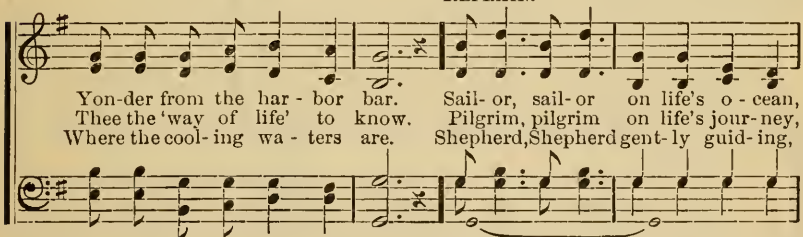


1. Sail - or on the o - cean sail - ing, sail - ing, See the bea - con  
 2. Pil - grim on the high - way go - ing, go - ing, On thy jour - ney  
 3. Shep - herd who thy flock art guid - ing, guid - ing, Lead them in - to

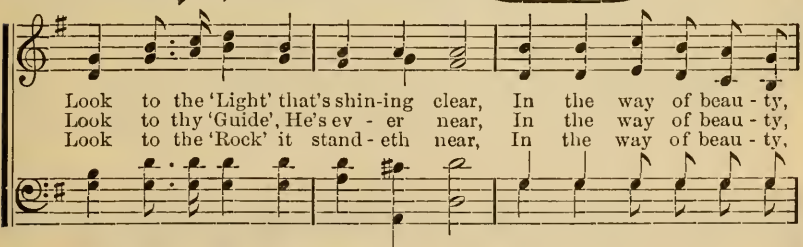


light a - far, Bless - ed ones thy craft are hail - ing, hail - ing,  
 here be - low, There's a per - fect 'Guide' e'er showing, show - ing,  
 pas - tures fair; By the bless - ed 'Rock' be hid - ing, hid - ing,

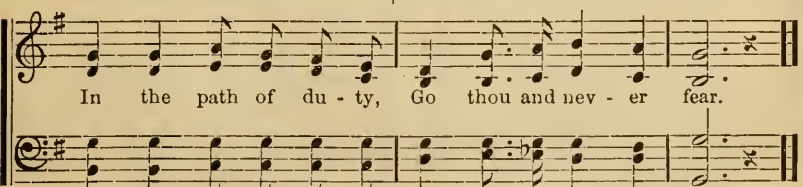
## REFRAIN.



Yon - der from the har - bor bar. Sail - or, sail - or on life's o - cean,  
 Thee the 'way of life' to know. Pilgrim, pilgrim on life's jour - ney,  
 Where the cool - ing wa - ters are. Shepherd, Shepherd gent - ly guid - ing,



Look to the 'Light' that's shin - ing clear, In the way of beau - ty,  
 Look to thy 'Guide', He's ev - er near, In the way of beau - ty,  
 Look to the 'Rock' it stand - eth near, In the way of beau - ty,



In the path of du - ty, Go thou and nev - er fear.

## Shelter for My Soul

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

1. I have sweetest rest in Je - sus, He's all in all to me;  
 2. Dark - est clouds may gath-er round me, The tempests may a - rise,  
 3. Though the flam-ing darts of Sa - tan May fall on ev - 'ry side,

He hath touched me, He hath cleansed and made me whole, made me whole;  
 And the bil-lows may in madness o'er me roll; o'er me roll;  
 Though the quak-ing earth be rent from pole to pole; pole to pole;

He hath eased me of my bur-dens, Hath blessed and made me free;  
 But one glance of my Re-deem-er Shall clear the dark - est skies,  
 Yet His might-y arm will shield me His love it must pro-vide,

*D.S.*—Tho' the trump of God be sounding And stars of heaven may fall;

*FINE.*  
 In His bo - som I find shel - ter for my soul.  
 And re - veal the need - ful shel - ter for my soul.  
 Sweet - est com - fort and a shel - ter for my soul.

There's a ref - uge, there's a shel - ter for my soul!

# Shelter for My Soul.—Concluded. 105

## REFRAIN.

Wild-est storms may rage a-round me, And ter - rors may ap - pall,

*D.S.*

Loud - est thun-ders thro' the frowning skies may roll; skies may roll;

## Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }  
 { Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land. }

*D.C.*—Whisp'ring soft - ly, wanderer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

*D.C.*

Wea - ry souls, for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,

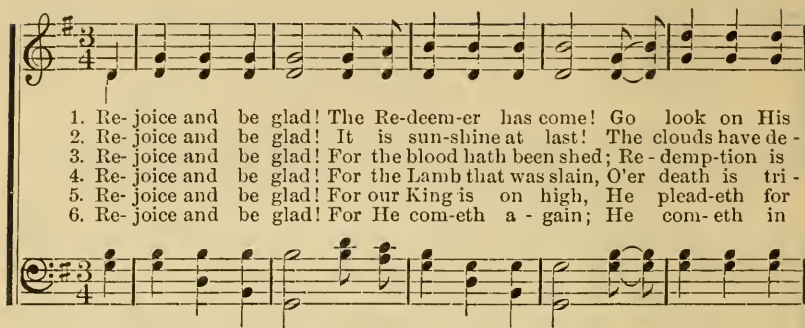
2 Ever present, truest friend,  
 Ever near Thine aid to lend,  
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
 Groping on in darkness drear.  
 When the storms are raging sore,  
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
 Whisper softly, wanderer, come!  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
 Waiting still for sweet release,  
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
 Wond'ring if our names are there;  
 Wading deep the dismal flood,  
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;  
 Whisper softly, wanderer, come!  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

# Rejoice and be Glad.

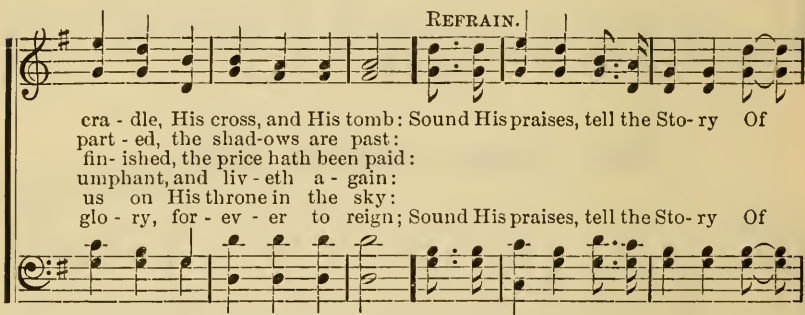
HORATIUS BONAR.

JOHN J. HUSBAND.

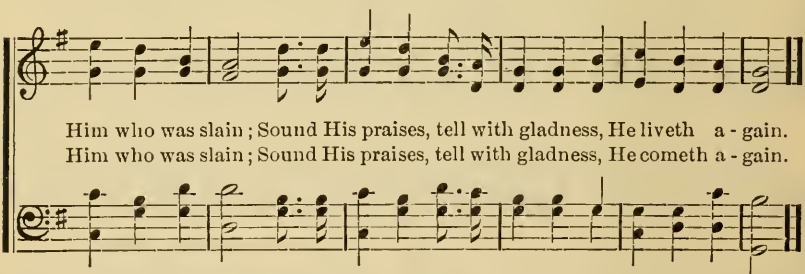


1. Re-joice and be glad! The Re-deem-er has come! Go look on His  
 2. Re-joice and be glad! It is sun-shine at last! The clouds have de-  
 3. Re-joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Re-demp-tion is  
 4. Re-joice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain, O'er death is tri-  
 5. Re-joice and be glad! For our King is on high, He plead-eth for  
 6. Re-joice and be glad! For He com-eth a - gain; He com-eth in

REFRAIN.



era - dle, His cross, and His tomb: Sound His praises, tell the Sto-ry Of  
 part - ed, the shad-ows are past:  
 fin-ished, the price hath been paid:  
 umphant, and liv-eth a - gain:  
 us on His throne in the sky:  
 glo - ry, for - ev - er to reign; Sound His praises, tell the Sto-ry Of



Him who was slain; Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liveth a - gain.  
 Him who was slain; Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He cometh a - gain.

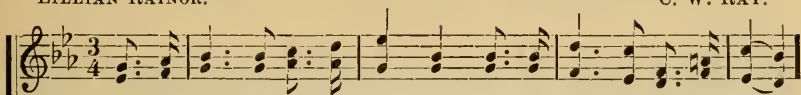
## Revive Us Again.

- 1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,  
 For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.  
 Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen.  
 Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.
- 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,  
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.—Cho.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,  
 Who has borne all our sins, and hath cleansed every stain.—Cho.

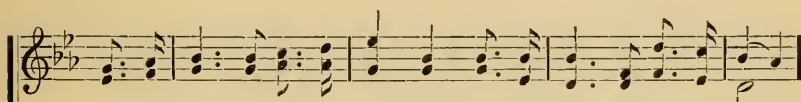
# Why Not be a Helper.

LILLIAN RAINOR.

C. W. RAY.



1. Souls im-mor - tal shall they per - ish? Brightest day-dreams cannot last;
2. There are mul - ti-tudes be-night - ed, Sin-enthralled and long a - stray;
3. Led by sin and er - ror blind - ly, In - to pit-falls where they die;
4. Why de - lay or weak - ly fal - ter? We can ne'er be sat - is - fied,



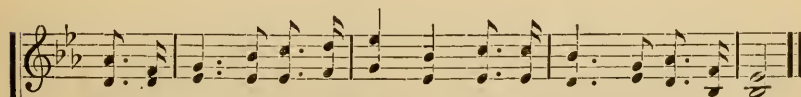
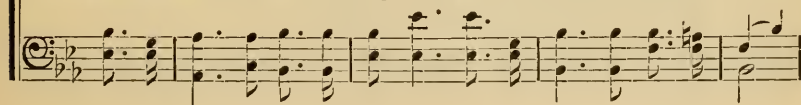
Hopes which reck-less i - dlers cher - ish With life's har - vest will be past.  
 Where no path di-vine-ly light - ed, Lead-eth to the King's highway.  
 Seek them pa-tient-ly and kind - ly, Haste and to the res-cue fly.  
 Till our all is on the al - tar, Since for us the Sav-iour died.



## CHORUS.



Why, O why not be a help-er, Wea-ry wand'ring souls to win?



Why not for our Lord and Mas - ter Haste and bring the wand' rers in?

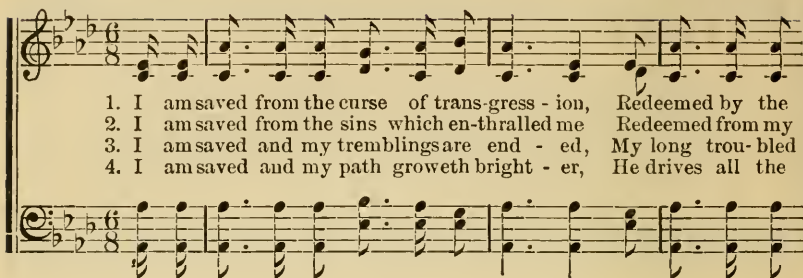




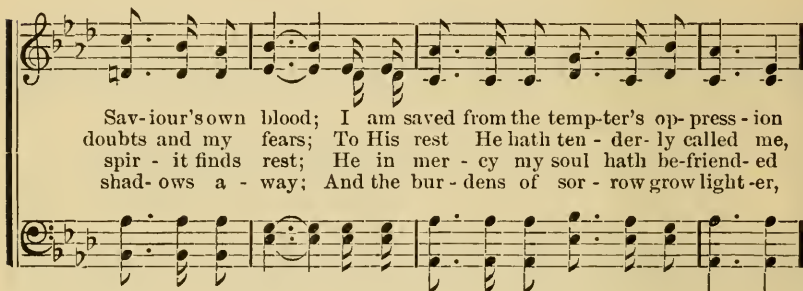
# Saved From The Curse.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

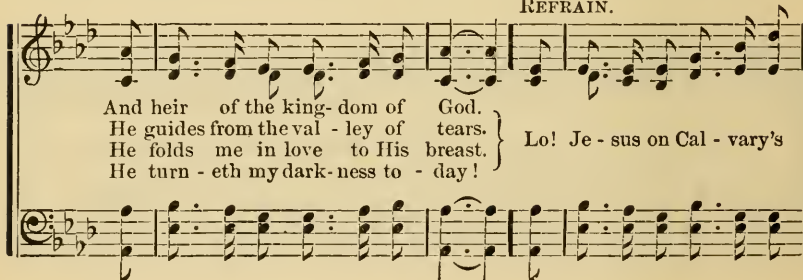


1. I am saved from the curse of trans-gress-ion, Redeemed by the  
 2. I am saved from the sins which en-thralled me Redeemed from my  
 3. I am saved and my tremblings are end-ed, My long trou-bled  
 4. I am saved and my path groweth bright-er, He drives all the

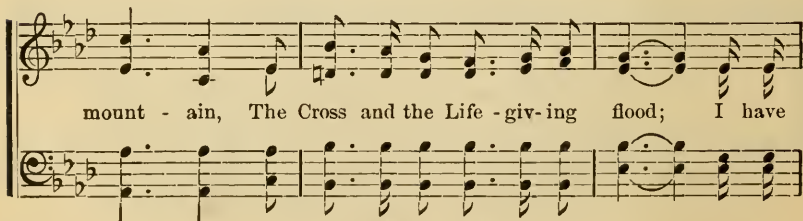


Sav-iour's own blood; I am saved from the temp-ter's op-press-ion  
 doubts and my fears; To His rest He hath ten-der-ly called me,  
 spir-it finds rest; He in mer-cy my soul hath be-friend-ed  
 shad-ows a-way; And the bur-dens of sor-row grow light-er,

## REFRAIN.

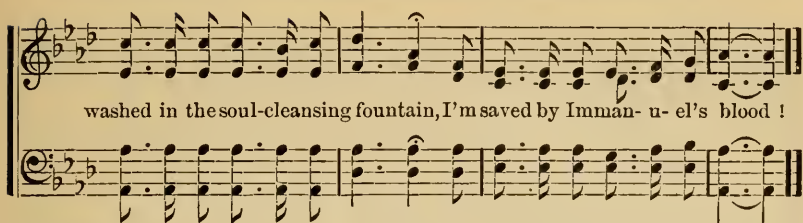


And heir of the king-dom of God.  
 He guides from the val-ley of tears. } Lo! Je-sus on Cal-vary's  
 He folds me in love to His breast.  
 He turn-eth my dark-ness to-day!

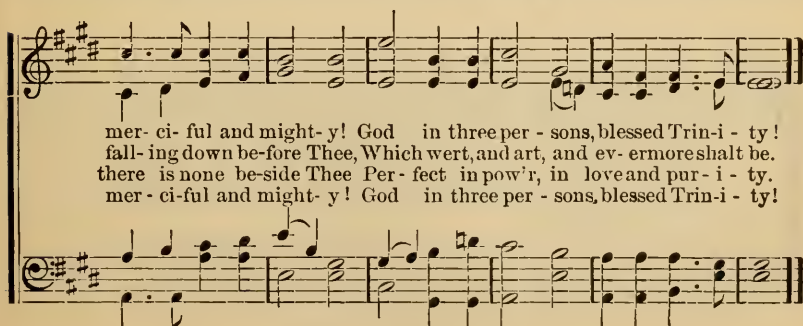
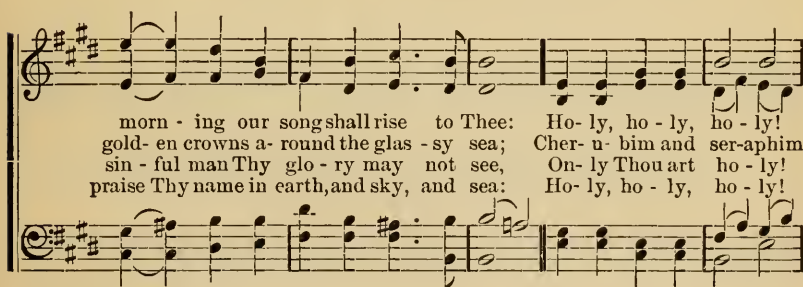


mount-ain, The Cross and the Life-giv-ing flood; I have

# Saved From The Curse.—Concluded. 109



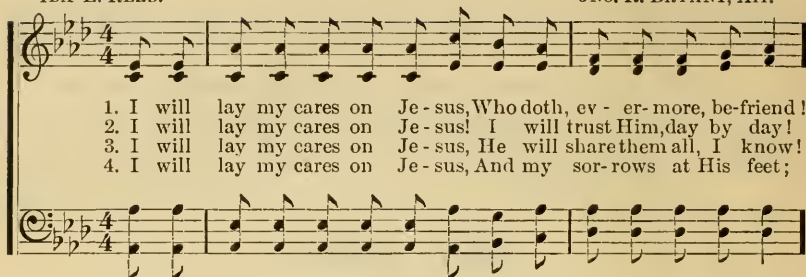
## Holy, Holy !



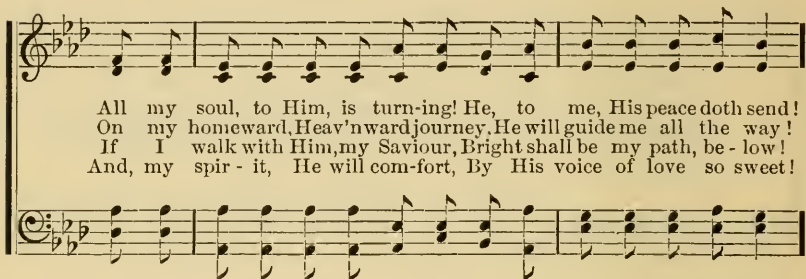
# 110 I Will Lay My Cares on Jesus.

IDA L. REED.

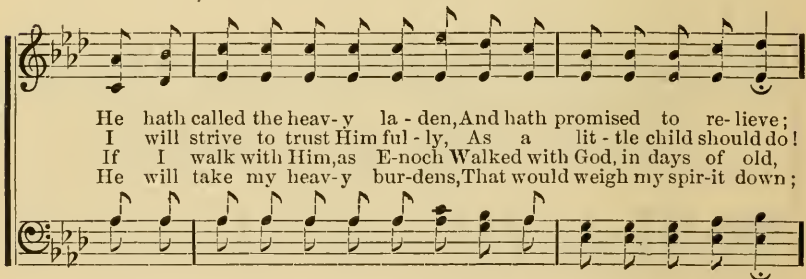
JNO. R. BRYANT, Arr.



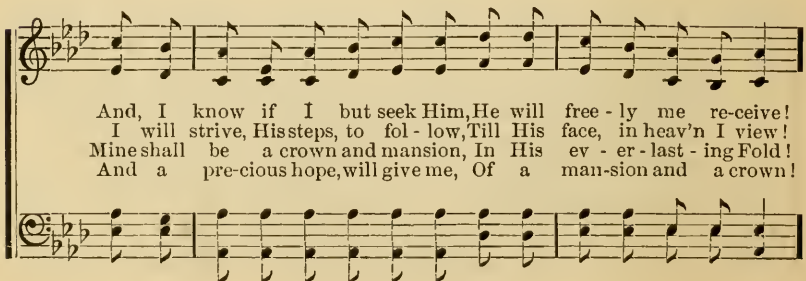
1. I will lay my cares on Je - sus, Who doth, ev - er - more, be - friend !  
 2. I will lay my cares on Je - sus! I will trust Him, day by day!  
 3. I will lay my cares on Je - sus, He will share them all, I know!  
 4. I will lay my cares on Je - sus, And my sor - rows at His feet;



All my soul, to Him, is turn - ing! He, to me, His peace doth send!  
 On my homeward, Heav'nward journey, He will guide me all the way!  
 If I walk with Him, my Saviour, Bright shall be my path, be - low!  
 And, my spir - it, He will com - fort, By His voice of love so sweet!



He hath called the heav - y la - den, And hath promised to re - lieve;  
 I will strive to trust Him ful - ly, As a lit - tle child should do!  
 If I walk with Him, as E - noch Walked with God, in days of old,  
 He will take my heav - y bur - dens, That would weigh my spir - it down;

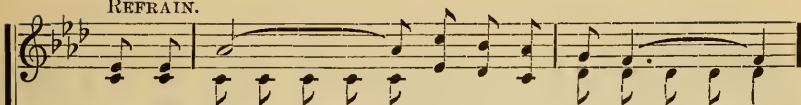


And, I know if I but seek Him, He will free - ly me re - ceive!  
 I will strive, His steps, to fol - low, Till His face, in heav'n I view!  
 Mine shall be a crown and mansion, In His ev - er - last - ing Fold!  
 And a pre - cious hope, will give me, Of a man - sion and a crown!

# I Will Lay, etc.—Concluded.

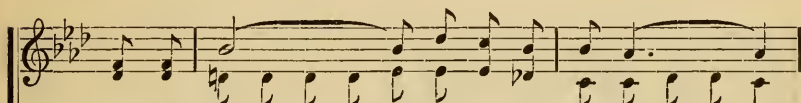
111

## REFRAIN.



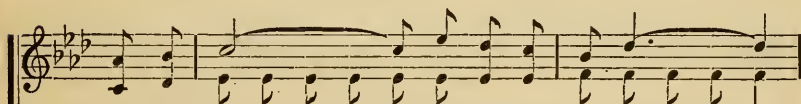
I will lay..... my cares on Je - sus.....

I will lay my cares on Je - sus, I will heed His gen - tle call;



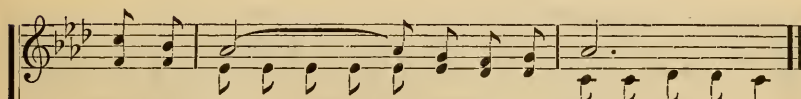
I will lay..... my cares on Je - sus.....

I will lay my cares on Je - sus, I will heed His gen - tle call;



I will lay..... my cares on Je - sus.....

I will lay my cares on Je - sus, He will take and bear them all;



He will take..... and bear them all.

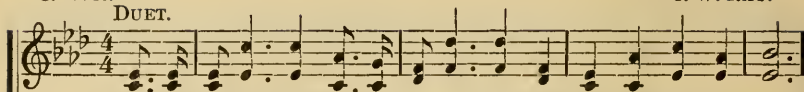
I will lay my cares on Je - sus, He will take and bear them all.

# Risen and Coming Again.

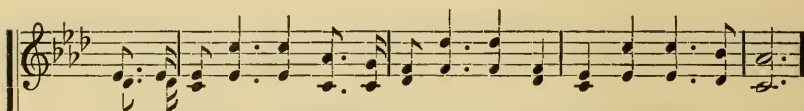
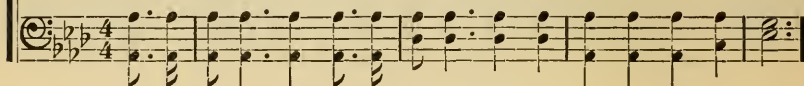
C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

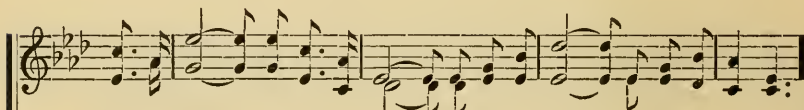
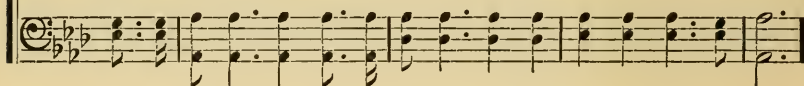
DUET.



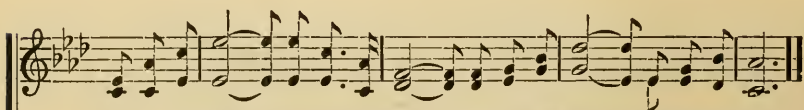
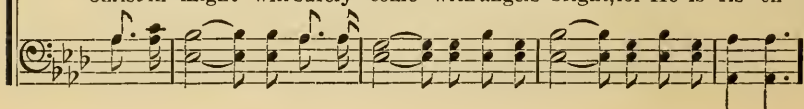
1. In the twilight gray, Of the blessed day When death was captive led,
2. Mary weeping came, Whisp'ring Jesus name, With doubts and fears dismayed,
3. From the rocky bed, Of the slumb'ring dead Each ransom'd form shall rise,



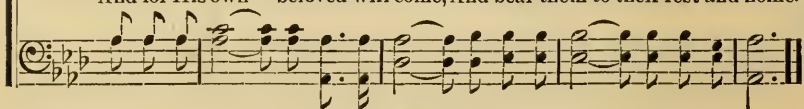
From the dreary tomb, And its chilling gloom A voice came from the dead :  
Tears of sor-row rolled, And her anguish told, But an- gels quick-ly said :  
And the trumpet's call Shall a- wak-en all, When from the part-ing skies,



"Life and im - mortal - i - ty is brought to light," for Christ is risen;  
Haste and tell to those He loved and loved so well that Christ is ris-en!  
Christ in might will surely come with angels bright, for He is ris-en



And from His pris - on house of clay, There streams the light of endless day.  
From that cold bed where once He lay, There streams the light of endless day.  
And for His own beloved will come, And bear them to their rest and home.





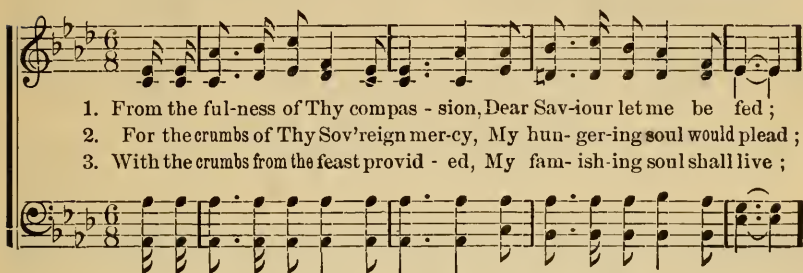
# Only a Crumb of Mercy.

113

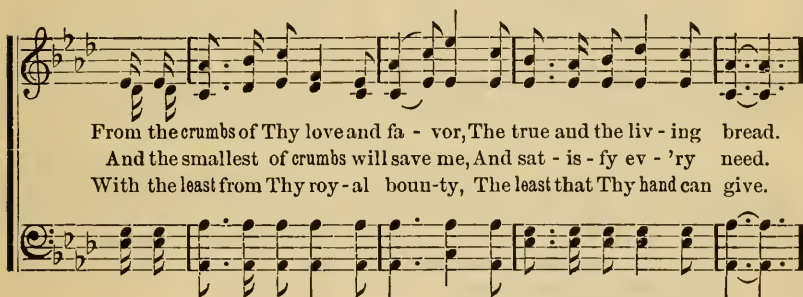
"And she said; Truth Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table."—MATT. 15: 27.

LILLIAN RAINOR.

FRANK NIELSON.

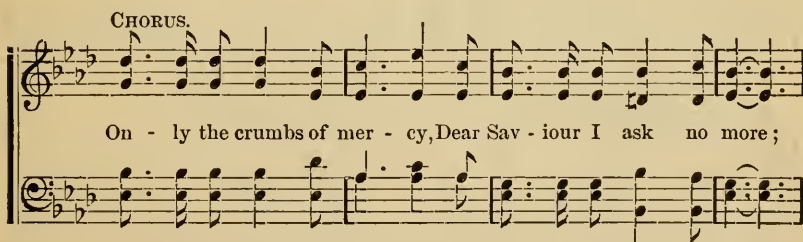


1. From the ful-ness of Thy compas - sion, Dear Sav-iour let me be fed;  
 2. For the crumbs of Thy Sov'reign mer-cy, My hun-ger-ing soul would plead;  
 3. With the crumbs from the feast provid - ed, My fam-ish-ing soul shall live;

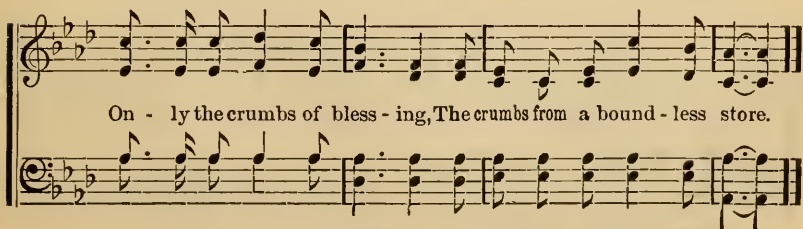


From the crumbs of Thy love and fa - vor, The true and the liv - ing bread.  
 And the smallest of crumbs will save me, And sat - is - fy ev - 'ry need.  
 With the least from Thy roy - al boun - ty, The least that Thy hand can give.

CHORUS.



On - ly the crumbs of mer - cy, Dear Sav - iour I ask no more;

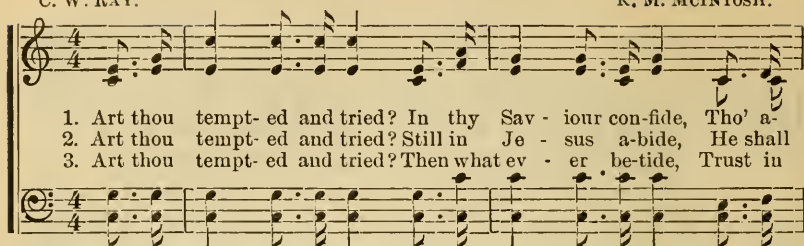


On - ly the crumbs of bless - ing, The crumbs from a bound - less store.

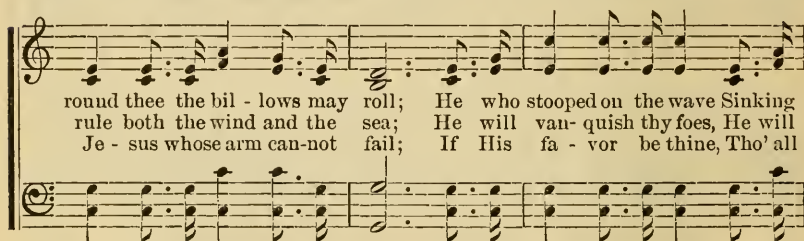
# Tempted and Tried.

C. W. RAY.

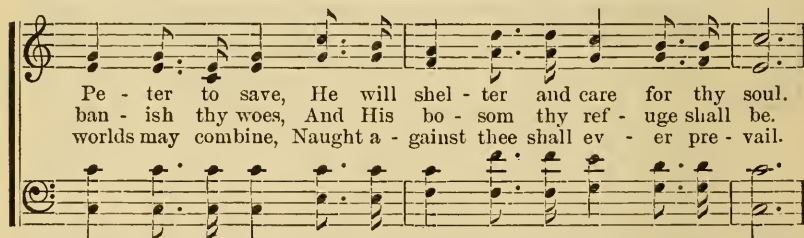
R. M. MCINTOSH.



1. Art thou tempt-ed and tried? In thy Sav-iour con-fide, Tho' a-  
 2. Art thou tempt-ed and tried? Still in Je-sus a-bide, He shall  
 3. Art thou tempt-ed and tried? Then what ev-er be-tide, Trust in

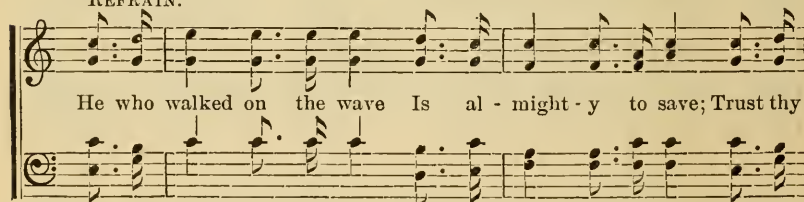


round thee the bil-lows may roll; He who stooped on the wave Sinking  
 rule both the wind and the sea; He will van-quish thy foes, He will  
 Je-sus whose arm can-not fail; If His fa-vor be thine, Tho' all

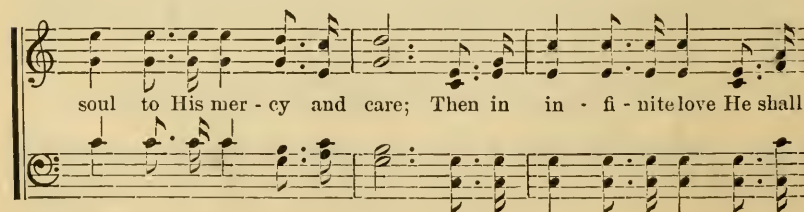


Pe-ter to save, He will shel-ter and care for thy soul.  
 ban-ish thy woes, And His bo-som thy ref-uge shall be.  
 worlds may combine, Naught a-gainst thee shall ev-er pre-vail.

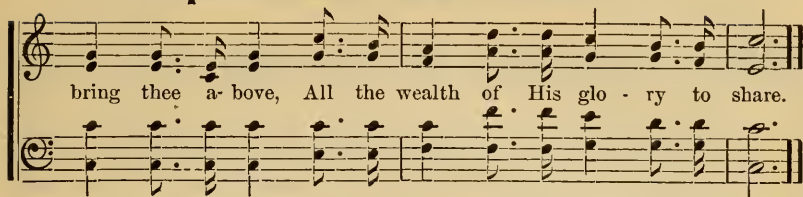
## REFRAIN.



He who walked on the wave Is al-might-y to save; Trust thy



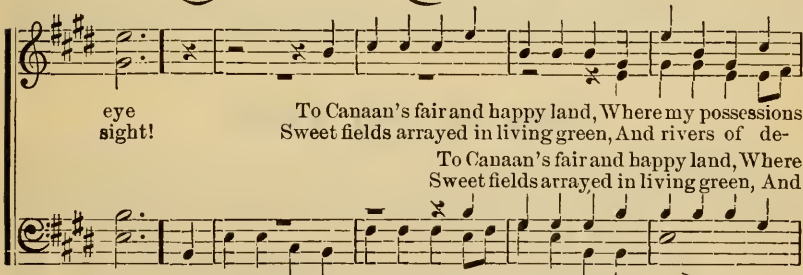
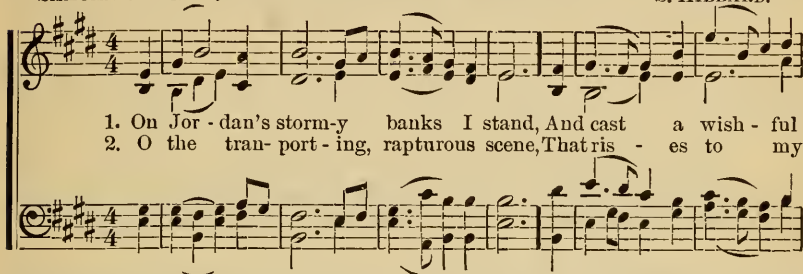
soul to His mer-cy and care; Then in in-fi-nite love He shall



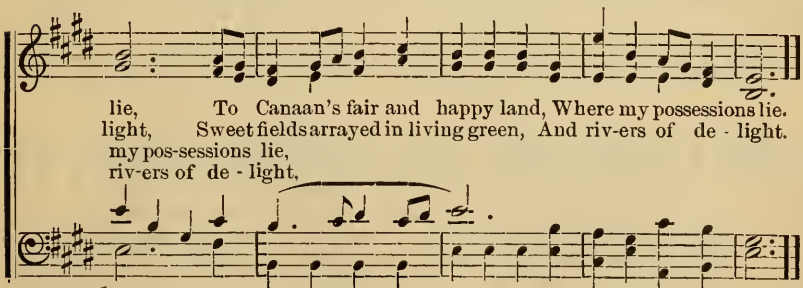
## On Jordan's Banks.

SAMUAL STENNETT.

S. HIBBARD.



To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green, And rivers of delight.

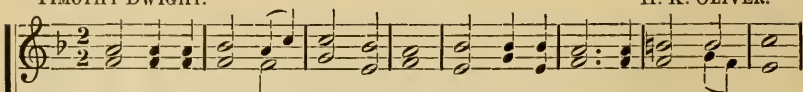


- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>3 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,<br/>Can reach this healthful shore;<br/>Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,<br/>Are felt and feared no more.</p> | <p>4 When shall I reach that happy place,<br/>And be forever blest?<br/>When shall I see my Father's face,<br/>And in His bosom rest?</p> |
|--|---|

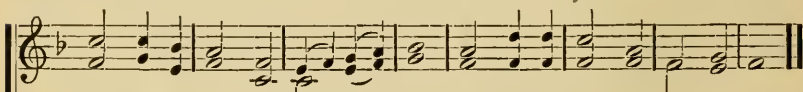
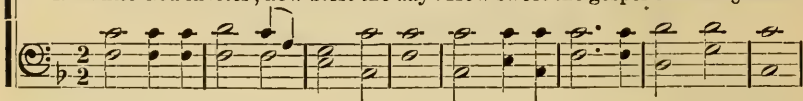
## Warning and Invitation.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

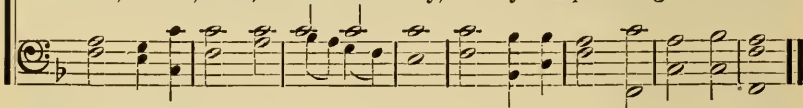
H. K. OLIVER.



1. While life prolongs its precious light, Mer-cy is found and peace is giv'n;
2. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing, Shall death command you to the grave,
3. In that lone land of deep de-spair, No Sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise,
4. While God invites; how blest the day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound!



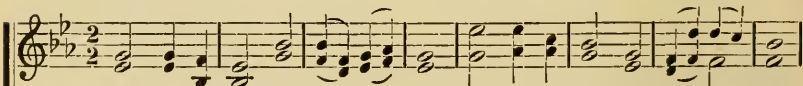
But soon, ah, soon, ap-proaching night Shall blot out ev-'ry hope of heav'n.  
 Be-fore His bar your spir-its bring, And none be found to hear or save.  
 No God re-gard your bit-ter pray'r, No Saviour call you to the skies.  
 Come, sin-ner, haste, O haste a-way, While yet a pard'ning God is found.



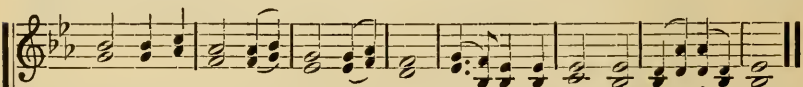
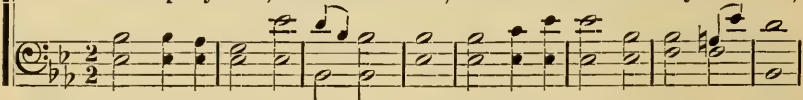
## Take Up Thy Cross.

C. W. EVEREST.

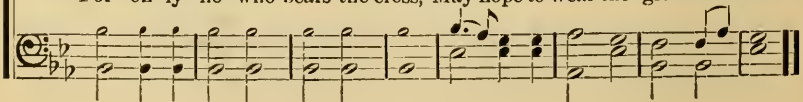
J. E. GOULD.



1. Take up thy cross, the Sav-iour said, If thou wouldst my dis-ci-ple be;
2. Take up thy cross; let not its weight Fill thy weak spirit with a-larm;
3. Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame; Nor let thy foolish pride re-bel;
4. Take up thy cross, and fol-low Christ, Nor think till death to lay it down;



De-ny thy-self, the world for-sake, And humbly fol-low aft-er me.  
 His strength shall bear thy spirit up, And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.  
 Thy Lord for thee the cross en-dured, To save thy soul from death and hell.  
 For on-ly he who bears the cross, May hope to wear the glorious crown.



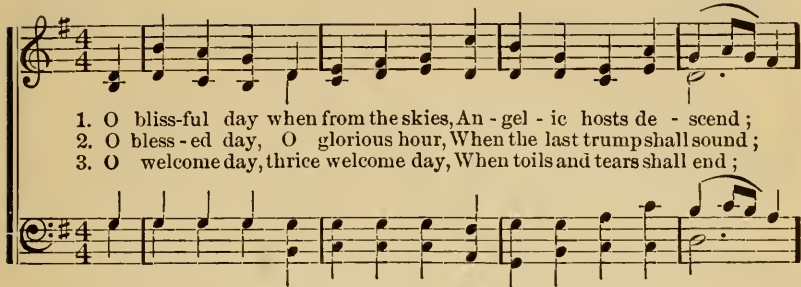
# The Blissful Coming Day.

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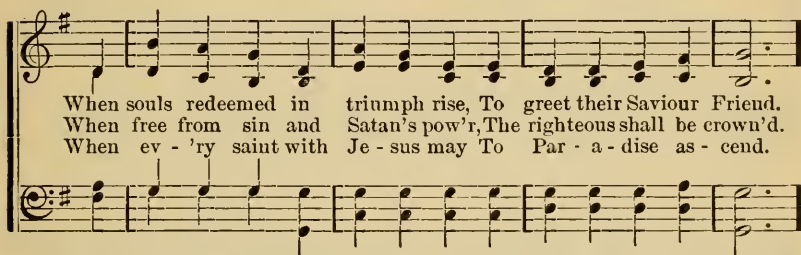
C. W. RAY.

2d THESS. 1: 7, 10.

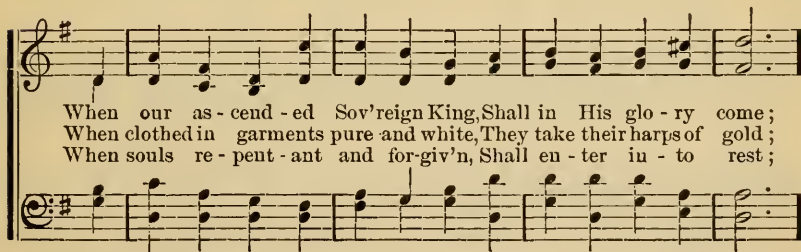
HARLEY ANDERSON.



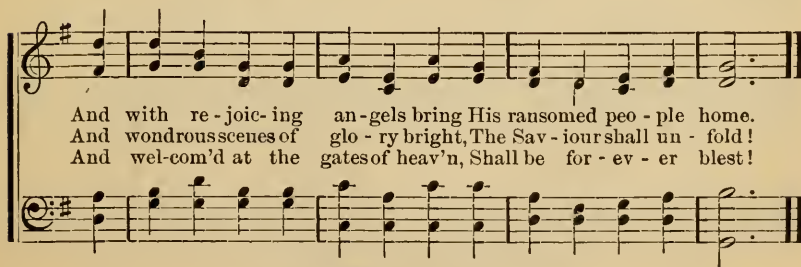
1. O bliss-ful day when from the skies, An - gel - ic hosts de - scend ;  
 2. O bless - ed day, O glorious hour, When the last trump shall sound ;  
 3. O welcome day, thrice welcome day, When toils and tears shall end ;



When souls redeemed in triumph rise, To greet their Saviour Friend.  
 When free from sin and Satan's pow'r, The righteous shall be crown'd.  
 When ev - 'ry saint with Je - sus may To Par - a - dise as - cend.



When our as - cend - ed Sov'reign King, Shall in His glo - ry come ;  
 When clothed in garments pure and white, They take their harps of gold ;  
 When souls re - pent - ant and for-giv'n, Shall en - ter in - to rest ;



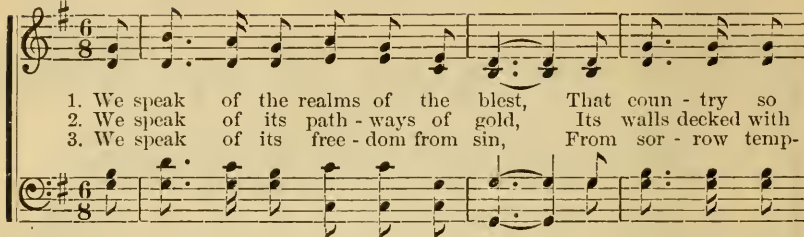
And with re-joic-ing an-gels bring His ransomed peo - ple home.  
 And wondrousscenes of glo - ry bright, The Sav - iour shall un - fold !  
 And wel-com'd at the gates of heav'n, Shall be for - ev - er blest !



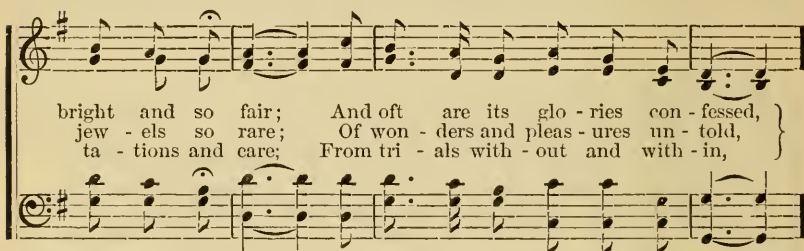
# The Realms of the Blest.

ELIZABETH MILLS.

C. W. RAY.

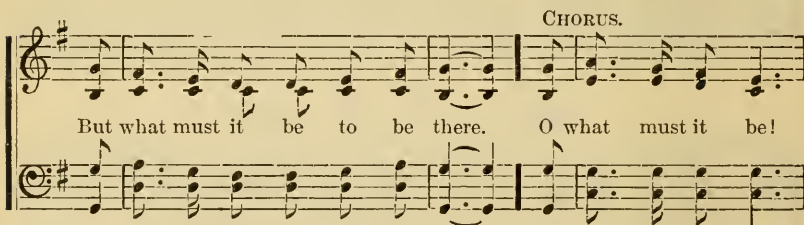


1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun - try so  
 2. We speak of its path - ways of gold, Its walls decked with  
 3. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From sor - row temp -

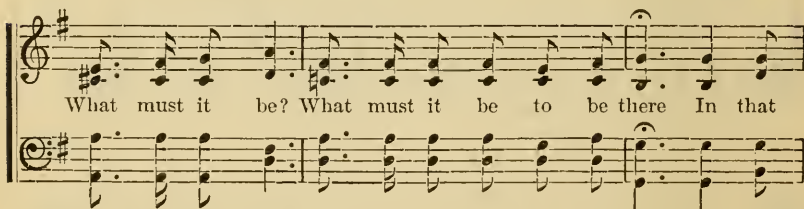


bright and so fair; And oft are its glo - ries con - fessed,  
 jew - els so rare; Of won - ders and pleas - ures un - told,  
 ta - tions and care; From tri - als with - out and with - in, }

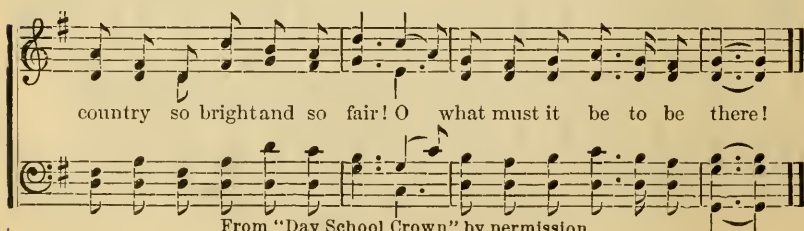
CHORUS.



But what must it be to be there. O what must it be!



What must it be? What must it be to be there In that



country so bright and so fair! O what must it be to be there!

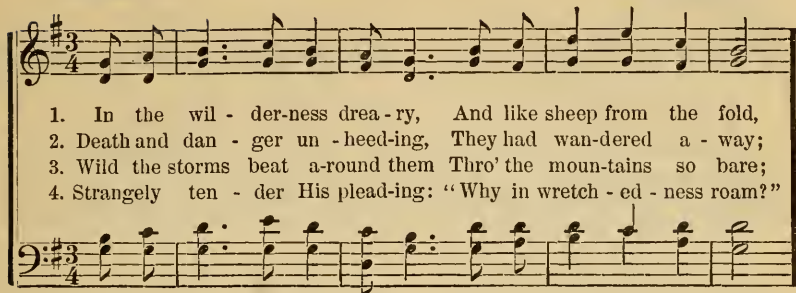
From "Day School Crown" by permission.

# The Wonderful Story.

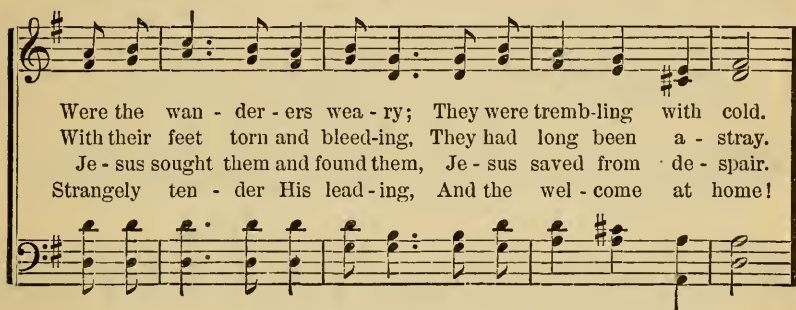
119

C. W. RAY.

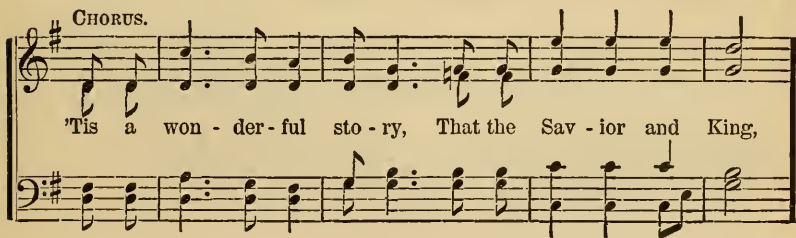
GEO. BEAVERSON.



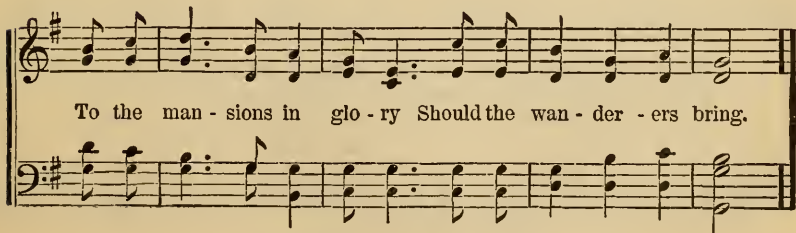
1. In the wil - der-ness drea - ry, And like sheep from the fold,  
2. Death and dan - ger un - heed-ing, They had wan-dered a - way;  
3. Wild the storms beat a-round them Thro' the moun-tains so bare;  
4. Strangely ten - der His plead-ing: "Why in wretch - ed - ness roam?"



Were the wan - der - ers wea - ry; They were tremb-ling with cold.  
With their feet torn and bleed-ing, They had long been a - stray.  
Je - sus sought them and found them, Je - sus saved from de - spair.  
Strangely ten - der His lead-ing, And the wel - come at home!



CHORUS.  
'Tis a won - der - ful sto - ry, That the Sav - ior and King,



To the man - sions in glo - ry Should the wan - der - ers bring.

## There is Hope.

C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. There is hope for hearts now ach-ing, Who their night-ly vig - ils keep;  
 2. There is hope for those who sor - row, O'er some tarnished kindred name;  
 3. There is hope for those who sad - ly Sigh for earth-ly friends and home:

There is hope for hearts now breaking, Where the waves of anguish sweep:  
 That some helping hand to - mor-row, May the fal - len ones re - claim:  
 There is hope for those who mad - ly, And in friend - less-ness may roam:

Earnest toil - ers, true and faithful, Fearless-ly the dan-ger brave,  
 Men of faith who never fal - ter, Men who grieve for those who stray,  
 He who once hung bleeding, dying, Marks the bit-ter tears that flow,  
 bit - ter, bit - ter tears that flow,

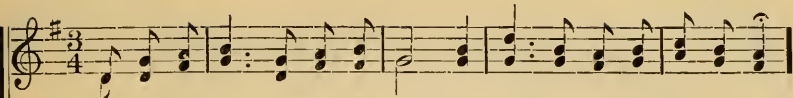
Ev - er ten - der, ev - er hope-ful, Striving wand'ring ones to save.  
 Now with tire-less, ea-ger foot-steps, Hasten thro' the world's highway.  
 He can hear the feeblest sigh-ing, He can pi - ty hu - man woe!

# Heavenly Mansions.

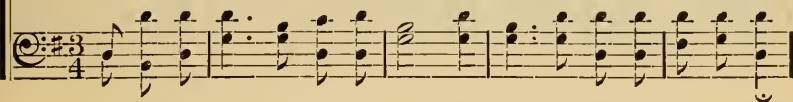
121

R. TORREY, airt.

P. P. B., arr.



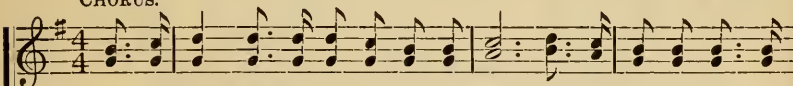
1. A - bove the blue, e - ther - eal skies Thousands of state - ly mansions rise;
2. There tears shall nev - er dim the eye; No aching breast shall breathe a sigh;
3. No pain nor sor - row en - ters in; The wea - ry heart is freed from sin;
4. There bright perennial flow'rets grow; There crystal streams for ev - er flow;
5. O, who shall see these mansions fair? Who shall the wealth of glory share?



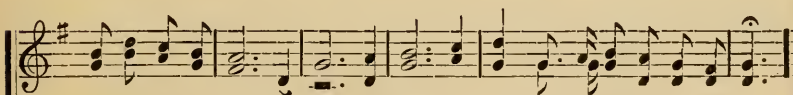
Built by the great Je - hovah's hand, Through all e - ter - ni - ty they stand.  
But ceaseless praise and songs of joy Shall ev - 'ry heart and tongue employ.  
And tho' on earth the cross we bear, E - ter - nal rest a - waits us there;  
And thro' these mansions ev - er ring The prais - es of our Sav - iour King.  
All, all who own the Saviour's name, And on His love will rest their claim.



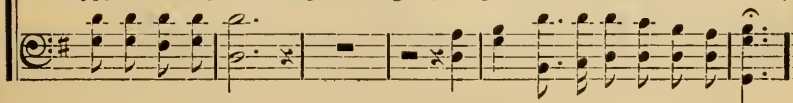
## CHORUS.



I am glad there are mansions in the sky, Where the ransom'd will be



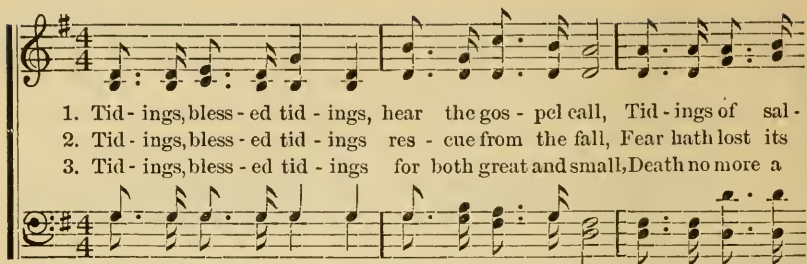
happy when they die; I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad there are mansions in the sky.



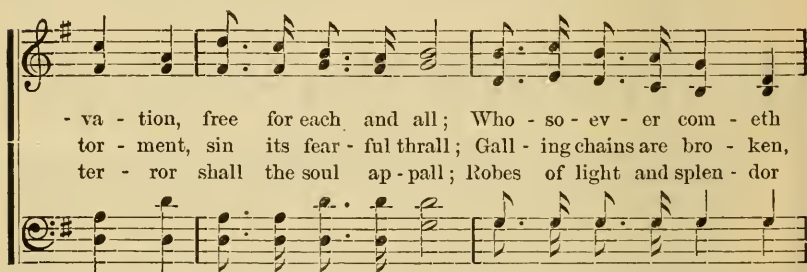
# Tidings of Salvation.

C. W. RAY.

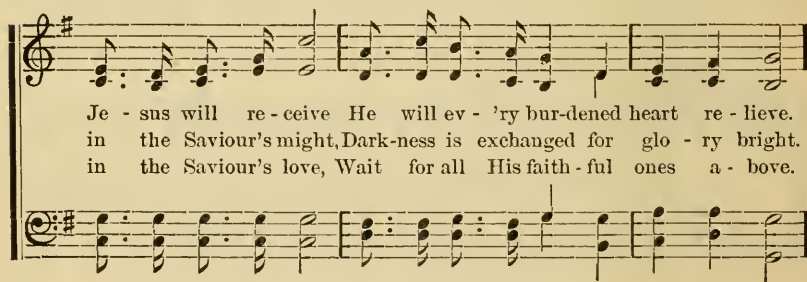
C. W. RAY.



1. Tid - ings, bless - ed tid - ings, hear the gos - pel call, Tid - ings of sal -  
 2. Tid - ings, bless - ed tid - ings res - cue from the fall, Fear hath lost its  
 3. Tid - ings, bless - ed tid - ings for both great and small, Death no more a

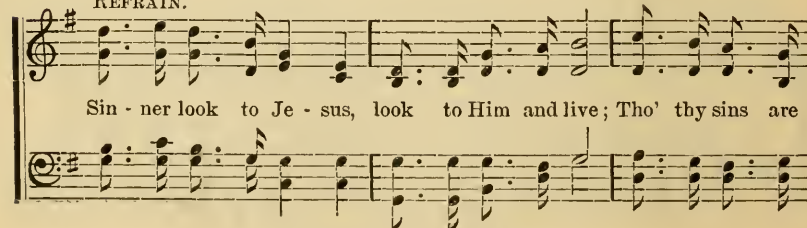


- va - tion, free for each and all; Who - so - ev - er com - eth  
 tor - ment, sin its fear - ful thrall; Gall - ing chains are bro - ken,  
 ter - ror shall the soul ap - pall; Robes of light and splen - dor



Je - sus will re - ceive He will ev - 'ry bur - dened heart re - lieve.  
 in the Saviour's might, Dark - ness is exchanged for glo - ry bright.  
 in the Saviour's love, Wait for all His faith - ful ones a - bove.

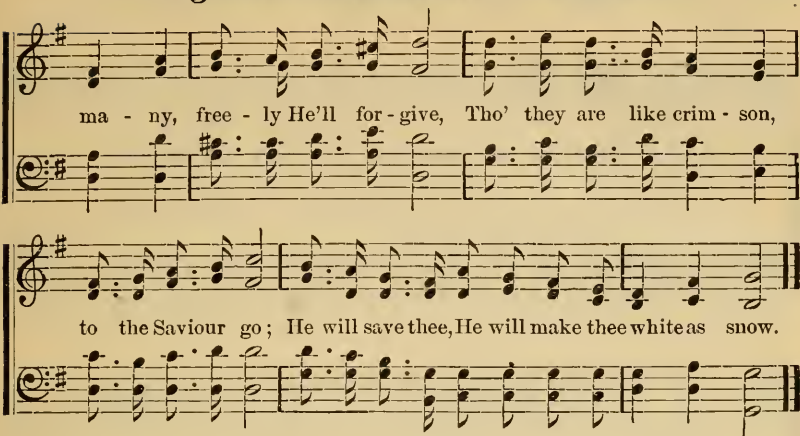
## REFRAIN.



Sin - ner look to Je - sus, look to Him and live; Tho' thy sins are



# Tidings of Salvation.—Concluded. 123

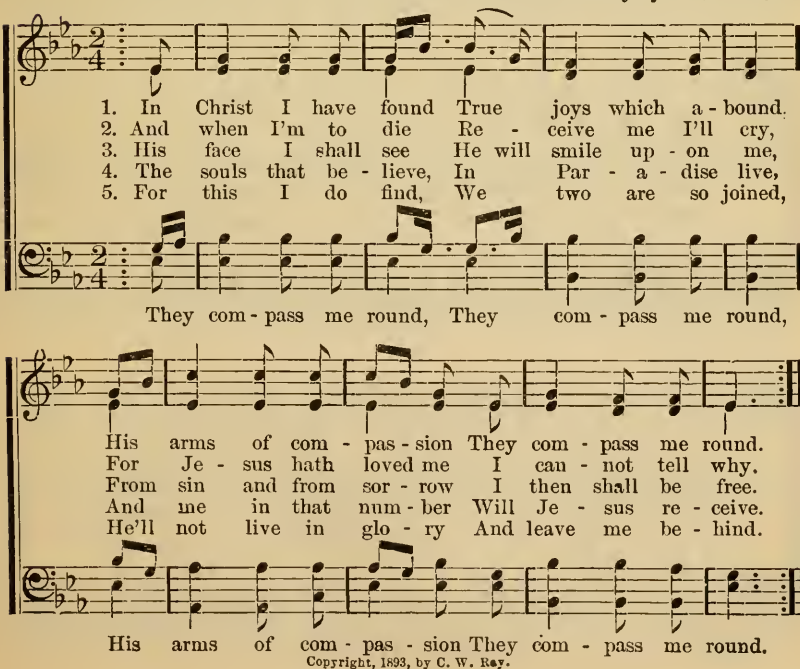


ma - ny, free - ly He'll for - give, Tho' they are like crim - son,  
to the Saviour go; He will save thee, He will make thee white as snow.

## The Believer's Assurance.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His offering."—2 TIM. 4: 8.

Arr. from a childhood memory by C. W. RAY.



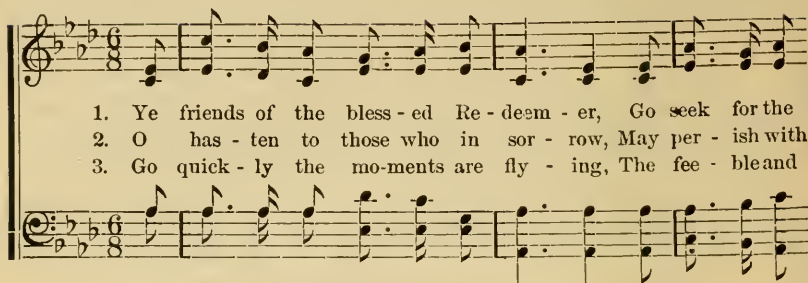
1. In Christ I have found True joys which a - bound.  
2. And when I'm to die Re - ceive me I'll cry,  
3. His face I shall see He will smile up - on me,  
4. The souls that be - lieve, In Par - a - dise live,  
5. For this I do find, We two are so joined,  
They com - pass me round, They com - pass me round,  
His arms of com - pas - sion They com - pass me round.  
For Je - sus hath loved me I can - not tell why.  
From sin and from sor - row I then shall be free.  
And me in that num - ber Will Je - sus re - ceive.  
He'll not live in glo - ry And leave me be - hind.  
His arms of com - pas - sion They com - pass me round.

Copyright, 1893, by C. W. Ray.

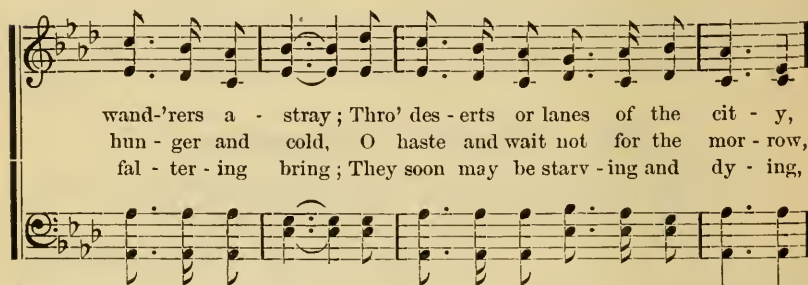
# Seek for the Wanderers.

C. W. R.

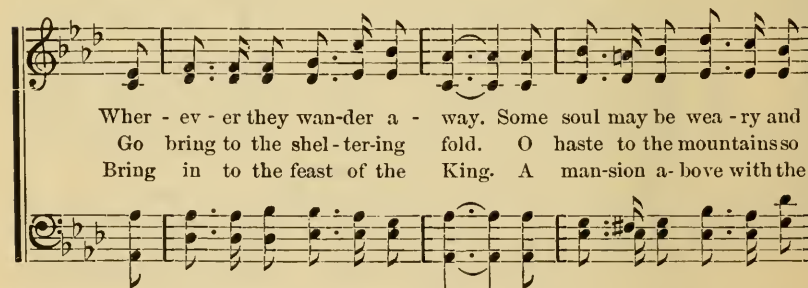
C. W. RAY.



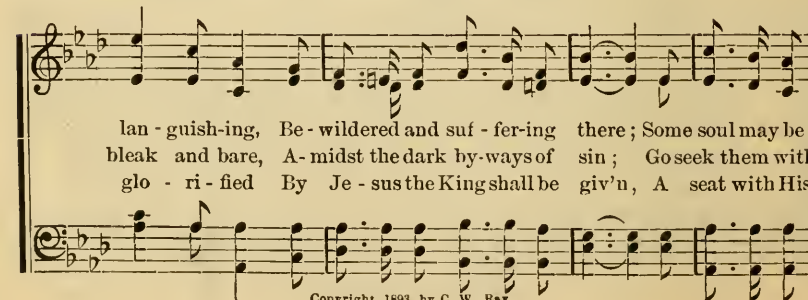
1. Ye friends of the bless - ed Re - deem - er, Go seek for the  
 2. O has - ten to those who in sor - row, May per - ish with  
 3. Go quick - ly the mo - ments are fly - ing, The fee - ble and



wand'-rers a - stray; Thro' des - erts or lanes of the cit - y,  
 hun - ger and cold, O haste and wait not for the mor - row,  
 fal - ter - ing bring; They soon may be starv - ing and dy - ing,

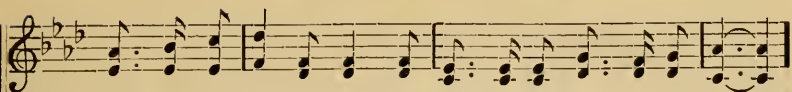


Wher - ev - er they wan - der a - way. Some soul may be wea - ry and  
 Go bring to the shel - ter - ing fold. O haste to the mountain so  
 Bring in to the feast of the King. A man - sion a - bove with the

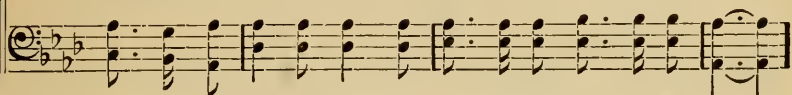


lan - guish - ing, Be - wildered and suf - fer - ing there; Some soul may be  
 bleak and bare, A - midst the dark by - ways of sin; Go seek them with  
 glo - ri - fied By Je - sus the King shall be giv'n, A seat with His

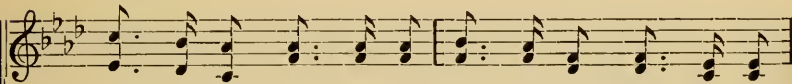
# Seek for the Wanderers.—Concluded. 125



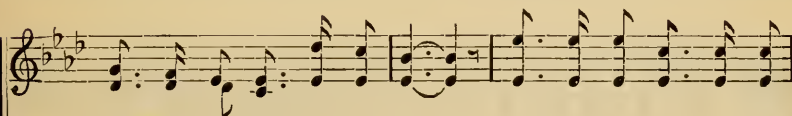
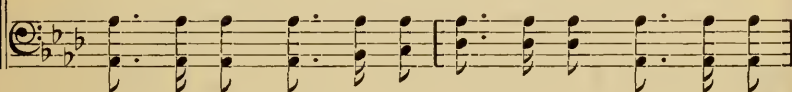
thirst - y and fam - ish - ing; O has - ten and save from de - spair.  
 pa - tient and ten - der care; Go bring the poor wan - der - ers in.  
 faith - ful and lov - ing Bride, A wel - come for - ev - er in heav'n.



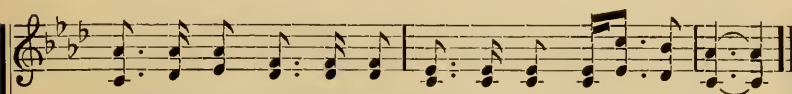
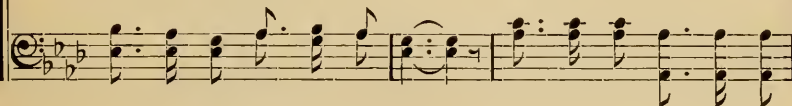
## CHORUS.



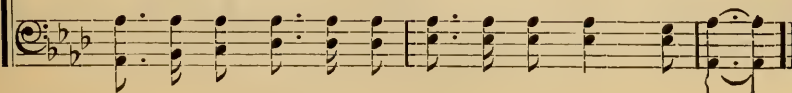
Out in the wil - der - ness, pin - ing in lone - li - ness,



Thousands are wand'ring to - day; Wea - ri - ly wan - der - ing,



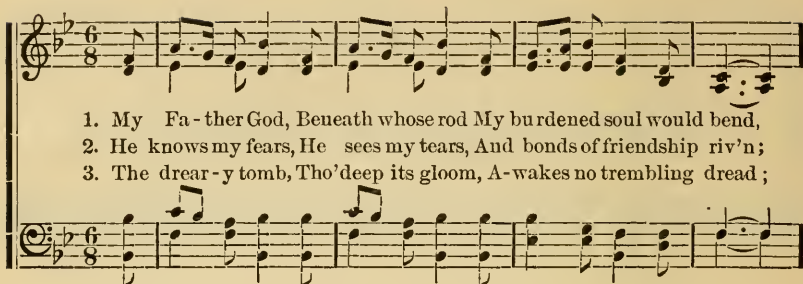
hope - less - ly per - ish - ing, Far from the King's high - way!



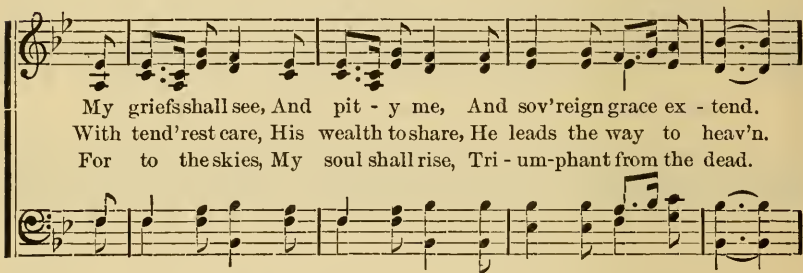
## In Him I'll Trust.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

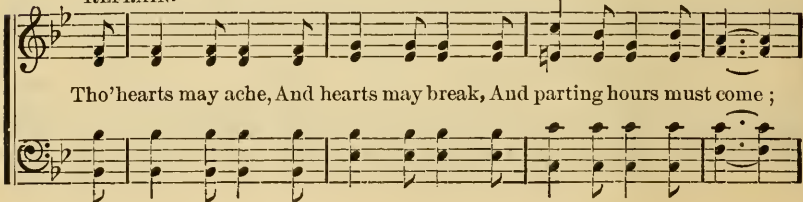


1. My Fa-ther God, Beneath whose rod My burdened soul would bend,  
 2. He knows my fears, He sees my tears, And bonds of friendship riv'n;  
 3. The drear-y tomb, Tho'deep its gloom, A-wakes no trembling dread;

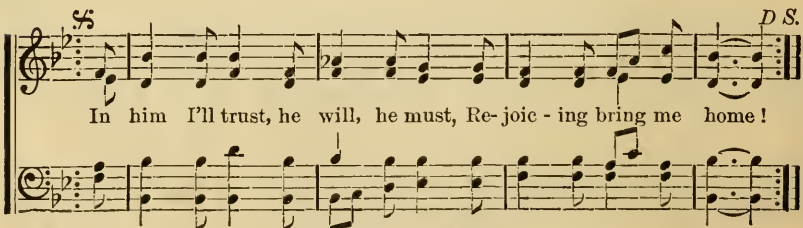


My griefs shall see, And pit-y me, And sov'reign grace ex-tend.  
 With tend'rest care, His wealth to share, He leads the way to heav'n.  
 For to the skies, My soul shall rise, Tri-umphant from the dead.

## REFRAIN.



Tho' hearts may ache, And hearts may break, And parting hours must come;



In him I'll trust, he will, he must, Re-joic-ing bring me home!

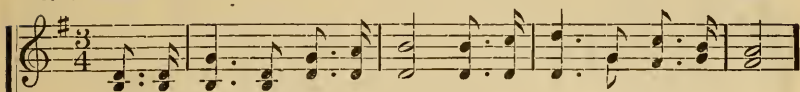
# Let Him Come In.

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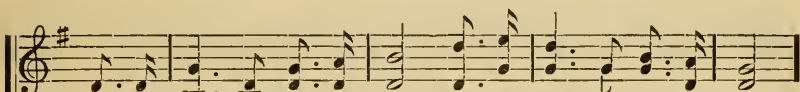
"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. 3: 20.

C. W. RAY.

H. R. CHRISTIE.

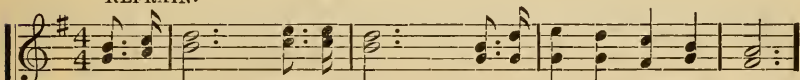


1. To thy barred and bolt-ed door, Gent-ly as a woo-ing dove,  
 2. Haste and o - pen wi-deth the door, Ban-ish ev - 'ry thought of sin;  
 3. He a roy - al feast will spread, He will bring a bound-less store;  
 4. He is knock-ing, wait-ing still; Why in mad-ness yet de-lay?

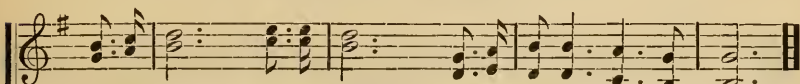


Je - sus comes as oft be - fore, Plead-ing in His ten - der love.  
 Why re - fuse and grieve Him more; Quick-ly rise and let Him in.  
 Thou shalt taste "The Liv - ing Bread," And be blest for - ev - er - more.  
 Why re - fuse His mer - cy till He agrieved shall turn a - way?

## REFRAIN.



Let Him in; Let Him in; Sinner, why not make Him room?  
 Let Him in; Let Him in;



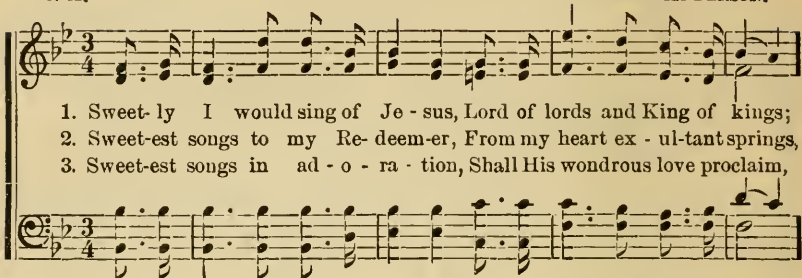
Let Him in; Let Him in; Lest He nev-er more may come.  
 Let Him in; Let Him in;



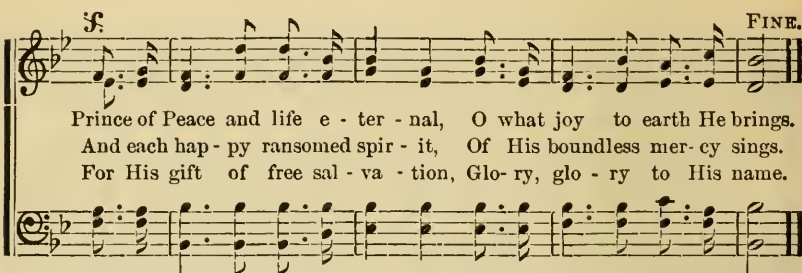
# The Sweetest Songs for Jesus.

H. A.

HARLEY ANDERSON.

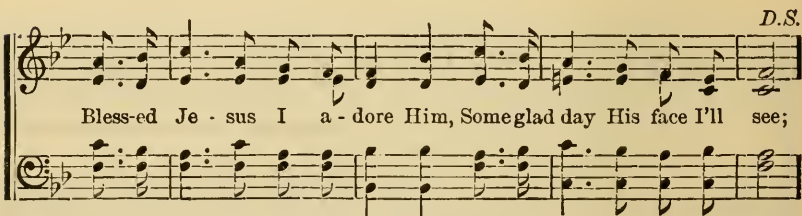


1. Sweet-ly I would sing of Je-sus, Lord of lords and King of kings;  
 2. Sweet-est songs to my Re-deem-er, From my heart ex-ul-tant springs,  
 3. Sweet-est songs in ad-o-ra-tion, Shall His wondrous love proclaim,



Prince of Peace and life e-ter-nal, O what joy to earth He brings.  
 And each hap-py ransomed spir-it, Of His boundless mer-cy sings.  
 For His gift of free sal-va-tion, Glo-ry, glo-ry to His name.

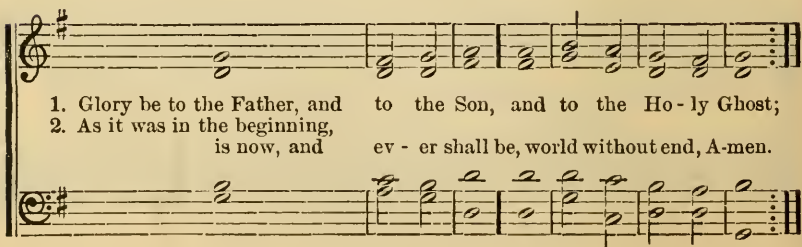
*D.S.*—Some glad day I'll stand be-fore Him, And His smile shall welcome me!



Bless-ed Je-sus I a-dore Him, Some glad day His face I'll see;

Copyright, 1893, by C. W. Ray.

## Gloria Patri.



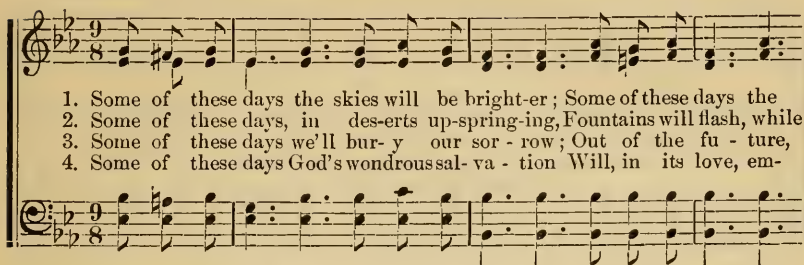
1. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;  
 2. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end, A-men.

# Some of These Days.

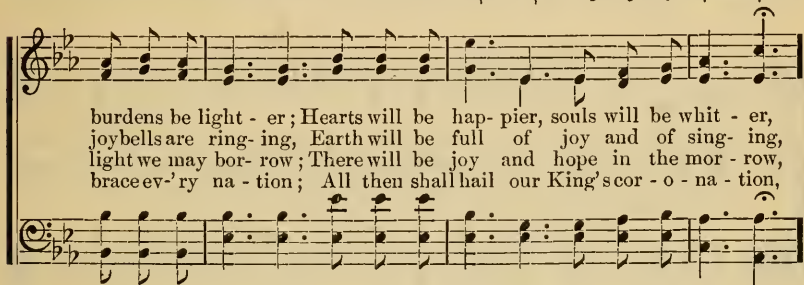
129

F. L. S. and E. A. H.

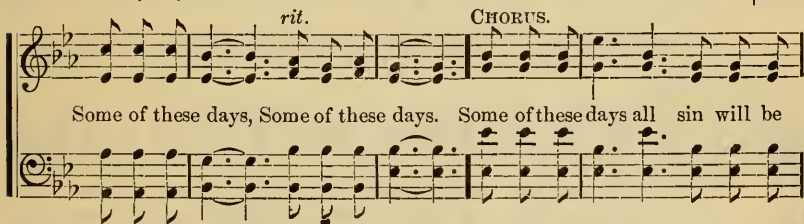
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



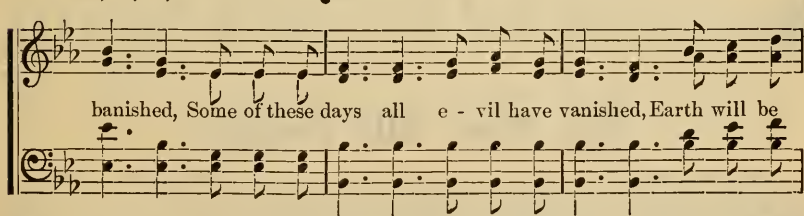
1. Some of these days the skies will be bright-er; Some of these days the  
 2. Some of these days, in des-erts up-spring-ing, Fountains will flash, while  
 3. Some of these days we'll bur-y our sor-row; Out of the fu-ture,  
 4. Some of these days God's wondroussal-va-tion Will, in its love, em-



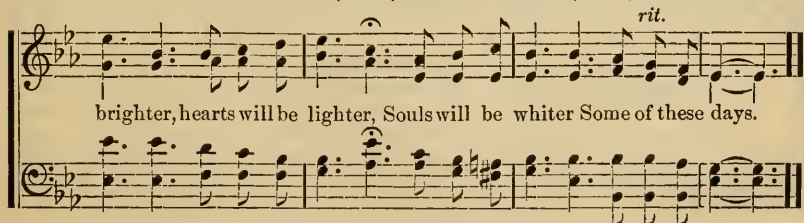
burdens be light-er; Hearts will be hap-pier, souls will be whit-er,  
 joybells are ring-ing, Earth will be full of joy and of sing-ing,  
 light we may bor-row; There will be joy and hope in the mor-row,  
 brace ev-ry na-tion; All then shall hail our King's cor-o-na-tion,



*rit.* CHORUS.  
 Some of these days, Some of these days. Some of these days all sin will be



banished, Some of these days all e-vil have vanished, Earth will be



*rit.*  
 brighter, hearts will be lighter, Souls will be whiter Some of these days.

## Shining Shore.

G. F. Root.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stranger,  
 2. Our ab - sent King the watchword gave,—"Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing:"  
 3. Should coming days be dark and cold, We will not yield to sor - row,  
 4. Let sor - row's rud - est temp - est blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er,

Would not de - tain them as they fly,—Those hours of toil and dan - ger:  
 We look a - far, a - cross the wave, Our dis - tant home discern - ing:  
 For hope will sing, with cour - age bold, "There's glory on the mor - row:"  
 Our King says come, and there's our home, For ev - er! oh, for ev - er!

just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver; And,

## The Lord Will Provide.

Mrs. M. A. W. Cook.

C. S. HARRINGTON, by per.

1. In some way or oth - er The Lord will provide; It may not be my way,  
 2. At sometime or oth - er The Lord will provide; It may not be my time,  
 3. De - spond then no lon - ger, The Lord will provide; And this be the tok - en—  
 4. March on, then, right boldly; These shall divide; The pathway made glorious,

# The Lord Will Provide.—Concluded. 131

It may not be thy way, And yet in His own way, "The Lord will provide."  
 It may not be thy time, And yet in His own time, "The Lord will provide."  
 No word He hath spoken Was ev - er yet broken,— "The Lord will provide."  
 With shoutings vic-to-rious, We'll join in the cho-rus "The Lord will provide."

## No Night in Heaven.

*Espressivo.*

ASA HULL.

1. No night shall be in heav'n! no gath -'ring gloom Shall o'er that  
 2. No night shall be in heav'n! no sor - rows reign, No se - cret  
 3. No night shall be in heav'n! O had I faith To rest in

glo - rious landscape ev - er come; No tears shall fall in sad - ness  
 an - guish, no cor - po - real pain; No shiv'ring limbs, no burn - ing  
 what the faith - ful Wit - ness saith, That faith should make these hideous

o'er those flow'rs, That breathe their fra - grance thro' ce - les - tial bow'rs.  
 fe - ver there; No soul's e - clipse, no win - ter of de - spair.  
 phantoms flee, And leave no night, henceforth, on earth to me.

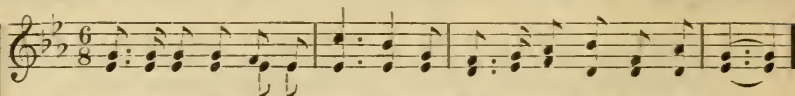


## Wonderful Saviour, Redeemer.

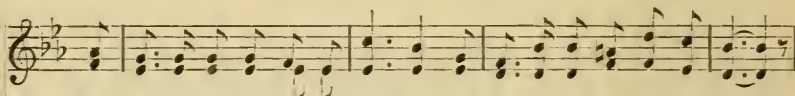
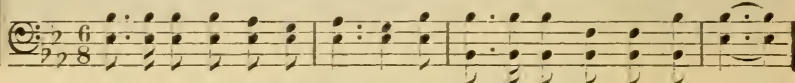
"The Lord is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—2 Peter 3: 9.

C. W. R.

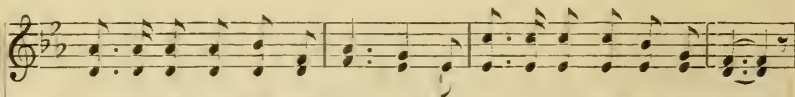
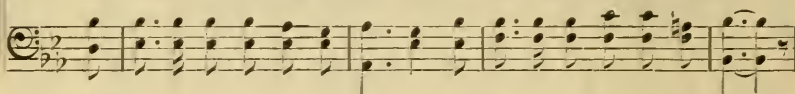
C. W. RAY.



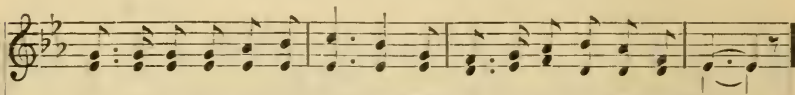
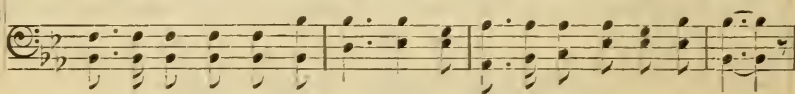
1. Wonderful Saviour, Re-deem - er, Not will-ing that one should be lost !
2. Wonderful Saviour, Re-deem - er ! His prom-is - es nev - er can fail ;
3. Je - sus can nev - er be will - ing That an - y should perish in sin ;



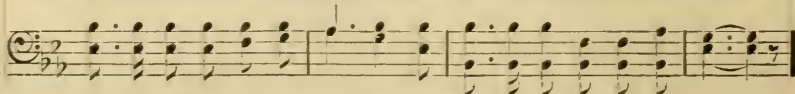
Pro - vid-ing the way of Sal - va - tion, Tho' fearful-ly pain-ful the cost.  
For us ev - er-more in - ter - ced - ing, His pleading must ever a - vail.  
O why will you not make Him welcome, Why will you not let Him come in ?



Tortured, heartbroken and dy - ing, His life as a ran-som He gave,  
From the hands once torn and bleeding, The Fa-ther can nothing with - hold ;  
Cold are the night-damps now falling, Up - on the once thorn-pierced brow ;



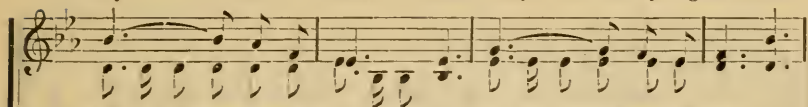
Pay - ing the price of re - demption, From sin and from death and the grave.  
We are made heirs of His kingdom, To rich-es of glo - ry un - told.  
Why will you not cease to grieve Him, Why will you not welcome Him now ?



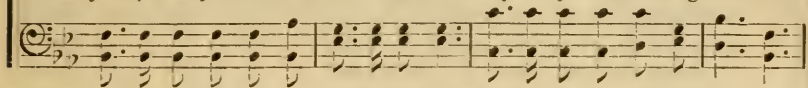


# Wonderful Saviour, etc.—Concluded. 133

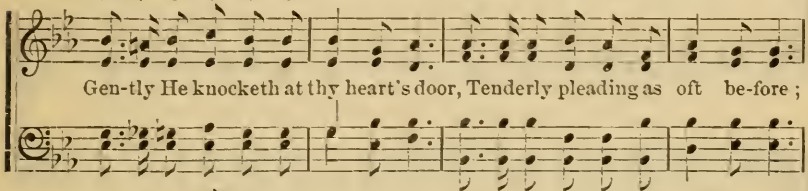
Why not re - ceive Him? Why . . . will you grieve Him?



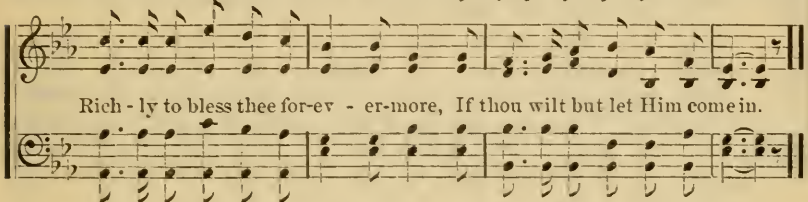
Why not, O why not now bid Him come in? Why will you evermore grieve Him?



Gent - ly He knocketh at thy heart's door, Tenderly pleading as oft be - fore ;



Rich - ly to bless thee for - ev - er - more, If thou wilt but let Him come in.



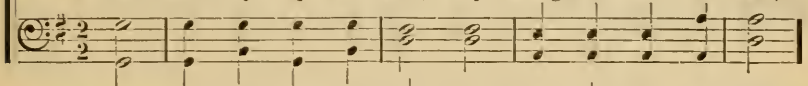
## If Christ be Truly Mine.

C. W. RAY.

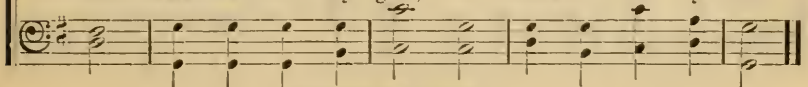
GEORGE BEAVERSON.



1. Tho' clouds my way ob - scure, I still shall rest se - cure,
2. Tho' pressed with dai - ly care, And foes my feet en - snare,
3. Tho' storms break o - ver head, And fill my soul with dread,
4. Tho' earth - ly hopes are vain, My strength He will sus - tain,



And to the end en - dure, If Christ be tru - ly mine!  
 I nev - er shall de - spair, If Christ be tru - ly mine!  
 My path I'll safe - ly tread, If Christ be tru - ly mine!  
 And death shall be my gain, If Christ be tru - ly mine!

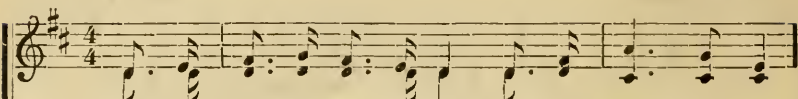


# 134 'Neath Jehovah's Mighty Wings.


"Under his wings shalt thou trust."—Psa. 91: 4.

LILLIAN RAINOR.

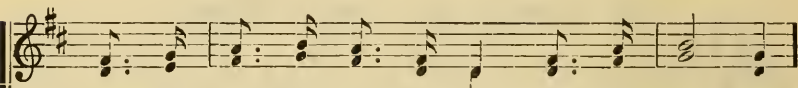
FRANK NIELSON.



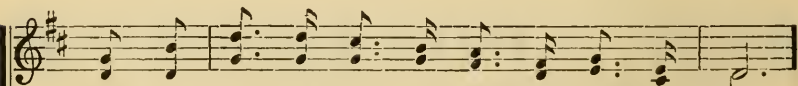
1. 'Neath Je - ho - vah's might-y wings, We may safe - ly hide;  
2. 'Neath Je - ho - vah's might-y wings, I would ev - er rest;  
3. 'Neath the shad - ow of His wings, Is a - bid - ing peace;



Here my soul ex - ul - tant sings, And will here a - bid - ing;  
While to Him my spir - it clings, I am sweet - ly blest;  
Here each hour its com - fort brings, Here my sor - rows cease;



Here se - cure from ev - 'ry foe, In their shad - ow;  
I shall not be put to shame, He will keep me,  
In this safe a - bid - ing place, I am feast - ing,



I no fear shall ev - er know, Till life is o'er.  
Till in heav'n His pre - cious name, I shall a - dore.  
On the trea - sures of His grace, A bound - less store.

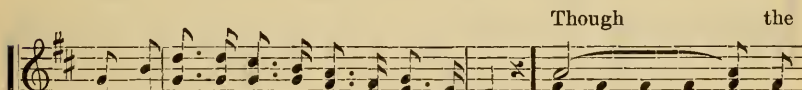
# 'Neath Jehovah's, etc.—Concluded. 135



Thick-ly sa- tan's flaming darts may be fall - ing; While the dark and raging




storms a-round me roar; Voic- es ev - er seem to me sweet- ly call - ing:



Though the

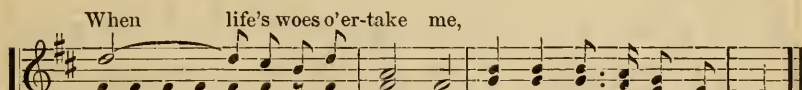
Here is ref- uge for the soul for- ev - er- more. Tho' the world forsake me



world for-sake me, I will here a-bide.

for- sake me I will here a- bid- e, a - bid- e

I will here a-bide;



When life's woes o'er-take me,

When life's woes o'er-take me, o'er-take me; I will in His bo- som hide.

# Wondrous Love of Jesus.

Revised by L. R.

LYNN RYLAND.

1. There is no Love like the love of Je-sus, Car-ing for great and small,  
 2. There is no Eye like the eye of Je-sus, Piercing so far a - way;  
 3. There is no Heart like the heart of Je-sus, Filled with a ten-der love;  
 4. There is no Voicelike the voice of Je-sus, Ten- der and sweet its chime;

FINE.

Till in - to the Fold, and to bliss un - told, He hath gath-ered us all.  
 Ne'er out of the sight of its ten-der light, Can the wan-der - er stray.  
 Not one throb of woe that our hearts can know, But He feels it a - bove.  
 Like mu - sic - al ring of the flowing spring In the bright summer time.

*D.S.*—O turn to that love weary wand'ring soul, Je - sus plead-eth for thee.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

O wondrous love, it found out me; How pre-cious and pure and free;

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## My Heart Shall be a Temple.

H. B. HARTZLER.

"Ye are the temple of God."—1 Cor. 3 : 16.

W. H. DOANE.

1. My heart shall be a tem - ple, For Thee, my gra - cious Lord;  
 2. My heart shall be a tem - ple, A con - se - cra - ted place,  
 3. My heart shall be a tem - ple, Come in, O Friend di - vine,

Copyright, 1895, by W. H. Doane Used by per.



# My Heart Shall be, etc.—Concluded. 137

I hear Thy friend-ly sum - mons, I o - pen at Thy word.  
 Il - lum-ined by Thy glo - ry, The shin - ing of Thy face.  
 And keep it pure and ho - ly, This wav - 'ring heart of mine.

## REFRAIN.

My heart shall be a tem - ple, Prepared for Thee a - lone;

I pray Thee come and en - ter, Oh, make it all Thine own.

H. F. LYTE. Alt.

## Coming to Christ.

J. E. GOULD.

1. While at Thy feet, O Lord I bend, And plead with Thee for mer-cy there;
2. Oh, think not of my shame and guilt, My thousand stains of deep-est dye;
3. Oh, think not of my doubts and fears, My strivings with Thy grace di-vine!
4. No claim, no mer-its, Lord I plead:—So long to sin a help-less slave;

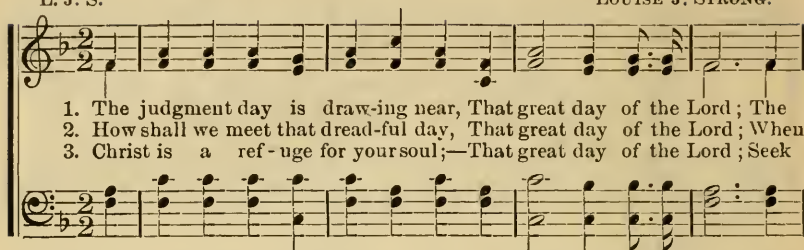
O think Thou of my Sav-iour Friend, And for His sake re-ceive my prayer.  
 Think of the blood which Je-sus spilt, And let that blood my par-don buy!  
 Think thou on Je-sus' woes and tears, And let His mer - its stand for mine.  
 But all the more my guilt-y need, The more Thy glo-ry, Lord, to save.



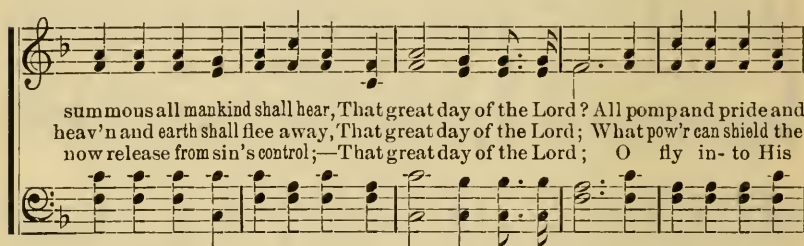
## That Great Day of the Lord.

L. J. S.

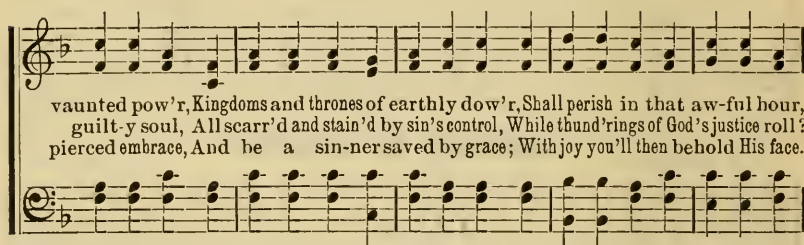
LOUISE J. STRONG.



1. The judgment day is draw-ing near, That great day of the Lord ; The  
 2. How shall we meet that dread-ful day, That great day of the Lord ; When  
 3. Christ is a ref-uge for your soul ;—That great day of the Lord ; Seek

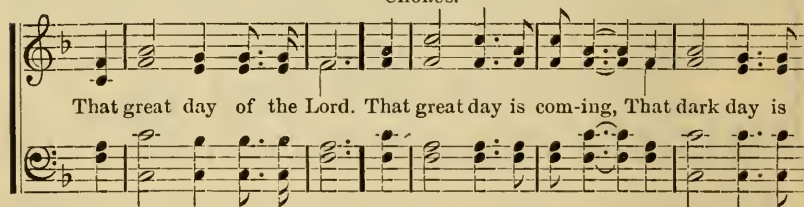


summons all mankind shall hear, That great day of the Lord ? All pomp and pride and  
 heav'n and earth shall flee away, That great day of the Lord ; What pow'r can shield the  
 now release from sin's control ;—That great day of the Lord ; O fly in- to His

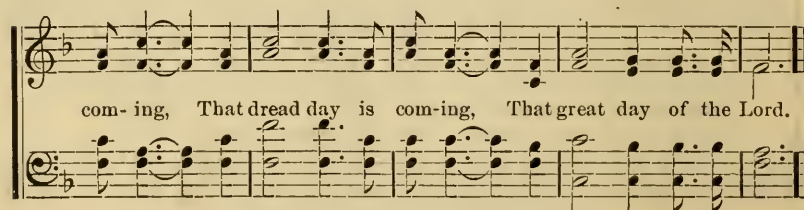


vaunted pow'r, Kingdoms and thrones of earthly dower, Shall perish in that aw-ful hour,  
 guilt-y soul, All scarr'd and stain'd by sin's control, While thund'rings of God's justice roll ?  
 pierced embrace, And be a sin-ners saved by grace ; With joy you'll then behold His face.

## CHORUS.



That great day of the Lord. That great day is com-ing, That dark day is



com-ing, That dread day is com-ing, That great day of the Lord.

# Onward, Upward.

139

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. On - ward, up - ward, ev - er, is our mot - to, Press - ing for - ward  
 2. On - ward, up - ward, in the roy - al high - way, Following foot - steps  
 3. On - ward, up - ward, pressing on with vig - or, Keep - ing in the

to ob - tain the prize; Sing - ing prais - es to the King of glo - ry,  
 Je - sus' feet have prest; Ev - 'ry heart with joy is o - ver - flow - ing,  
 straight and nar - row way; Nev - er yield - ing to the wi - ly tempt - er,

## CHORUS.

While we march to mansions in the skies. } On - ward and up - ward,  
 While we jour - ney to the land of rest. }  
 Ev - er on - ward to e - ter - nal day. } Onward, upward, onward, upward,

Press - ing for the prize, yes, press - ing for the prize;

On - ward and up - ward, To the mansions in the skies.  
 Onward, upward, onward, up - ward,

## Give Christ the Helm.

"What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him."—Mark 4: 41.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

1. A-drift on life's tempestuous sea, Whose angry billows round thee sweep,  
2. No other hand thy bark can guide, Nor for thy rescue dare engage;  
3. The days and years they come and go, Still thou art drifting from the shore;

The Saviour comes to pilot thee, Till safe beyond the stormy deep;  
His power controls both wind and tide, He smiles upon the tempest's rage;  
Thy earth-born hopes more feeble grow, And fears oppress thee more and more;

His eye divine can mark the way, And thine with doubt and grief grows dim;  
The mocking waves and deep'ning gloom Too long hast thou in madness brav'd;  
The storm will soon thy soul o'erwhelm, With all the pleasures thou hast crav'd;

The night draws on and shrouds the day, Give thou the trembling helm to Him.  
Wouldst thou escape impending doom? Give Christ the helm and thou art sav'd.  
Cling not in weakness to the helm, Yield all to Christ and thou art sav'd.

CHORUS.

O give . . Him the helm . . With un - hin - dered con-  
O give Him the helm, give Him the helm, With unhindered control With un-

# Give Christ the Helm.—Concluded. 141

trol, . . . Lest the storm . . . shall come on, . . . For the hindered control; Lest the storm shall come on, Lest the storm shall come on, For the wreck of thy soul, O give Him the wreck of thy soul. wreck, for the wreck of thy soul, O give Him the helm, wreck, for the wreck of thy soul.

## Why Not To-Night.

(SESSIONS.)

ELIZA REED.

L. O. EMERSON, arr.

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;  
 2. To-morrow's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-luded sight;  
 3. In patient love God lingers still; And wilt thou thus His love requite?  
 4. Our blessed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him theirsouls unite;

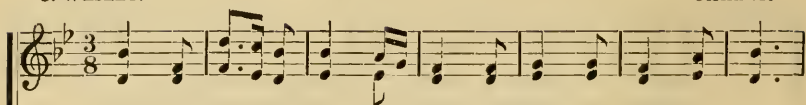
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart; Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?  
 This is the time; O then be wise! Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?  
 Bend thou at once thy stubborn will: Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?  
 Then be the work of grace begun: Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?



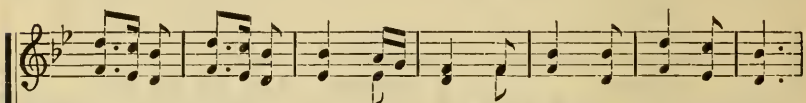
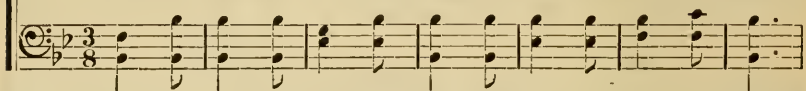
## Break My Heart of Stone.

C. WESLEY.

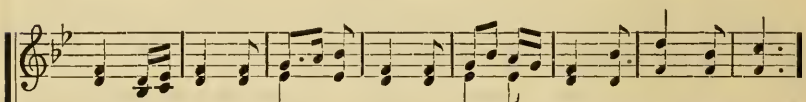
OAKLEY.



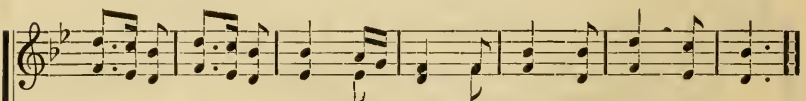
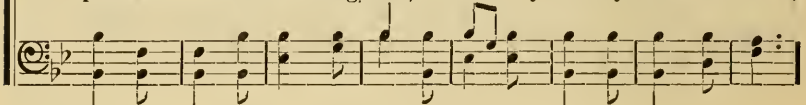
1. Je - sus, let Thy pity - ing eye Call back a wan-d'ring sheep ;  
 2. Sav-iour, Prince ! enthroned a - bove, Re - pent - ance to im - part,  
 3. See me, Sav-iour ! from a - bove, Nor suf - fer me to die ;



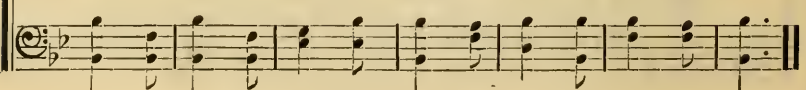
False to Thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep !  
 Give me, thro' Thy dy - ing love, The hum - ble con - trite heart ;  
 Life and hap - pi - ness and love Drop from Thy gra - cious eye ;



Let me be by grace restored, On me be all long - suff' - ring shown :  
 Give what I have long implored, A por - tion of Thy grief unknown ;  
 Speak the re - con - cil - ing word, And let Thy mer - cy melt me down ;



Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.





# Jesus Paid it All.

143

HORATIUS BONAR.

J. T. GRAPE, by per.

1. Thy works, not mine, O Christ! Speak glad - ness to this heart;  
 2. Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ, Can heal my bruised soul;  
 3. Thy cross, not mine, O Christ, Has borne the aw - ful load  
 4. Thy death, not mine, O Christ, Has paid the ran - som due;

They tell me all is done; They bid my fear de - part:  
 Thy stripes, not mine, con - tain The balm that makes me whole.  
 Of sins that none can bear But the in - car - nate God.  
 Ten thou - sand deaths like mine Would have been all too few.

## CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all; All to Him I owe;

Sin had left a crim - son stain: He washed it white as snow.

## I Hear the Saviour Say.

1 I hear the Saviour say,  
 Thy strength indeed is small;  
 Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
 Find in me thine all in all.

2 Lord, now indeed I find  
 Thy power and Thine alone,  
 Can change the leper's spots,  
 And melt the heart of stone.

3 When from my dying bed  
 My ransomed soul shall rise,  
 Then "Jesus died for me"  
 Shall rend the vaulted skies.

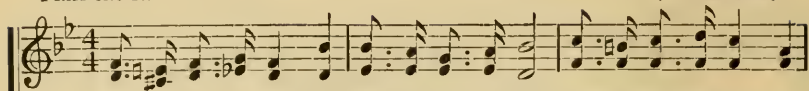
4 And when before the throne  
 I stand in Him complete,  
 I'll lay my trophies down,  
 All down at Jesus' feet.

Mrs. ELVINA M. HALL.

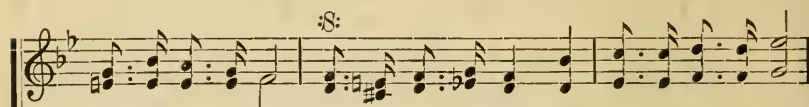
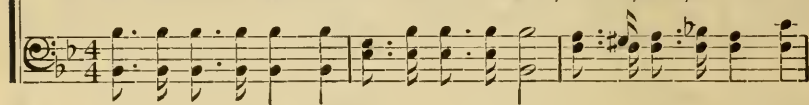
## Who is On the Lord's Side?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

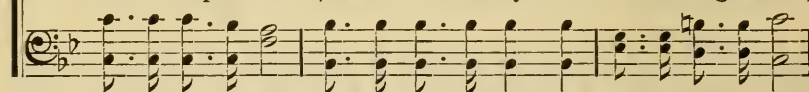
JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-er
2. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life blood,
3. Fierce may be the con-flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar-my,
4. Chos-en to be sol-diers In an a-lien land ; Chosen, called, and faithful,

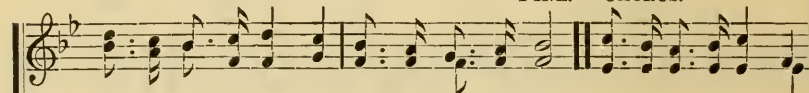


Oth - er souls to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?  
 For Thy di - a - dem. With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,  
 None can o-ver-throw. Round the standard sing-ing, Vict-'ry is se-cure.  
 For our Captain's hand, In the serv-ice roy - al Let us not grow cold;

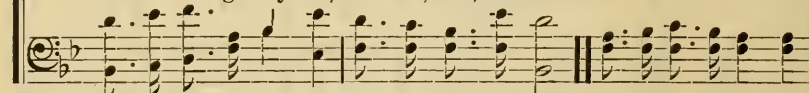


*D.S.*—By the call of mer - cy, By Thy grace divine,

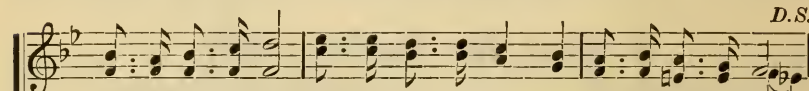
FINE. CHORUS.



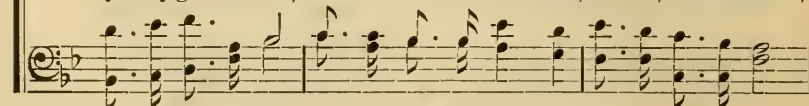
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go,  
 Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free. } By the call of mer - cy,  
 For His truth unchanging, Makes the triumph sure.  
 Let us be right loy - al, No - ble, true, and bold.



We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.



By Thy grace divine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine,



# Look to Jesus.

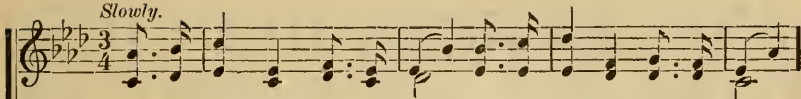
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"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Is. xlv. 22."

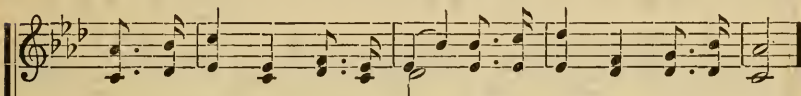
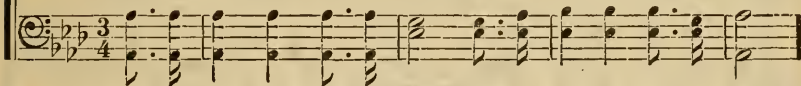
C. W. R.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR. ARR.

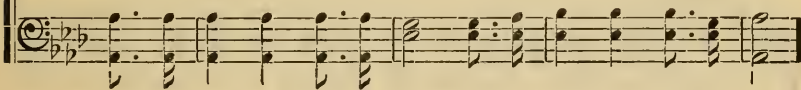
*Slowly.*



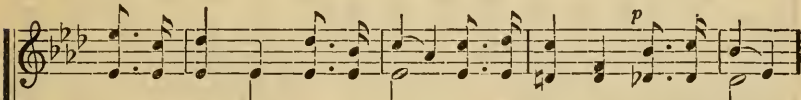
1. Look to Je - sus, trembling soul, Tell Him all thy sin and grief;
2. Look to Je - sus, He can hear Ev - 'ry lip's im-passioned cry;
3. Look to Je - sus, look and know Thou shalt be su-preme-ly blest;
4. Look to Je - sus, He can see Ev - 'ry sor-row, ev - 'ry care;



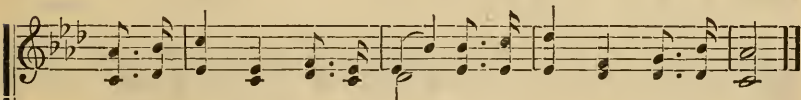
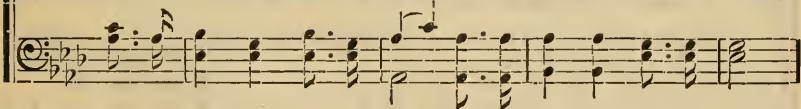
He can cleanse and make thee whole, He from sin can give re - lief.  
 He will ban - ish all thy fear; Lift to Him thy tear - ful eye.  
 Like a riv - er's peace-ful flow, Thou shalt find thy long-sought rest.  
 Friend and help - er He would be, He would save thee from de - spair.



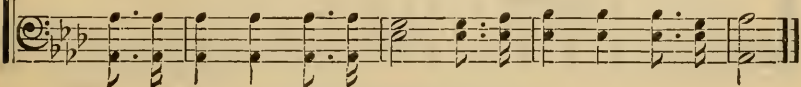
CHORUS.



He can save, and He a - lone; He can break the heart of stone;



He can peace and com-fort give; Look to Him and thou shalt live.

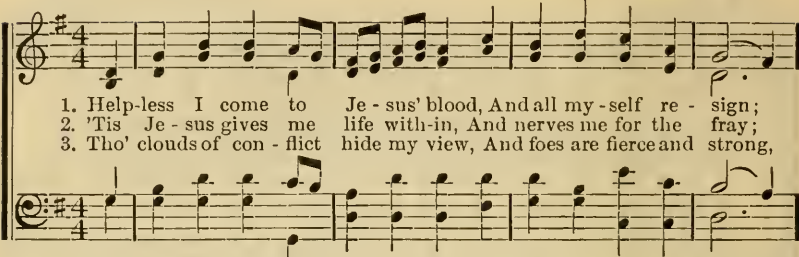


# My Soul will Overcome.

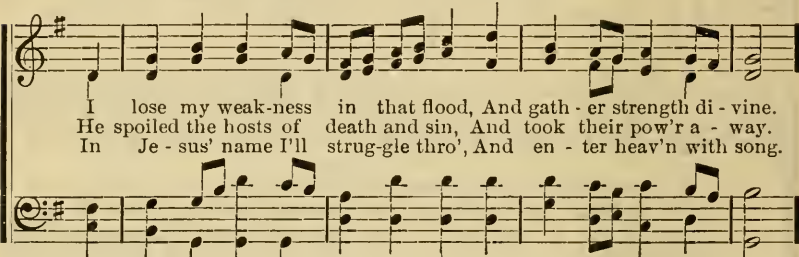
"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 12: 11.

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.

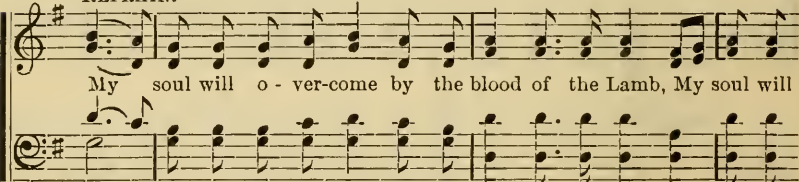


1. Help-less I come to Je - sus' blood, And all my - self re - sign;  
 2. 'Tis Je - sus gives me life with-in, And nerves me for the fray;  
 3. Tho' clouds of con - flict hide my view, And foes are fierce and strong,

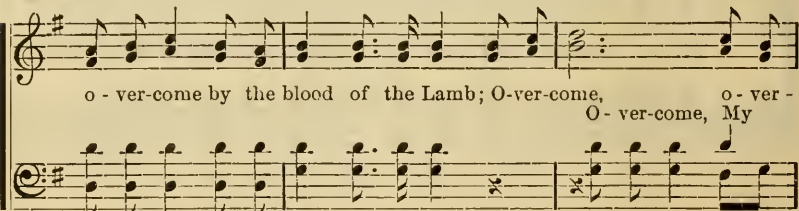


I lose my weak-ness in that flood, And gath - er strength di - vine.  
 He spoiled the hosts of death and sin, And took their pow'r a - way.  
 In Je - sus' name I'll strug-gle thro', And en - ter heav'n with song.

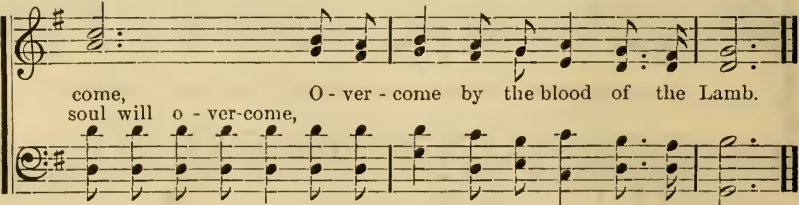
## REFRAIN.



My soul will o - ver-come by the blood of the Lamb, My soul will



o - ver-come by the blood of the Lamb; O-ver-come, o - ver -  
 O - ver-come, My



come, O - ver - come by the blood of the Lamb.  
 soul will o - ver-come,



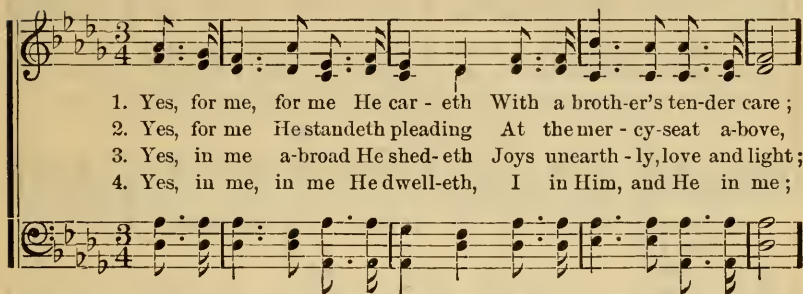
# Yes, for Me, for Me.

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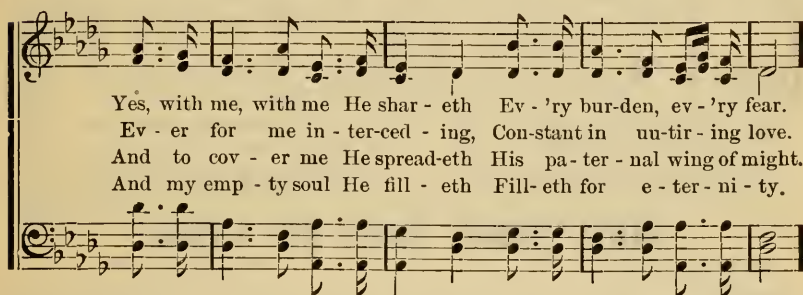
Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1st PET. 5: 7.

H. BONAR, D. D. \*

C. W. RAY.

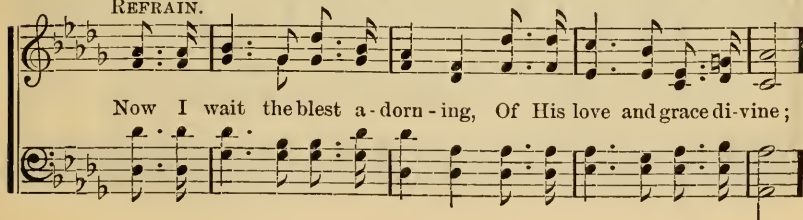


1. Yes, for me, for me He car - eth With a broth - er's ten - der care ;  
 2. Yes, for me He standeth pleading At the mer - cy - seat a - bove,  
 3. Yes, in me a - broad He shed - eth Joys un - earth - ly, love and light ;  
 4. Yes, in me, in me He dwell - eth, I in Him, and He in me ;

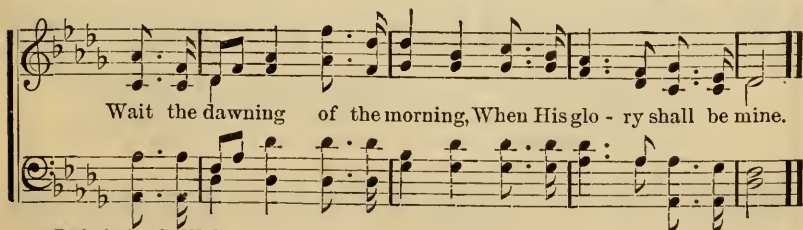


Yes, with me, with me He shar - eth Ev - 'ry bur - den, ev - 'ry fear.  
 Ev - er for me in - ter - ced - ing, Con - stant in un - tir - ing love.  
 And to cov - er me He spread - eth His pa - ter - nal wing of might.  
 And my emp - ty soul He fill - eth Fill - eth for e - ter - ni - ty.

## REFRAIN.



Now I wait the blest a - dorn - ing, Of His love and grace di - vine ;



Wait the dawning of the morning, When His glo - ry shall be mine.

\* Refrain by C. W. R.

Copyright, 1893, by C. W. Ray.



# The Great Physician.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.

1. { The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, }  
 He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus, }  
 2. { Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus, }  
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus, }

D. C.— Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue,

3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
 No other name but Jesus:  
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear  
 The charming name of Jesus

4 And when to that bright world above  
 We rise to see our Jesus,  
 We'll sing around the throne of love,  
 The name, the name of Jesus.

## Must Jesus Bear the Cross.

THOS. SHEPHERD.

Tune, MAITLAND. C. M.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?  
 2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;  
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,  
 4. Oh, pre - cious cross? oh, glo - rious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!

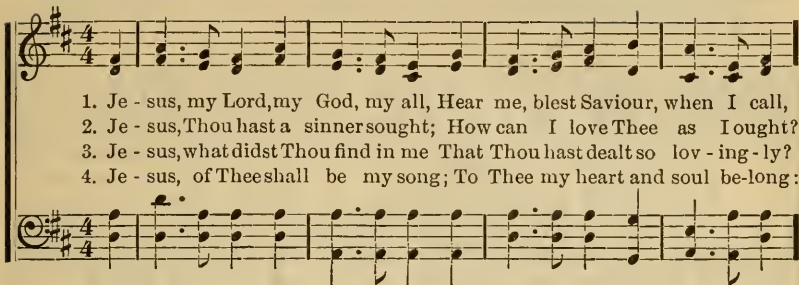
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
 And then go home a crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
 With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.  
 Ye an - gels from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.

# Jesus, my Lord.

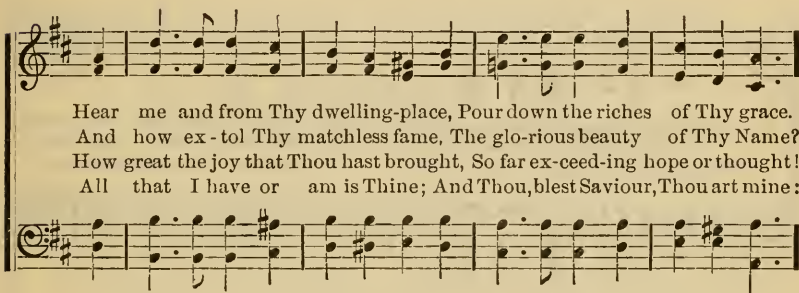
149

HENRY COLLINS.

C. W. RAY.

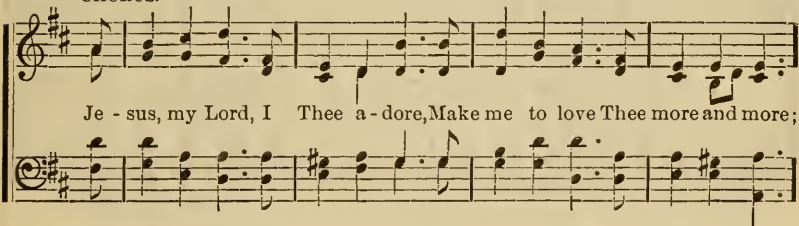


1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call,  
 2. Je - sus, Thou hast a sinnersought; How can I loveThee as Iought?  
 3. Je - sus, what didst Thou find in me That Thou hast dealt so lov - ing - ly?  
 4. Je - sus, of Theeshall be my song; To Thee my heart and soul be-long:

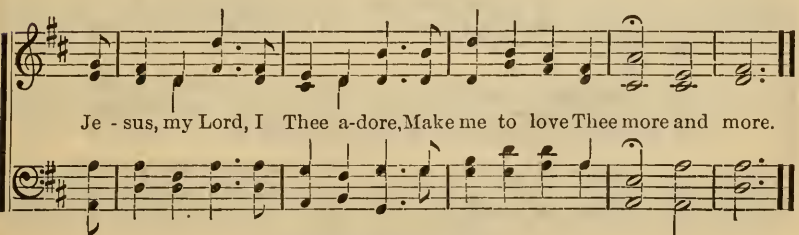


Hear me and from Thy dwelling-place, Pour down the riches of Thy grace.  
 And how ex - tol Thy matchless fame, The glo-rious beauty of Thy Name?  
 How great the joy that Thou hast brought, So far ex-ceed-ing hope or thought!  
 All that I have or am is Thine; And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine:

## CHORUS.



Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore, Make me to love Thee more and more;



Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore, Make me to love Thee more and more.

# I Shall Know Him.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."—1 John 3 : 2.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

1. In my soul a flame is kindled, By the Sav-iour's changeless love;  
 2. I shall see His matchless glo-ry, I shall see His bless-ed face;  
 3. O the joy when in His im-age I be-fore the thrones shall stand;

And I'm long-ing to be like Him, Ere He wel-comes me a-bove.  
 I shall tell the won-drous sto-ry Of His sav-ing pow'r and grace.  
 When with wel-come smile ex-tend-ed I shall see His nail-scarred hand.

I shall see Him, I shall know Him, There can be no form like His;  
 I shall see Him, I shall know Him By the scars up-on His brow,  
 I shall see Him, I shall know Him By the spear-print in His side,

And my soul shall bear His im-age When I see Him as He is.  
 And I some-times seem to see them;— I can al-most see them now.  
 By His voice so sweet and ten-der, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.

# I Shall Know Him.—Concluded.

151

CHORUS.

I shall sure - ly be like Him,— I shall share His change-less love,

I shall bear His glorious like-ness, When I reach my home a - bove.

## A Building of God.

"For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 Cor. 5: 1.

C. W. RAY.

HARLEY ANDERSON.

1. My house of clay May fade a - way, And in the dust may lie;  
 2. Art thou dis-mayed, Of death a - fraid? No more de - spair-ing roam;  
 3. No one can well, Our joys fore-tell, When we to glo - ry come;  
 4. No cheer-less night, Be-clouds the sight, 'Neath heav'n's ef-ful-gent dome;

But an - gels they Will me con-vey      Be - yond the star-ry sky.  
 Nor death nor shade, Can e'er in-vade      Our heav'n - ly house and home.  
 With death's sad knell, We'll say fare-well,      And glad - ly hast-en home.  
 Nor sin's dark blight, Mar the de - light,      Of our e - ter - nal home.

CHORUS.

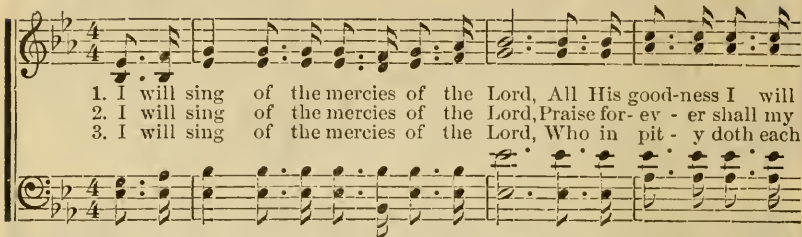
Our heav'nly home, Not made with hands, Secure it stands, As the bright eternal throne.



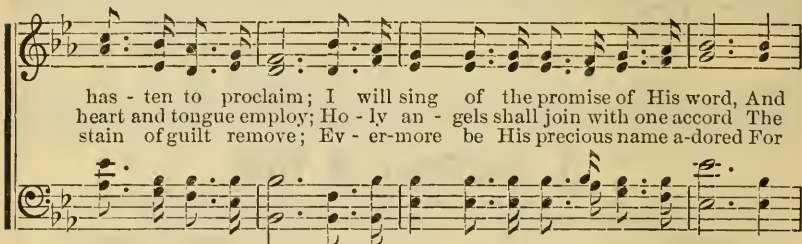
# 152 I Will Sing of the Mercies of the Lord.

C. W. R.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

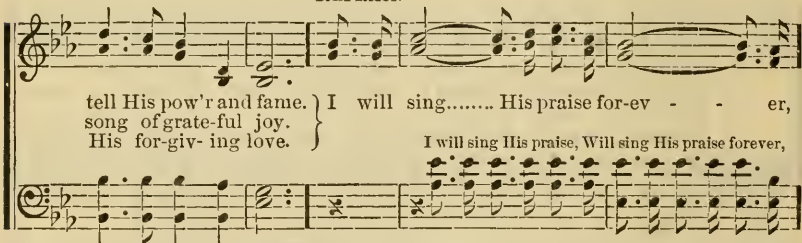


1. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord, All His good-ness I will  
 2. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord, Praise for-ev - er shall my  
 3. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord, Who in pit - y doth each

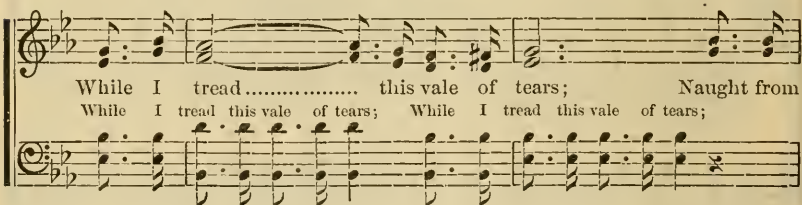


has - ten to proclaim; I will sing of the promise of His word, And  
 heart and tongue employ; Ho - ly an - gels shall join with one accord The  
 stain of guilt remove; Ev - er-more be His precious name a-dored For

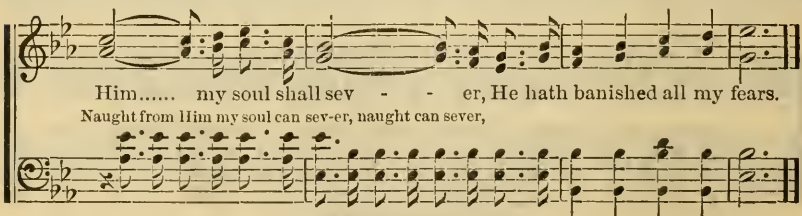
## REFRAIN.



tell His pow'r and fame. } I will sing..... His praise for-ev - - er,  
 song of grate-ful joy. }  
 His for-giv - ing love. } I will sing His praise, Will sing His praise forever,



While I tread..... this vale of tears; Naught from  
 While I tread this vale of tears; While I tread this vale of tears;



Him..... my soul shall sev - - er, He hath banished all my fears.  
 Naught from Him my soul can sev-er, naught can sever,



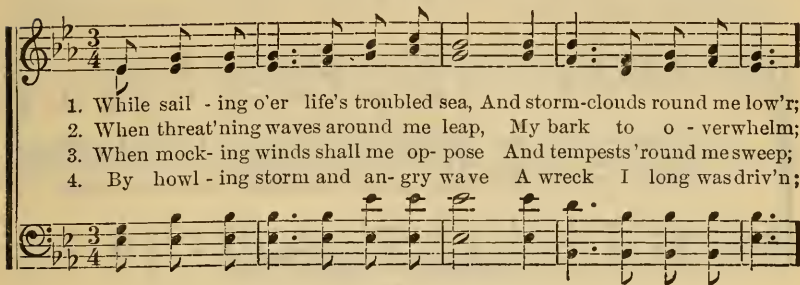
# Jesus Will Pilot Me.

153

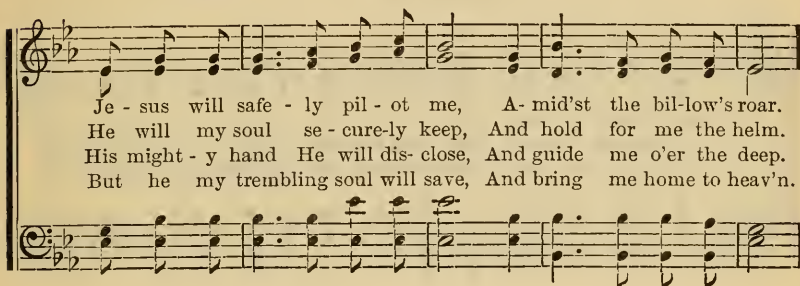
"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."—Ps. iv. 8.

C. W. RAY.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

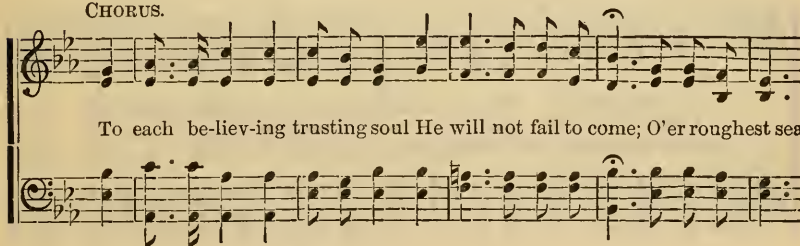


1. While sail - ing o'er life's troubled sea, And storm-clouds round me low'r;  
 2. When threat'ning waves around me leap, My bark to o - verwhelm;  
 3. When mock - ing winds shall me op - pose And tempests 'round me sweep;  
 4. By howl - ing storm and an - gry wave A wreck I long was driv'n;

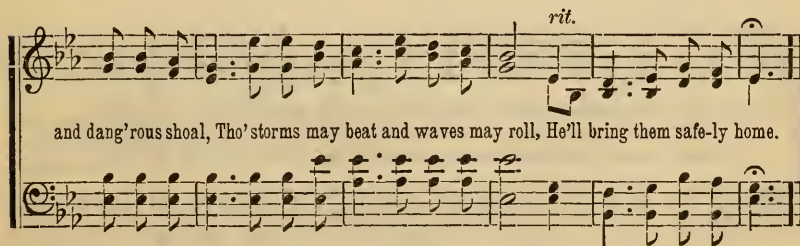


Je - sus will safe - ly pil - ot me, A - mid'st the bil-low's roar.  
 He will my soul se - cure-ly keep, And hold for me the helm.  
 His might - y hand He will dis - close, And guide me o'er the deep.  
 But he my trembling soul will save, And bring me home to heav'n.

## CHORUS.



To each be-liev-ing trusting soul He will not fail to come; O'er roughest sea



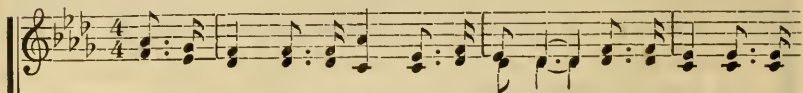
and dang'rous shoal, Tho' storms may beat and waves may roll, He'll bring them safe-ly home.

# The Call to Judgment.

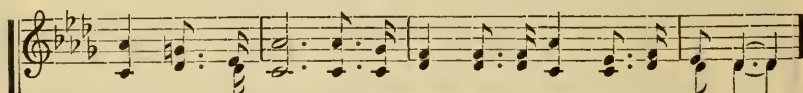
"The Lord himself shall descend from heaven,—with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God."—1st. Thess. 4: 16.

LILLIAN RAINOR.

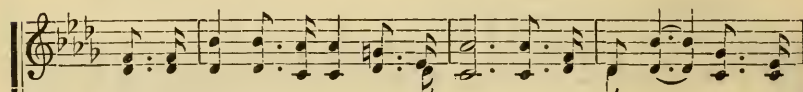
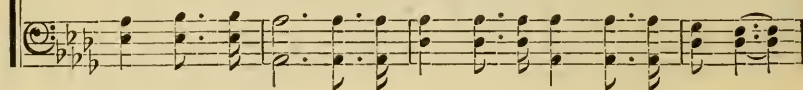
FRANK NIELSON.



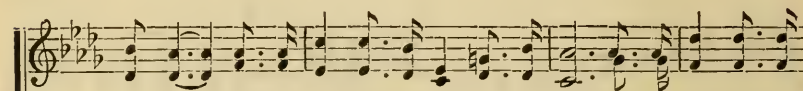
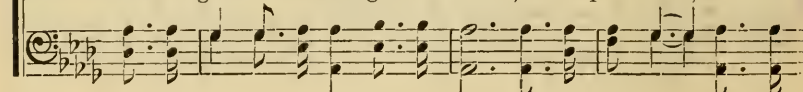
1. When the trum- pet of God shall be sounding, And the Lord shall de-
2. When the trum- pet of God shall be sounding, And the saints shall in
3. While the world shall in an- guish be quak- ing, And the tempest of



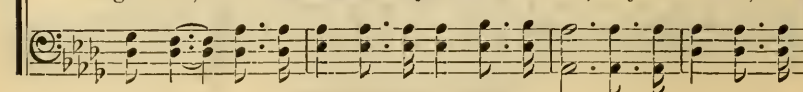
scend from the sky; When his voice thro' the earth is re- sounding,  
tri- umph as- cend; When with rapt- ure in glo- ry sur- round- ing,  
jus- tice shall fall; When the slum- ber- ing dead are a- wak- ing,



And the guil- ty in ter- ror shall cry;— Un- re- pen - tant, Un - for-  
Their ex- alt - ed Redeemer and Friend; Un- re- pen - tant, Un - for-  
And to Judgment shall come great and small; Un- re- pen - tant, Un - for-



giv - en, When Je- ho- vah to Judgment shall call, How the summons, the  
giv - en, How the sin- ner his doom must bewail? Seek the Lord and his  
giv - en, Self- condemned ev'ry sin- ner will be; Fly to Je- sus, trans-



# The Call to Judgment.—Concluded. 155

wick - ed con-found-ing, As the knell of their doom, must ap-pall.  
mer - cy a-bound-ing, While a pen - i-tents' tears can a - vail.  
gres - sion for - sak - ing, While there's mer-cy and par - don for thee.

## Let the Saviour in.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. iii, 20.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

1. Wouldst thou be sav'd from sin? Let the Saviour in; Hast thou long  
2. Wouldst thou be sav'd from death? Let the Saviour in; Wouldst thou es-  
3. Why wilt thou still de - lay? Let the Saviour in; Wouldst thou grieve

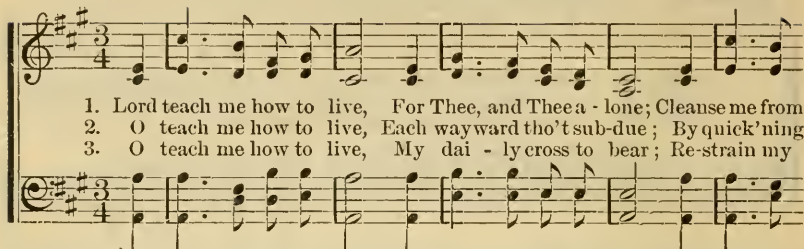
doubt-ing been? Let the Sav-iour in. Still wait-ing at the door,  
cape his wrath? Let the Sav-iour in; Dost thou sal-va - tion crave?  
him a - way? Let the Sav-iour in; He can great wealth be-stow,

Plead-ing as oft before; Why shouldst thou grieve him more? Let the Saviour in.  
Migh-ty is He to save; Do not His an-ger brave, Let the Saviour in.  
But shouldst thou bid him go, Bit-ter will be thy woe: Let the Saviour in.

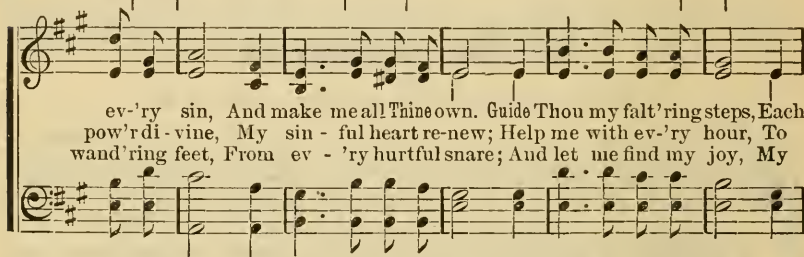
## Teach me How to Live.

C. W. RAY.

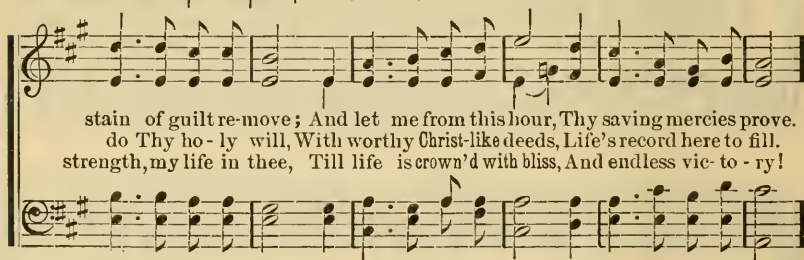
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Lord teach me how to live, For Thee, and Thee a - lone; Cleanse me from  
 2. O teach me how to live, Each wayward tho't sub-due; By quick'ning  
 3. O teach me how to live, My dai - ly cross to bear; Re-strain my

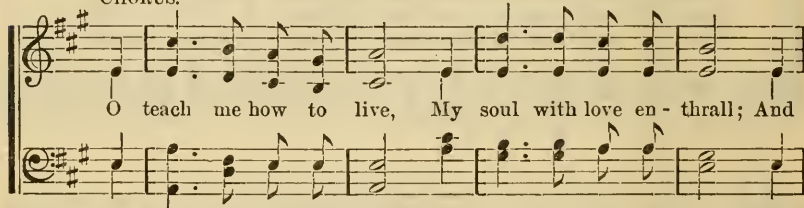


ev-'ry sin, And make me all Thine own. Guide Thou my falt'ring steps, Each  
 pow'r di - vine, My sin - ful heart re-new; Help me with ev-'ry hour, To  
 wand'ring feet, From ev - 'ry hurtful snare; And let me find my joy, My

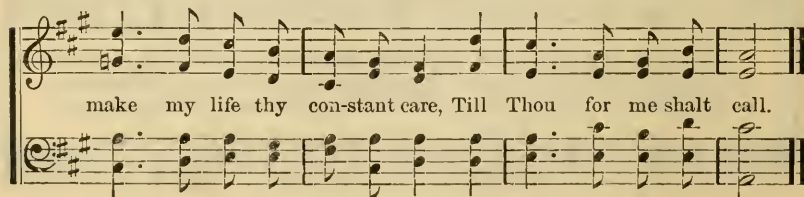


stain of guilt re-move; And let me from this hour, Thy saving mercies prove.  
 do Thy ho - ly will, With worthy Christ-like deeds, Life's record here to fill.  
 strength, my life in thee, Till life is crown'd with bliss, And endless vic - to - ry!

## CHORUS.



O teach me how to live, My soul with love en - thrall; And



make my life thy con-stant care, Till Thou for me shalt call.



# A Soldier of the Cross.

157

FINE.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb?  
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-ry beds of ease,

*D.S.*— Or blush to speak His name?  
*D.S.*—And sailed thro' bloody seas?

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vain world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign!  
Increase my courage, Lord!  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

# There is a Fountain.

1. { There is a fountain, filled with blood, Drawn from Imman-uel's veins;  
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, (*Omit . . . . .*)

2  
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain, in his day;  
And there may I, tho' vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.



## Tenderly Plead.

C. W. RAY.

LYNN RYLAND.

1. Ten - derly plead with the weak and the wrong, Tell them a sto - ry or  
 2. Ten - derly plead with the wand'ers in sin, Striv - ing the wayward and  
 3. Ten - derly plead with the young and the old, Tell them of love that can

sing them a song; Tell them of dan - ger and threat'nings of woe,  
 thoughtless to win; Ten - der - ly whis - per of death and the grave,  
 nev - er grow cold; Tell them of in - fi - nite treas - ures in store,

## CHORUS.

While in the way of trans-gression they go.  
 Whis-per of Je - sus the might-y to save. } Bid them no lon - ger the  
 Tell of sal - va-tion from sin ev-er-more.

Sav-iour to grieve, Bid them His mercy and grace to receive; Bid them by

# Tenderly Plead.—Concluded.

159

faith to His presence re - pair, The wealth of His glo - ry to share.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## All the Way Home.

C. W. RAY.

FRANK NIELSON.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, ten - der Shep - herd, Thou hast climb'd the mountain steep ;  
2. Not the shel - tered, but the lost one, Thou didst thro' the darkness seek ;  
3. Bless - ed Shep - herd on thy bo - som, Thro' the dis - mal night so cold ;

The musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melody in the upper staff and a bass line in the lower staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

And thro' vale and des - ert lone - ly, Thou hast sought Thy wand'ring sheep.  
Pa - tient - ly till thou didst find Him, Bruis'd and bleeding faint and weak.  
Thou wilt bear the lost one home - ward, Safe - ly to Thy bless - ed fold.

This section of the score includes a repeat sign (S:) at the beginning of the melody. The accompaniment continues in the lower staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

*D.S.*—Bear me in Thine arms so ten - der, To my heav'n - ly rest and home.

REFRAIN.

*D.S.*

Thou hast sought me, Thou hast found me, Let me nev - er from Thee roam ;

The refrain is marked with a repeat sign (S:) and a double bar line. The musical score consists of two staves, with the melody in the upper staff and the accompaniment in the lower staff.

## My Hand in Thine.

C. W. RAY.

LYNN RYLAND.

1. How change-ful is life's way, What need of help di-vine?  
 2. What-e'er may be my lot, To Thee I all re-sign;  
 3. Tho' skies are o-ver-cast, Yet I will not re-pine,

My tremb-ling hand I lay O bless-ed Lord in Thine.  
 O Sav-iour leave me not, But keep my hand in Thine.  
 But trust Thee to the last, Keep Thou my hand in Thine.

The road seems rough and long, Yet I am safe with Thee;  
 My weak-ness I de-plore, Yet joy to lean on Thee;  
 In all my joy or woe, I still would cling to Thee;

My hap-py grate-ful song, Shall tell Thy care for me.  
 Till earth-ly toils are o'er, My strength and help-er be.  
 I can-not let Thee go; O guide and shel-ter me.

# The Voice of Jesus.

161

H. BONAR.

GIARDINI.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."  
 The liv - ing wat - er; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."  
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;  
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;  
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.  
 And in that Light of life I'll walk Till all my journey's done.

## The Kingdom Coming.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's heath-en ra - ces, O  
 2. The sun-light is glanc-ing O'er ar - mies ad-vanc-ing, To  
 3. With shout-ing and sing-ing, And ju - bi - lant ring-ing, Their

see how the thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A -  
 con - quer the king-doms of sin; Our Lord shall pos-sess them, His  
 arms of re - bell - ion cast down; At last ev - ry na - tion, The

wakes ev - 'ry na - tion: Come o - ver and help us, they cry.  
 pres-ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter them in.  
 Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re-deem - er shall crown!

*D.S.*—knowledge and glo - ry As wa - ters that cov - er the sea.

## CHORUS.

The king - dom is com-ing, O tell ye the sto - ry God's

ban - ner ex - alt - ed shall be! The earth shall be full of His

*D.S.*



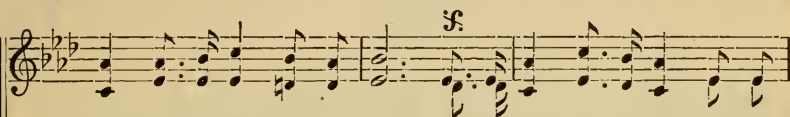
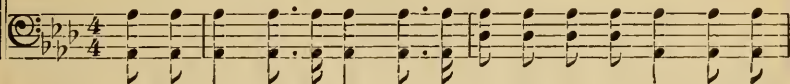
# Thither the Saviour will Guide. 163

LILLIAN RAINOR.

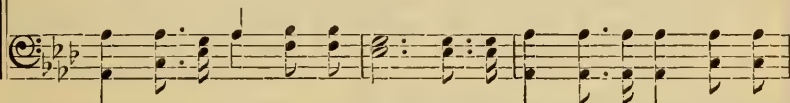
C. W. RAY.



1. There's a land far a-way where the shadows nev - er fall, Where the
2. There's a ci - ty whose grandeur has nev - er yet been told, And its



toil-worn and wea - ry shall rest ; Where no storm darken'd sky shall the  
walls are of jew - els most rare ; Where the beau - ti - ful streets are all



*D. S.*—Through the gar-dens of God 'midst the



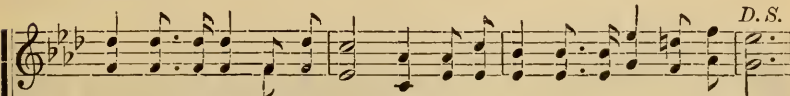
FINE.

pil-grim heart ap-pall, And the soul nev - er more is op-press.  
paved with pur-est gold ; And the ran-somed its glo - ries shall share.



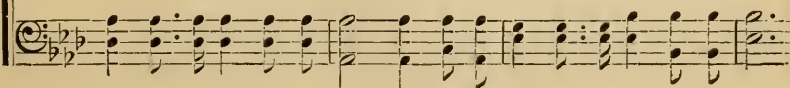
ev - er-blooming flow'rs, Hand in hand with the blest I shall roam.

REFRAIN.



*D. S.*

Thith-er the Saviour will guide me, And the angels shall welcome me home ;

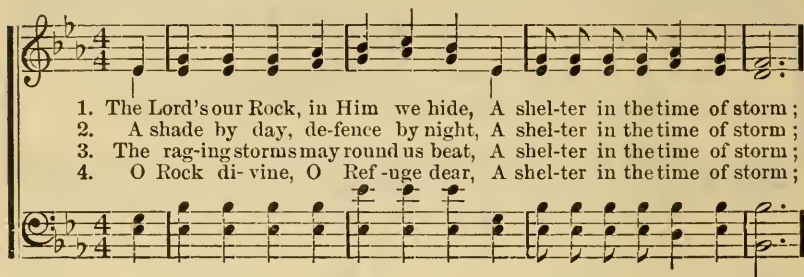


# 164 A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

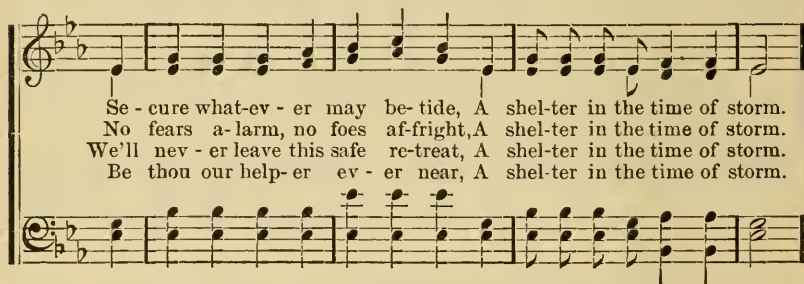
"And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land,"—ISA. 32: 2.

Words arranged.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

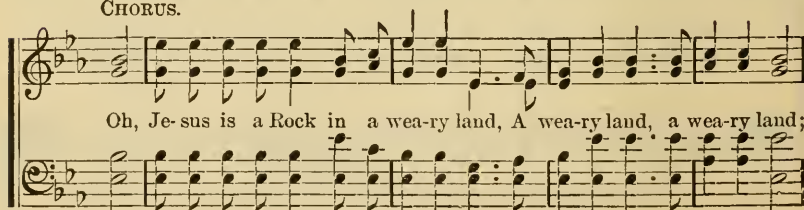


1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
 2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
 3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
 4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;




Se-cure what-ev-er may be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
 No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
 We'll nev-er leave this safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
 Be thou our help-er ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

## CHORUS.



Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A wea-ry land, a wea-ry land;



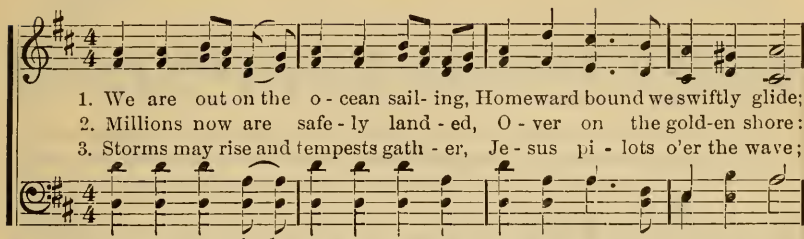
Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

# The Golden Shore.

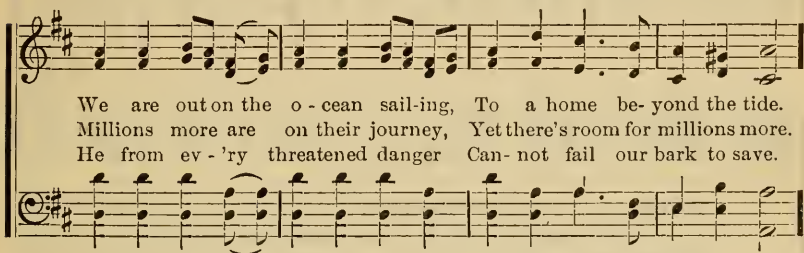
165

CHARLES DUNBAR.  
C. W. RAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

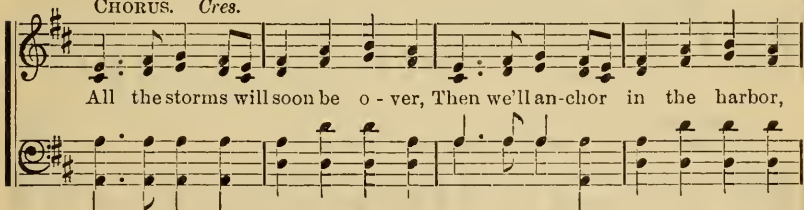


1. We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward bound we swiftly glide;  
2. Millions now are safe - ly land - ed, O - ver on the gold - en shore:  
3. Storms may rise and tempests gath - er, Je - sus pi - lots o'er the wave;

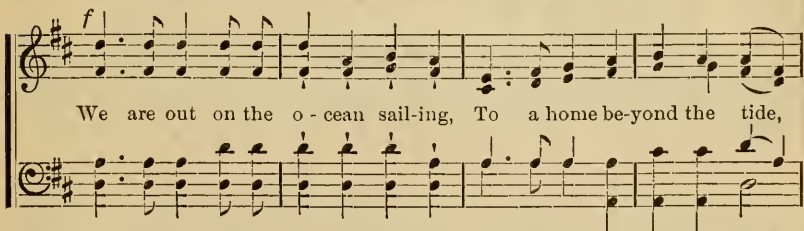


We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide.  
Millions more are on their journey, Yet there's room for millions more.  
He from ev - 'ry threatened danger Can - not fail our bark to save.

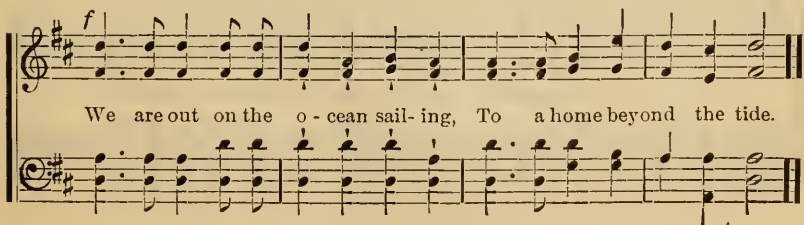
## CHORUS. *Cres.*



All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll an - chor in the harbor,



We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide,



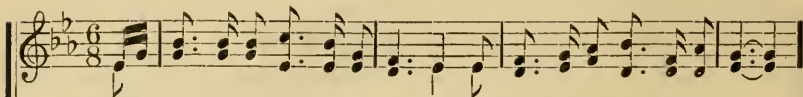
We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home beyond the tide.

# Shall I Ever Deny Thee.

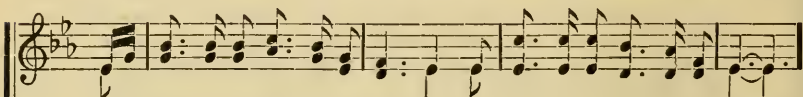
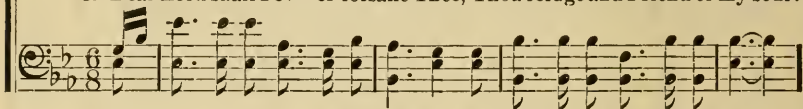
"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him: if we deny him, he also will deny us."—2d Tim.—2: 12.

LILLIAN RAINOR.

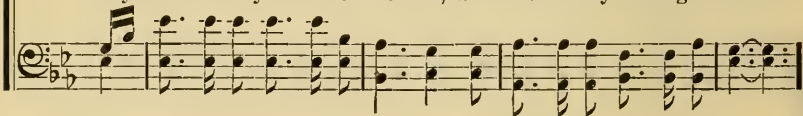
C. W. RAY.



1. Dear Lord shall I ev - er de - ny Thee, When foes shall my courage assail?
2. Dear Lord shall I ev - er for - get Thee, No lon - ger to love and a - dore?
3. Dear Lord shall I ev - er forsake Thee, Thou refuge and Friend of my soul?

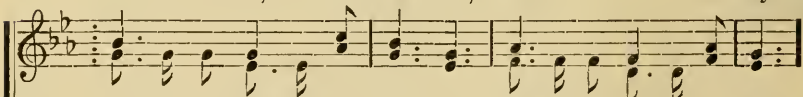


Shall fear o-ver-come and enthrall me, Or ev - er against me pre-vail?  
No lon - ger re-joyce in Thy fa - vor, De-light in Thy presence no more?  
My heart and my life I would ev - er, Sub-mit to Thy lov - ing con-trol.

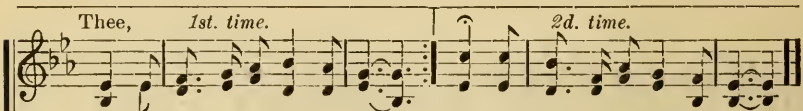
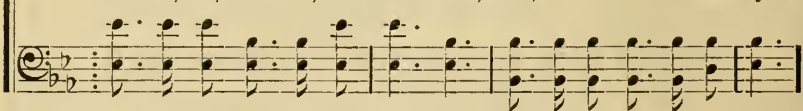


## CHORUS.

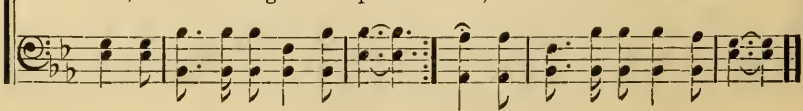
Nev - - er, dear Sav - iour, can I de - ny



Nev - er, no, nev - er, dear Sav - iour; No, I can nev - er de - ny



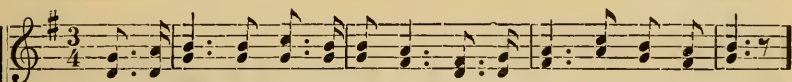
Thee, Nor ev - er ungrateful prove Thee, Nor Thee can I cease to love.



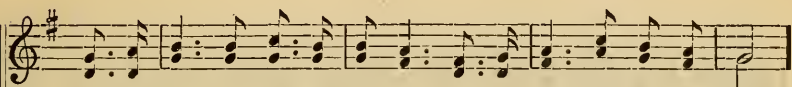
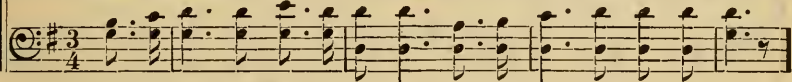
# Help us Gather in the Sheaves. 167

C. W. RAY.

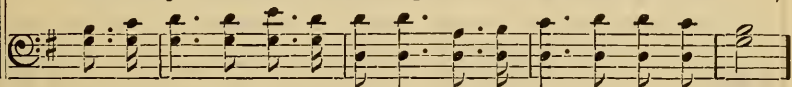
C. W. R.



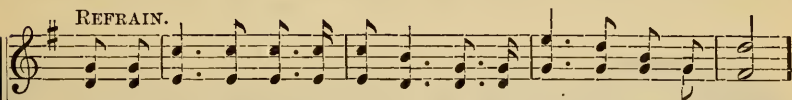
1. Heed ye not the length'ning shadows, Of the swift de- clin- ing day?
2. See ye not the anxious toil-ers, Panting 'neath the sul- try sun,
3. Lose no time in id- ly dreaming Of the good thou fain wouldst do;



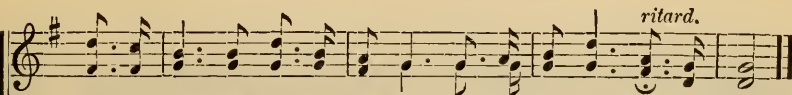
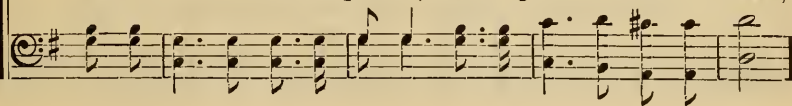
See ye not the fields in - vit - ing, All a - long life's rugged way.  
Lest the eve - ning twi - light find them, With their work but just be - gun?  
Waste no pre - cious hours in sigh - ing, O'er the toils thou shouldst re - new;



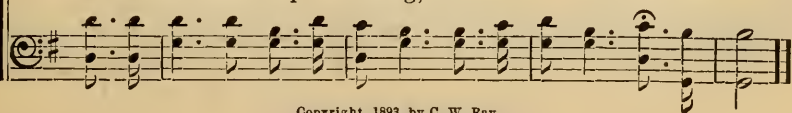
## REFRAIN.



Know ye not the Mas - ter ev - er O'er the wast - ing har - vest grieves;  
Grasp thy sick - le, do not fal - ter; Rich re - ward each hand re - ceives;  
Be at least an earn - est glean - er, Gath'ring what some sickle leaves;



Hear ye not the reap-ers calling;  
Hear ye not the reap-ers calling; } Help us gath-er in the sheaves.  
Hear and heed the reap-ers calling;

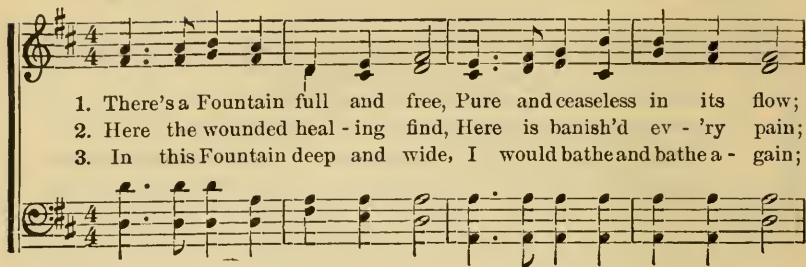




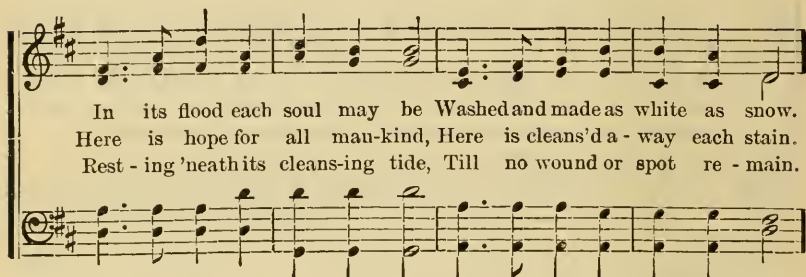
# The Wonderful Fountain.

C. W. RAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

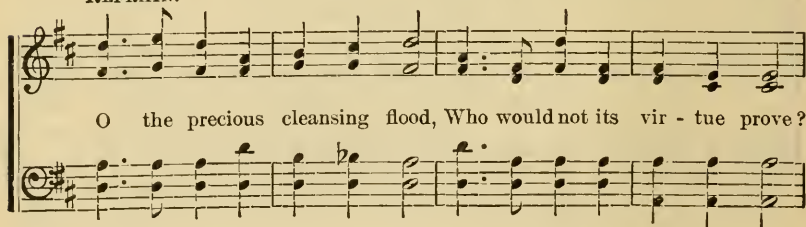


1. There's a Fountain full and free, Pure and ceaseless in its flow;  
 2. Here the wounded heal - ing find, Here is banish'd ev - 'ry pain;  
 3. In this Fountain deep and wide, I would bathe and bathe a - gain;

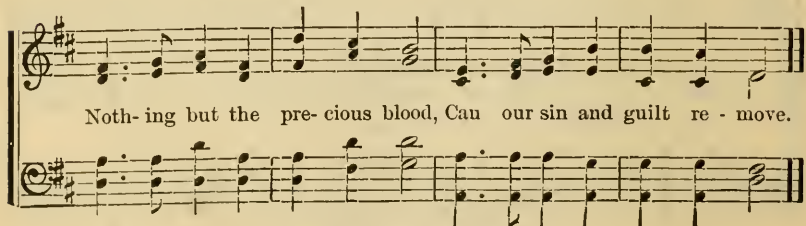


In its flood each soul may be Washed and made as white as snow.  
 Here is hope for all man-kind, Here is cleans'd a - way each stain.  
 Rest - ing 'neath its cleans-ing tide, Till no wound or spot re - main.

## REFRAIN.



O the precious cleansing flood, Who would not its vir - tue prove?



Noth - ing but the pre - cious blood, Can our sin and guilt re - move.

# Look to Me.

169

"Look unto me all ye ends of the earth and be ye saved."

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

1. When the sin - ner op - prest By his bur - den of woe,  
 2. When the wild temp - est breaks O'er the des - o - late soul,  
 3. When the eye shall grow dim In the shad - ow of death,

Like a frail sink - ing wreck Sad - ly drifts to and fro;  
 And the bil - lows of wrath In their fu - ry shall roll;  
 And the ten - der fare - well, Is a trem - u - lous breath;

Thro' the storm and the gloom, Thro' the clouds o'er life's sea,  
 To the cap - tive in dread That for shel - ter would flee,  
 When the dy - ing no rest, For the spir - it can see,

Je - sus ten - der - ly whis - pers, "Look to me, Look to me!"

## The New Song.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. R. BRYANT.

1. I am the Lord's and He is mine, Praise, O praise His name!  
 2. The Lord has wash'd my sins a - way, Praise, O praise His name!  
 3. O mer-cy drops how sweet! how sweet! Praise, O praise His name!

O sweet, O sweet the love di - vine, Praise, O praise His name!  
 And I am hap - py all the day, Praise, O praise His name!  
 They came while at Thy mer - cy seat, Praise, O praise His name!

I've learn'd to sing the new, new song, 'Tis in my heart and  
 My name is writ - ten o - ver there, Where stand the ma - ny  
 And still they come to glad - den men From out the fount so

CHO.—O sweet new song! O won-drous song, 'Tis in my heart and

on my tongue; all glo-ry to the matchless One! Praise, O praise His name!  
 mansions fair our Sav-iour promised to pre-pare, Praise, O praise His name!  
 full and free, And shall to all e - ter - ni-ty— Praise, O praise His name;

on my tongue, Since Jesus wash'd my sins away, Praise, O praise His name.

# We Journey Home.

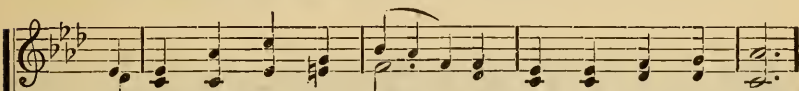
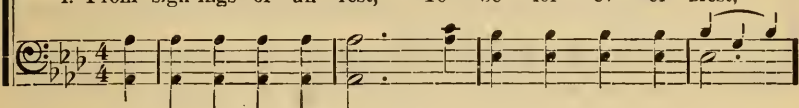
171

C. W. RAY.

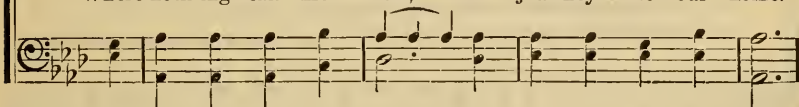
LYNN RYLAND.



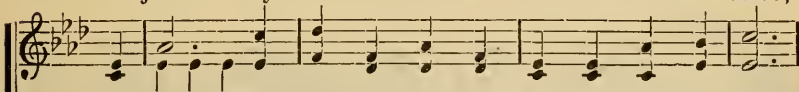
1. From scenes of sor - est need, Where hearts must break and bleed,
2. From ev - 'ry earth - ly lot, From ev - 'ry fav - ored spot,
3. From sor - rows most pro - found, Where fears our hopes con - found,
4. From sigh - ings of un - rest, To be for - ev - er blest,



From threat'ning per - ils freed, We jour - ney to our home.  
 From man - sion and from cot, We jour - ney to our home.  
 And cries of grief re - sound, We jour - ney to our home.  
 Where noth - ing can mo - lest, We jour - ney to our home.

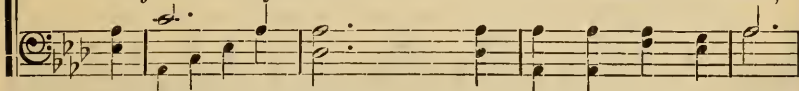


We jour - ney to our home We nev - er more shall roam ;



We journey home, we journey home We nev - er more shall roam ;

We jour - ney home We nev - er more shall roam,



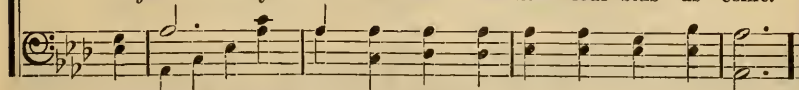
We journey to our home,

We jour - ney to our home our Sav - iour bids us come.



We journey home, We journey home The Sav - iour bids us come.

We jour - ney to our home The Sav - iour bids us come.

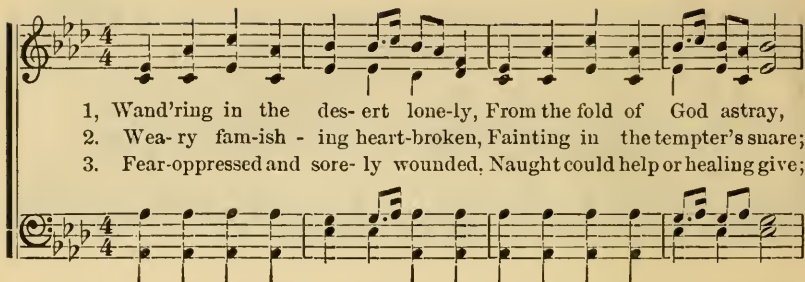


We journey home, We journey home The Sav - iour bids us come.

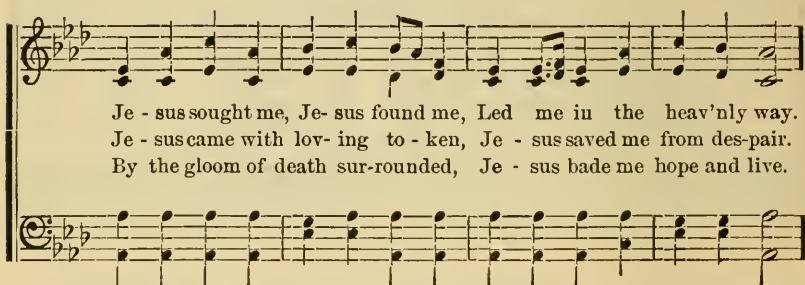
# Jesus Sought Me.

C. W. RAY.

FRANK NIELSON.

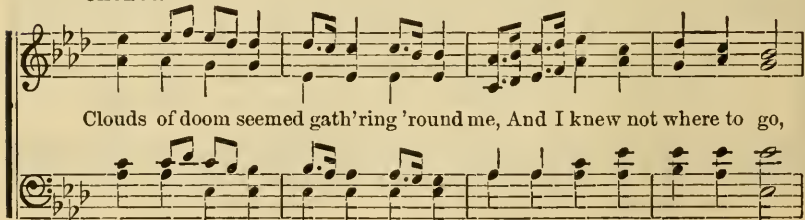


1, Wand'ring in the des-ert lone-ly, From the fold of God astray,  
 2. Wea-ry fam-ish-ing heart-broken, Fainting in the tempter's snare;  
 3. Fear-oppressed and sore-ly wounded, Naught could help or healing give;

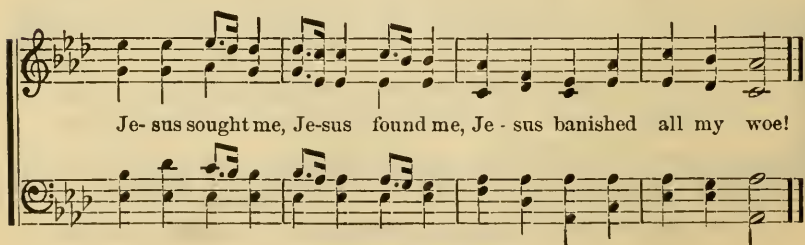


Je - sus sought me, Je - sus found me, Led me in the heav'nly way.  
 Je - sus came with lov-ing to - ken, Je - sus saved me from des-pair.  
 By the gloom of death sur-rounded, Je - sus bade me hope and live.

## CHORUS.



Clouds of doom seemed gath'ring 'round me, And I knew not where to go,



Je - sus sought me, Je - sus found me, Je - sus banished all my woe!

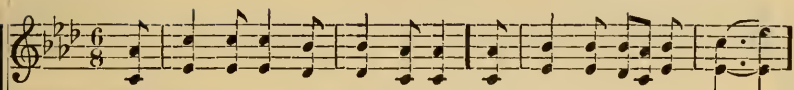


# O how I love Jesus.

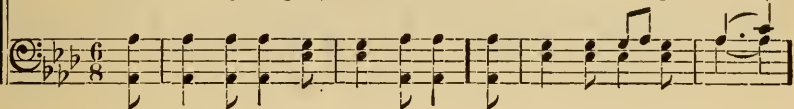
173

NEWTON.

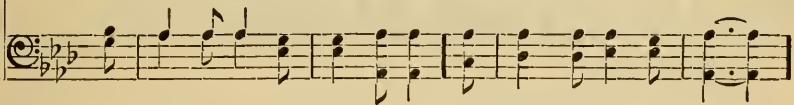
Har. by C. W. RAY.



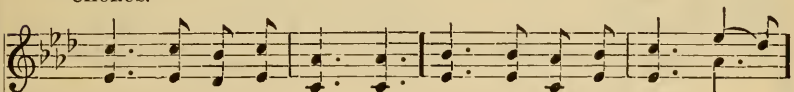
1. A - mazing grace! how sweet the sound That sav'd a soul like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - liev'd;
3. Thro' ma- ny dangers, toils and snares, I have al- read-y come;



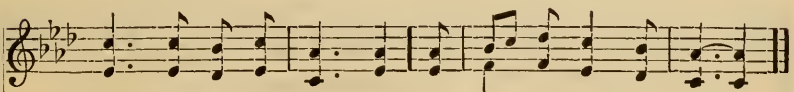
I once was lost, but now am found—Was blind, but now I see.  
How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first be - lieved!  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.



CHORUS.



Oh, how I love Je - sus; Oh, how I love Je - sus!



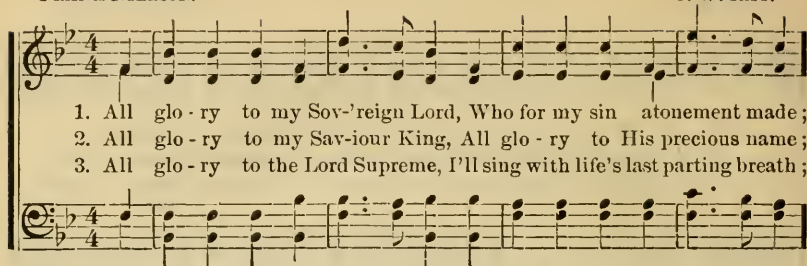
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause He first lov'd me.



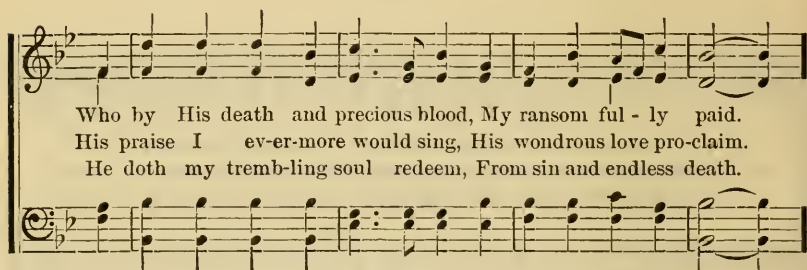
## All Glory to the Lord.

FRANK NIELSON.

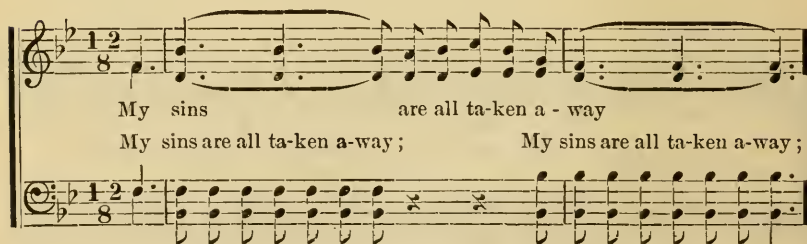
C. W. RAY.



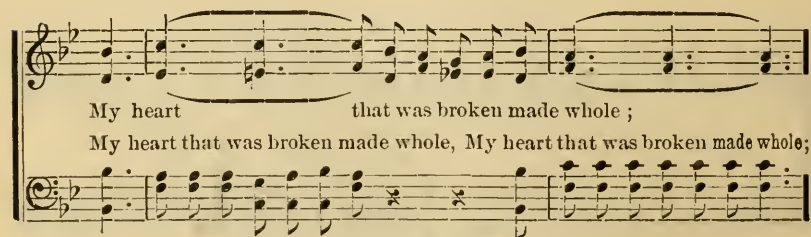
1. All glo - ry to my Sov-'reign Lord, Who for my sin atonement made;  
 2. All glo - ry to my Sav-iour King, All glo - ry to His precious name;  
 3. All glo - ry to the Lord Supreme, I'll sing with life's last parting breath;



Who by His death and precious blood, My ransom ful - ly paid.  
 His praise I ev-er-more would sing, His wondrous love pro-claim.  
 He doth my tremb-ling soul redeem, From sin and endless death.

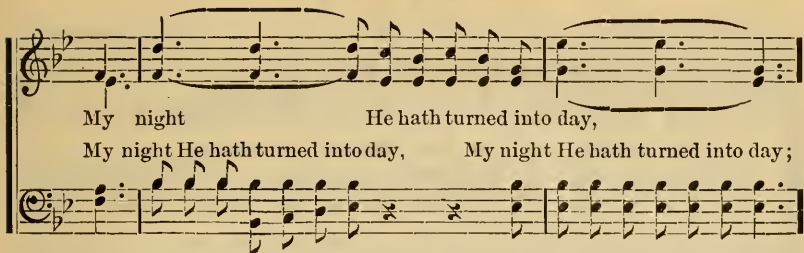


My sins are all ta-ken a - way  
 My sins are all ta-ken a-way; My sins are all ta-ken a-way;

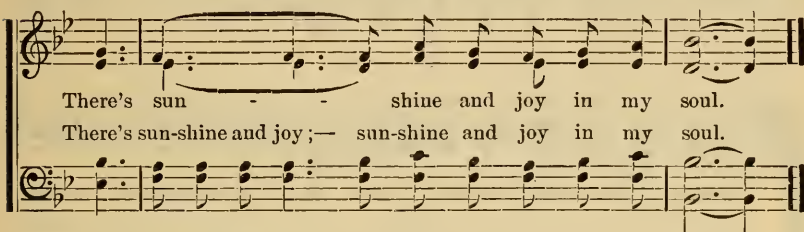


My heart that was broken made whole;  
 My heart that was broken made whole, My heart that was broken made whole;

# All Glory to the Lord.—Concluded. 175



My night He hath turned into day,  
My night He hath turned into day, My night He hath turned into day;

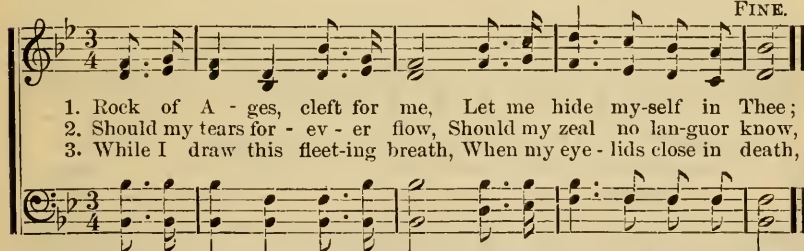


There's sun - shine and joy in my soul.  
There's sun-shine and joy;— sun-shine and joy in my soul.

## Rock of Ages.

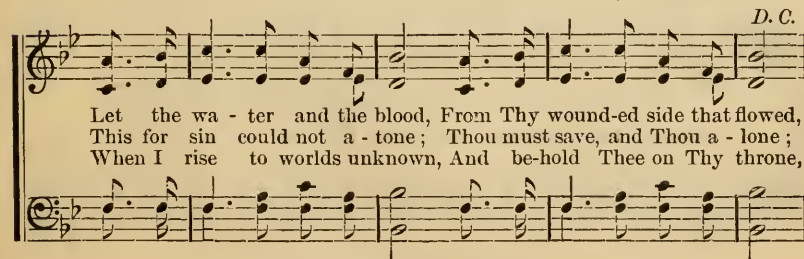
TOPLADY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.  
FINE.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;  
2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan-guor know,  
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,

*D. C.*—Be of sin the per-fect cure; Save me, Lord, and make me pure.  
In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.  
Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

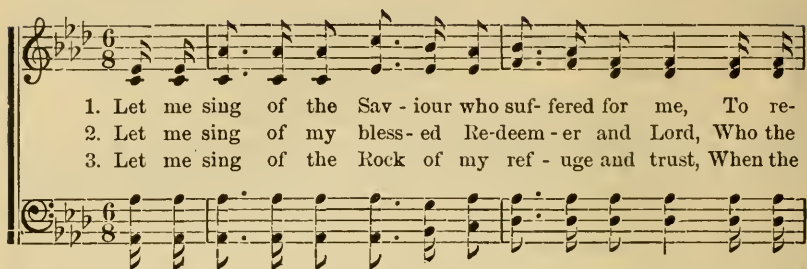


*D. C.*  
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side that flowed,  
This for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;  
When I rise to worlds unknown, And be-hold Thee on Thy throne,

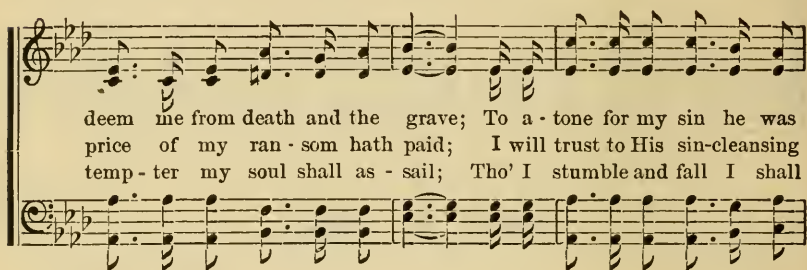
# Let Me Sing of My Saviour.

LILLIAN RAINOR.

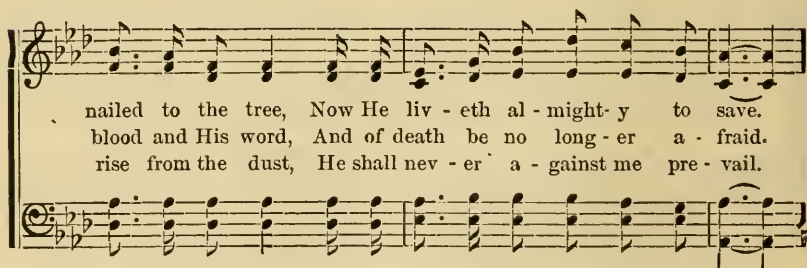
FRANK NIELSON.



1. Let me sing of the Sav - iour who suf - fered for me, To re -  
 2. Let me sing of my bless - ed Re - deem - er and Lord, Who the  
 3. Let me sing of the Rock of my ref - uge and trust, When the

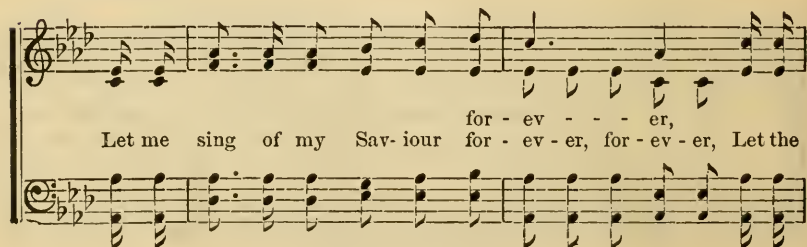


deem me from death and the grave; To a - tone for my sin he was  
 price of my ran - som hath paid; I will trust to His sin-cleansing  
 temp - ter my soul shall as - sail; Tho' I stumble and fall I shall



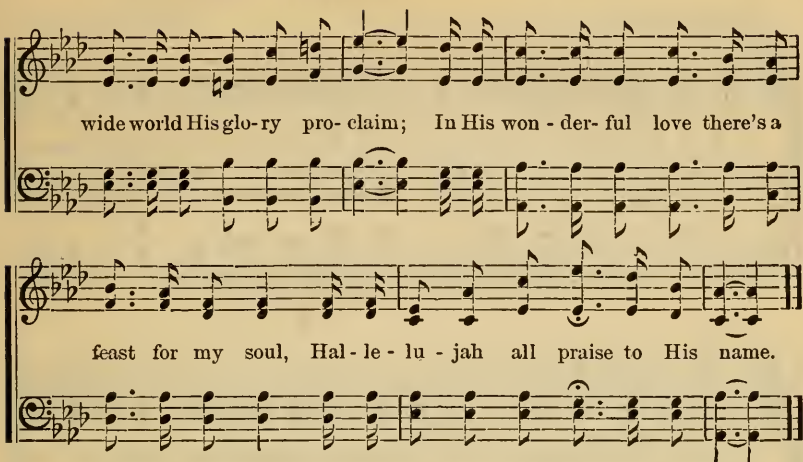
nailed to the tree, Now He liv - eth al - might - y to save.  
 blood and His word, And of death be no long - er a - fraid.  
 rise from the dust, He shall nev - er a - gainst me pre - vail.

## CHORUS.



Let me sing of my Sav - iour for - ev - - - er,  
 for - ev - er, for - ev - er, Let the

# Let Me Sing of My Saviour.—Concluded. 177

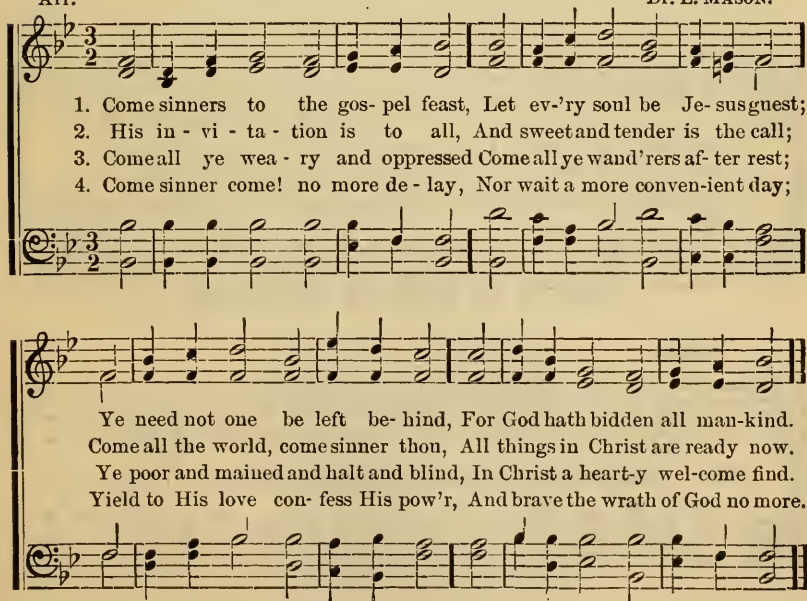


wide world His glo-ry pro-claim; In His won-der-ful love there's a  
feast for my soul, Hal-le-lu-jah all praise to His name.

## The Gospel Feast.

Arr.

Dr. L. MASON.



1. Comes sinners to the gos-pel feast, Let ev'-ry soul be Je-sus guest;  
2. His in-vi-ta-tion is to all, And sweet and tender is the call;  
3. Come all ye wea-ry and oppressed Come all ye wand'ers af-ter rest;  
4. Come sinner come! no more de-lay, Nor wait a more conven-ient day;

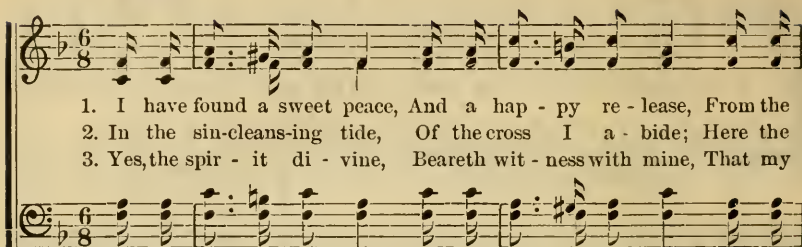
Ye need not one be left be-hind, For God hath bidden all man-kind.  
Come all the world, come sinner thou, All things in Christ are ready now.  
Ye poor and maimed and halt and blind, In Christ a heart-y wel-come find.  
Yield to His love con-fess His pow'r, And brave the wrath of God no more.



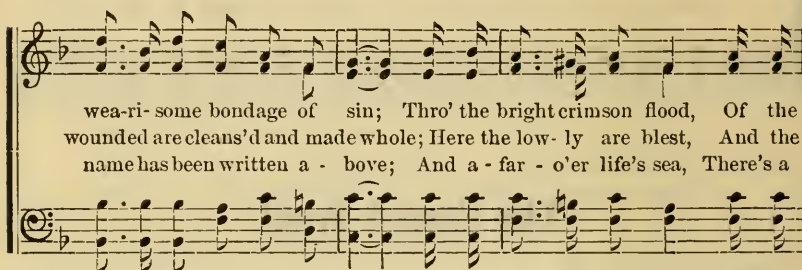
# Ransomed and Saved.

FRANK NIELSON.

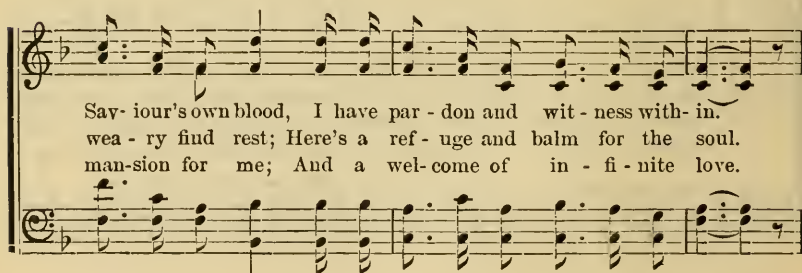
LYNN RYLAND.



1. I have found a sweet peace, And a hap - py re - lease, From the  
 2. In the sin-cleans-ing tide, Of the cross I a - bide; Here the  
 3. Yes, the spir - it di - vine, Beareth wit - ness with mine, That my

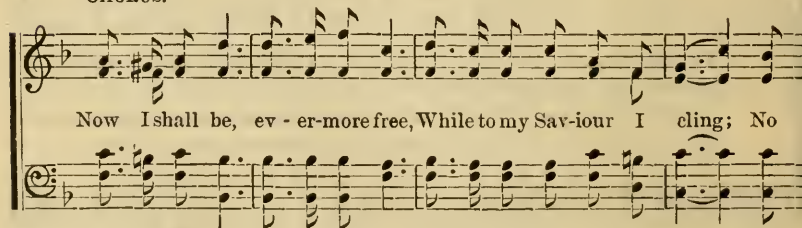


wea-ri- some bondage of sin; 'Thro' the bright crimson flood, Of the  
 wounded are cleans'd and made whole; Here the low - ly are blest, And the  
 name has been written a - bove; And a - far - o'er life's sea, There's a



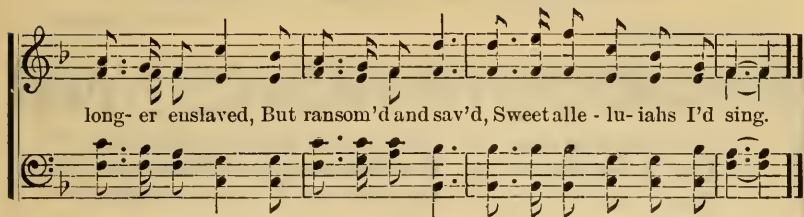
Sav- iour's own blood, I have par - don and wit - ness with - in.  
 wea - ry find rest; Here's a ref - uge and balm for the soul.  
 man-sion for me; And a wel - come of in - fi - nite love.

## CHORUS.

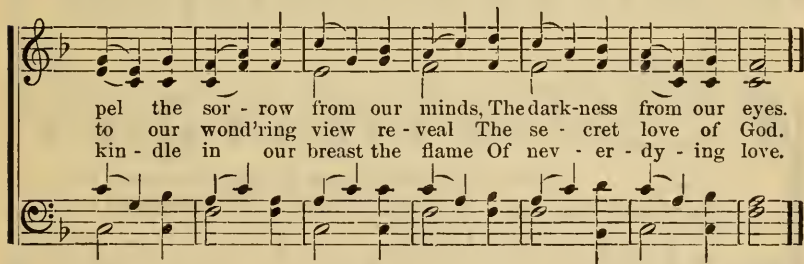
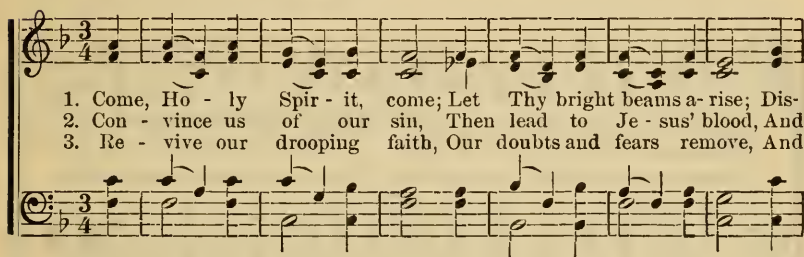


Now I shall be, ev - er - more free, While to my Sav-iour I cling; No

## Ransomed and Saved. Concluded. 179



## The Spirit Entreated.



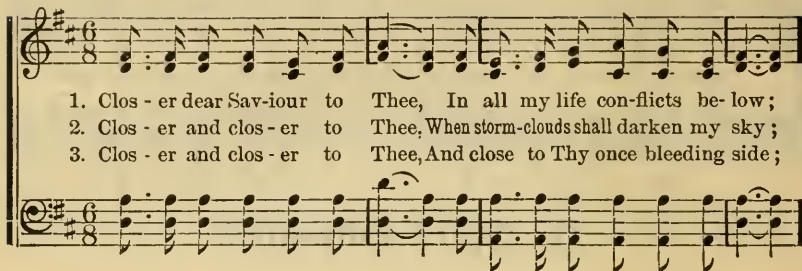
## The Son of God in Tears.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,  
 And shall our cheeks be dry?  
 Let floods of penitential grief  
 Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears  
 The wondering angels see;  
 Be Thou astonished, O my soul;  
 He shed those tears for Thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;  
 Each sin demands a tear:  
 In heaven alone no sin is found,  
 And there's no weeping there.

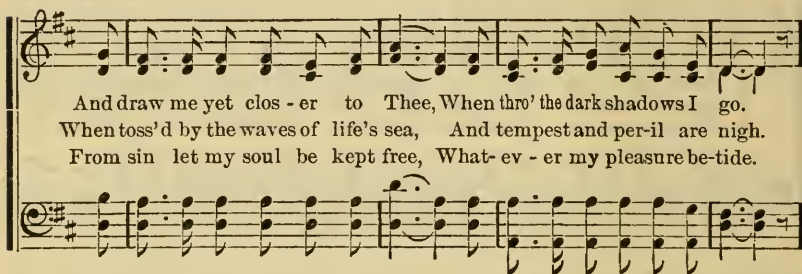
## Closer to Thee.

LILLIAN RAINOR.

FRANK NIELSON.

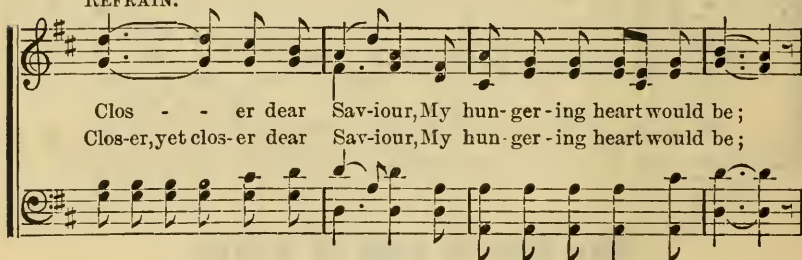


1. Clos - er dear Sav-iour to Thee, In all my life con-flicts be-low;  
 2. Clos - er and clos - er to Thee, When storm-clouds shall darken my sky;  
 3. Clos - er and clos - er to Thee, And close to Thy once bleeding side;

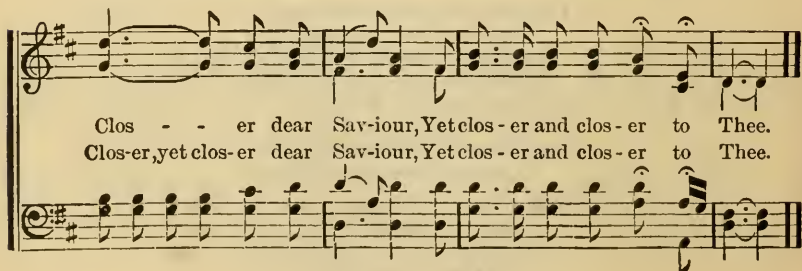


And draw me yet clos - er to Thee, When thro' the dark shadows I go.  
 When toss'd by the waves of life's sea, And tempest and per-il are nigh.  
 From sin let my soul be kept free, What-ev - er my pleasure be-tide.

## REFRAIN.



Clos - - er dear Sav-iour, My hun-ger-ing heart would be;  
 Clos-er, yet clos-er dear Sav-iour, My hun-ger-ing heart would be;



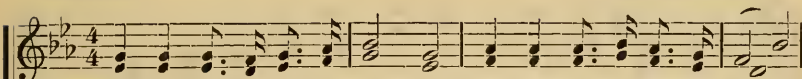
Clos - - er dear Sav-iour, Yet clos-er and clos-er to Thee.  
 Clos-er, yet clos-er dear Sav-iour, Yet clos-er and clos-er to Thee.

# Shall We Gather at the River?

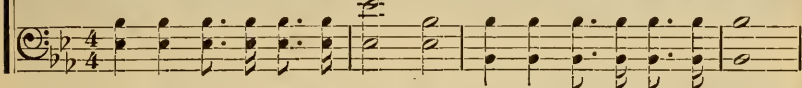
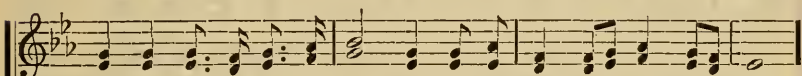
181

R. LOWRY.

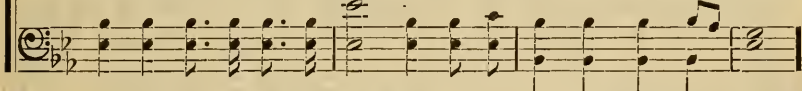
REV. ROBERT LOWRY.




1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er Where bright an-gel feet have trod;  
 2. On the mar- gin of the riv - er, Wash- ing up its sil - ver spray,  
 3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur- den down;  
 4. At the smil- ing of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Saviour's face,  
 5. Soon we'll reach the sil-ver riv - er, Soon our pil-grimage will cease;

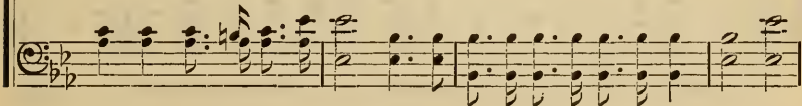
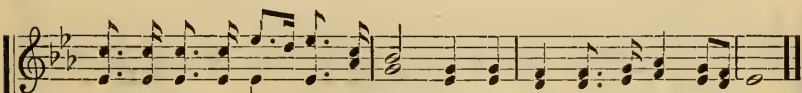
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?  
 We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.  
 Grace our spir- its will de - liv - er, And pro- vide a robe and crown.  
 Saints whom death will never sev - er Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.  
 Soon our happy hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.



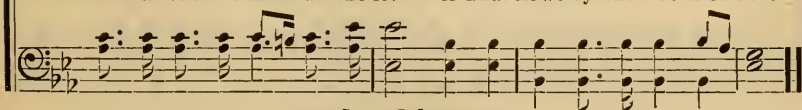
## CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beautiful, the beauti - ful riv-er,—

Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

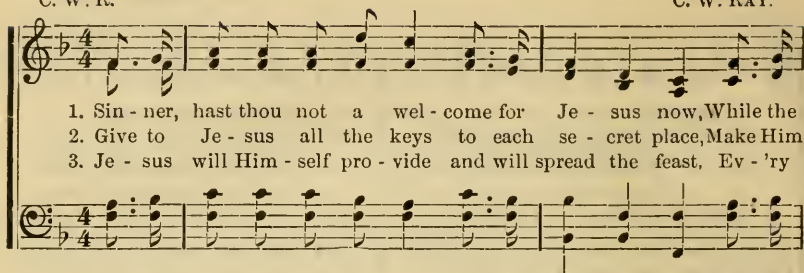




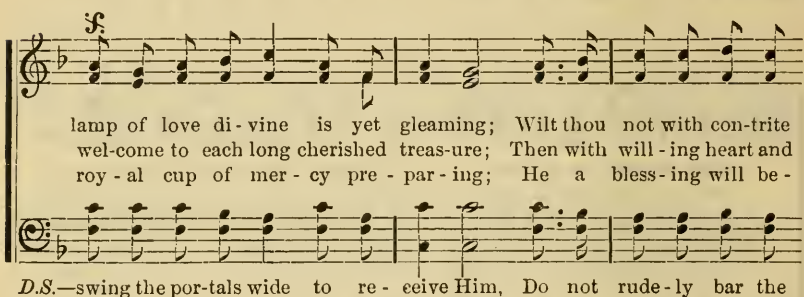
# 182 Have You not Room for Jesus?

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

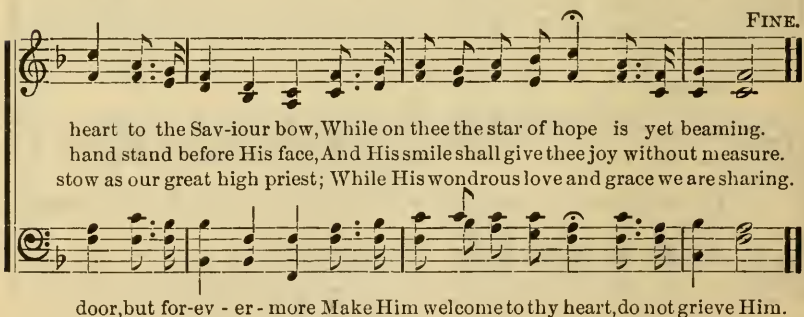


1. Sin - ner, hast thou not a wel - come for Je - sus now, While the  
 2. Give to Je - sus all the keys to each se - cret place, Make Him  
 3. Je - sus will Him - self pro - vide and will spread the feast, Ev - 'ry



lamp of love di - vine is yet gleaming; Wilt thou not with con - trite  
 wel - come to each long cherished treas - ure; Then with will - ing heart and  
 roy - al cup of mer - cy pre - par - ing; He a bless - ing will be -

*D.S.*—swing the por - tals wide to re - ceive Him, Do not rude - ly bar the

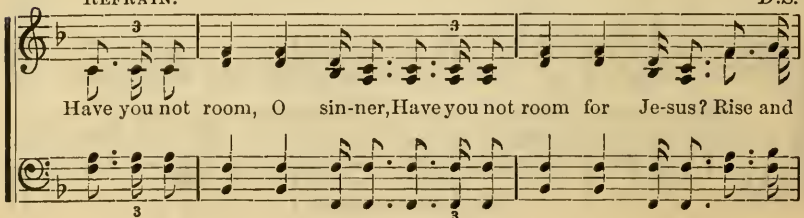


heart to the Sav - iour bow, While on thee the star of hope is yet beaming.  
 hand stand before His face, And His smile shall give thee joy without measure.  
 stow as our great high priest; While His wondrous love and grace we are sharing.

door, but for - ev - er - more Make Him welcome to thy heart, do not grieve Him.

REFRAIN.

*D.S.*



Have you not room, O sin - ner, Have you not room for Je - sus? Rise and

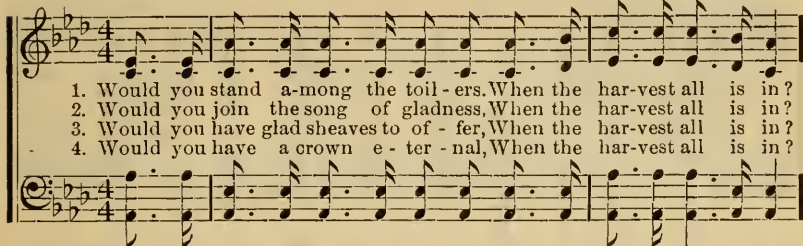


# When the Harvest All is In.


183

E. R. LATTA.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

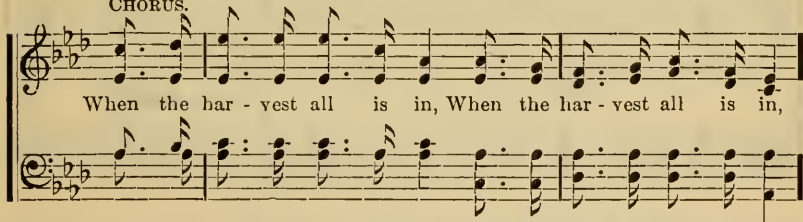


1. Would you stand a-mong the toil-ers, When the har-vest all is in?  
 2. Would you join the song of gladness, When the har-vest all is in?  
 3. Would you have glad sheaves to of-fer, When the har-vest all is in?  
 4. Would you have a crown e-ter-nal, When the har-vest all is in?

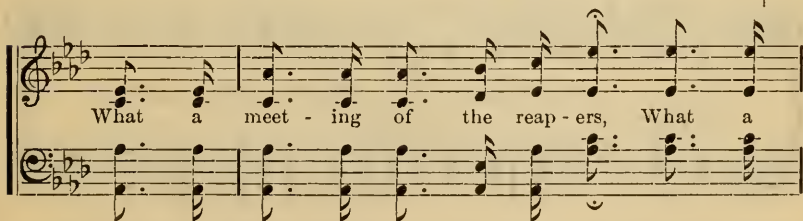


For the bless-ed Lord and Mas-ter, You must here the work be-gin.  
 You must be a faith-ful glean-er From the haunts of woe and sin.  
 From the husks of want and fol-ly, Strive the prod-i-gals to win.  
 Seek to swell the heav-n'ly gar-ner, Ere it be too late to glean.

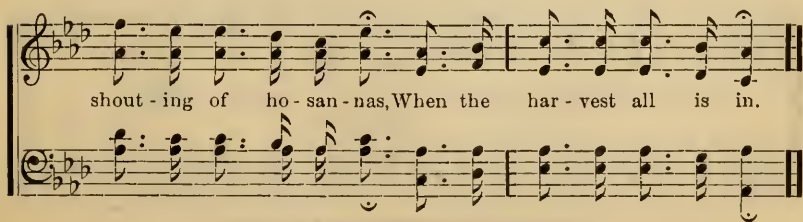
## CHORUS.



When the har-vest all is in, When the har-vest all is in,



What a meet-ing of the reap-ers, What a



shout-ing of ho-san-nas, When the har-vest all is in.

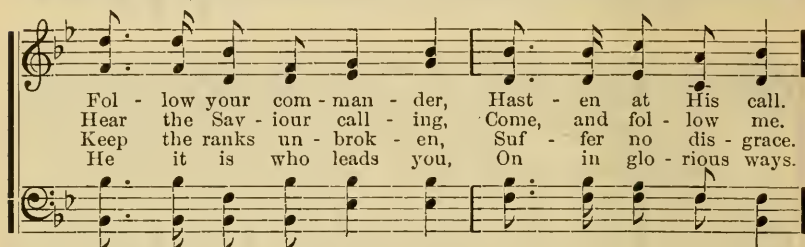
# Press On for the Right.

W. H. GARDNER.

W. A. OGDEN.

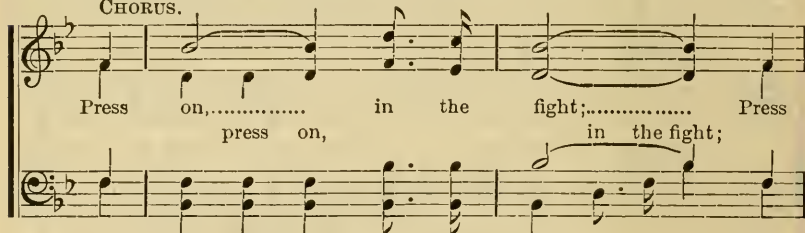


1. Ral - ly round the stand - ard, Hear the trum - pet call,  
 2. Where the fight is thick - est, There we all should be,  
 3. When a com - rade fall - eth, Haste to fill his place,  
 4. When the bat - tle's o - ver, Give to Christ the praise,

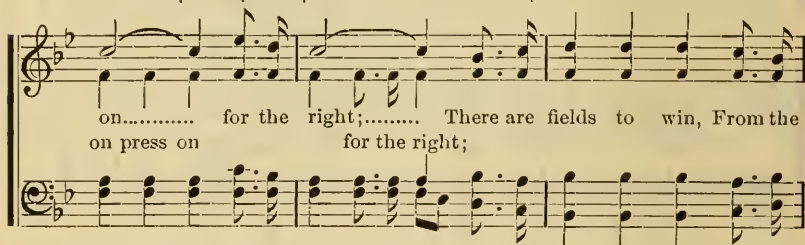


Fol - low your com - man - der, Hast - en at His call.  
 Hear the Sav - iour call - ing, Come, and fol - low me.  
 Keep the ranks un - brok - en, Suf - fer no dis - grace.  
 He it is who leads you, On in glo - rious ways.

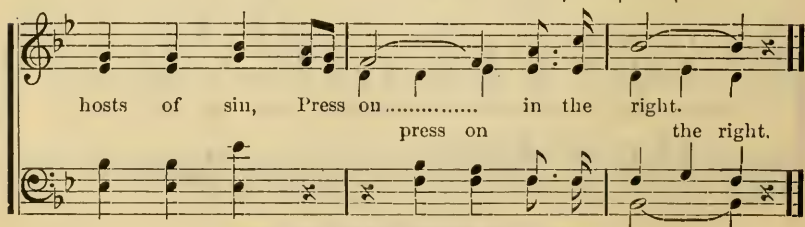
## CHORUS.



Press on,..... in the fight;..... Press  
 press on, in the fight;



on..... for the right;..... There are fields to win, From the  
 on press on for the right;



hosts of sin, Press on..... in the right.  
 press on the right.

# The Beautiful City.

185

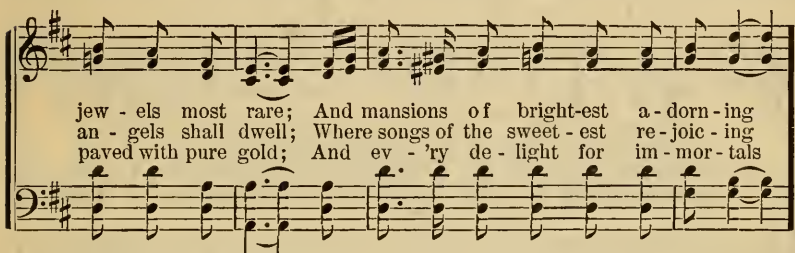
C. W. R.

"He hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. 11: 16.

C. W. RAY.



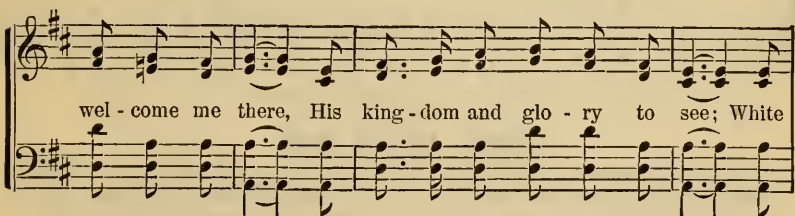
1. O, there is a beau - ti - ful ci - ty, Whose walls are of  
2. O, there is a beau - ti - ful ci - ty, Where saints with the  
3. O, there is a beau - ti - ful ci - ty, Whose streets are all



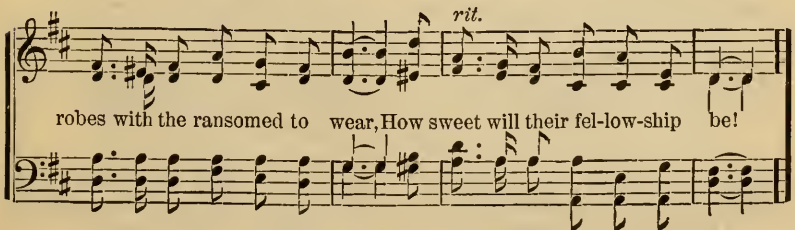
jew - els most rare; And mansions of bright - est a - dorn - ing  
an - gels shall dwell; Where songs of the sweet - est re - joic - ing  
paved with pure gold; And ev - 'ry de - light for im - mor - tals



REFRAIN.  
Are wait - ing the glo - ri - fied there.  
Their rap - tures un - ceas - ing - ly tell. } My Sav - ior shall  
Its gates shall for - ev - er un - fold.



wel - come me there, His king - dom and glo - ry to see; White



*rit.*  
robes with the ransomed to wear, How sweet will their fel - low - ship be!

## Take me as I am.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un-less Thou help me I must die;  
 2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt.  
 3. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;  
 4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart re-new,

Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am;  
 And Thou can'st make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am;  
 My doubts, my fears, my guilt remove, And take me as I am;  
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am;

*D.S.*—bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!  
 REFRAIN.

Take me as I am, . . . Take me as I am; . . . Oh,  
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

By per. of John J. Hood, owner of Copyright.

## Just as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Tune and Chorus above.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Just as I am, without one plea,<br/>           But that Thy blood was shed for me,<br/>           And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,<br/>           O Lamb of God, I come!</p> <p>2 Just as I am, and waiting not<br/>           To rid my soul of one dark blot,<br/>           To Thee whose blood can cleanse each<br/>           O Lamb of God, I come! [spot,</p> <p>3 Just as I am, though tossed about<br/>           With many a conflict, many a doubt,<br/>           Fightings within, and fears without,<br/>           O Lamb of God, I come!</p> | <p>4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;<br/>           Sight, riches, healing of the mind,<br/>           Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,<br/>           O Lamb of God, I come!</p> <p>5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,<br/>           Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;<br/>           Because Thy promise I believe,<br/>           O Lamb of God, I come!</p> <p>6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown<br/>           Hath broken every barrier down,<br/>           Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,<br/>           O Lamb of God, I come!</p> |
|--|--|



# My Faith looks up to Thee.

187

Dr. L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Saviour di-vine;

Now hear me while I pray; }  
Take all my guilt a-way; } O, let me, from this day, Be whol-ly Thine.

2 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

3 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream,  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distress remove,  
Oh, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul.

# Far, Far at Sea.

Arr. by C. W. RAY.

1. Star of peace to wand'ers weary, Bright the beams that smile on me;  
2. Star of hope, gleam o'er the bil-low, Bless the soul that sighs for Thee;  
3. Star Divine, O safe-ly guide him, Bring the wand'rer home to Thee;

Cheer the pi-lot's vis-ion drea-ry Far, far at sea.  
Bless the sail-ors lone-ly pil-low, Far, far at sea.  
Sore temp-ta-tions long have tried him, Far, far at sea.



# I Will Go.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I cannot stay From the arms of love away; O for strength of  
 2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet I now will  
 3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can never heal my woe; I will rise at  
 4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll, Jesus' blood will  
 5. I o-bey the Saviour's call, Now to Him I yield my all, At His feet, where

CHORUS.

faith to say, Je - sus died for me.  
 try a - gain, Je - sus, help Thou me.  
 once and go, Je - sus died for me.  
 make me whole, Je - sus died for me.  
 oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.

Can it be, O can it be

*rit.*  
 There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Jesus died for me.

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# Sweet the Moments.

JAS. ALLEN.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - for the cross I spend;  
 2. Love and grief, my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears His feet I'll bathe;  
 3. Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta - tion, Low be - fore His cross to lie;  
 4. Here I'll sit, for - ev - er view - ing, Mer - cy streaming in His blood;

# Sweet the Moments.—Concluded.

189

Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sinner's dy-ing Friend.  
 Constant still, in faith a-bid-ing, Life de-riv-ing from His death.  
 While I see di-vine com-pss-ion Beaming in His gra-cious eye.  
 Precious drops, my soul be-dew-ing, Plead, and claim my peace with God.

## Saved by His Blood.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

1. Saved! Saved by the blood of the Lamb, Saved from the curse of transgression;
2. Saved! Saved by my glo-ri-fied Lord, Wonderful love and sal-va-tion;
3. Saved! Saved by the sin-cleansing flood, Saved as the cross I was view-ing;
4. Saved! Saved to my Saviour and King All that concerns my con-fid-ing;

Saved! Saved in His mer-cy, I am; Saved from the tempter's oppression.  
 Saved! Saved I will trust to His word, Safe in the hour of tempta-tion.  
 Saved! Saved, and by faith in the blood, Saved by the spir-it's re-new-ing.  
 Safe, safe, 'neath His sheltering wing Ev-er-more safe-ly a-bid-ing.

### CHORUS.

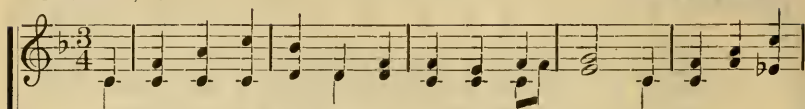
Saved by His blood, and safe in His care, Naught from His favor can sev-er;

Saved! Saved! His glo-ry to share, Safe in His keeping for ev-er.

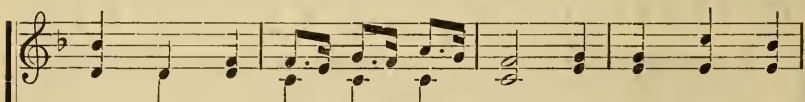
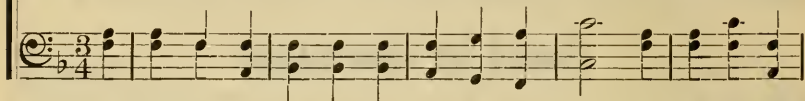
# One Whisper, O Father!

C. W. RAY, D. D.

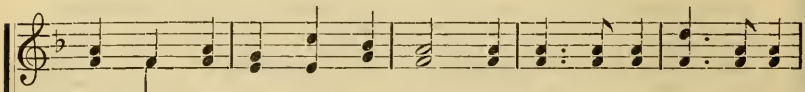
R. M. MCINTOSH.



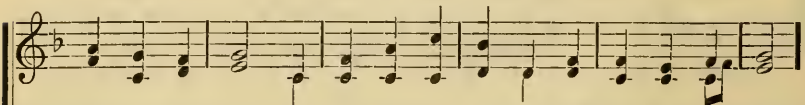
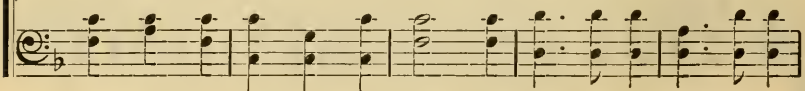
1. Our Fa - ther in heav - en, we hum - bly would pray, For those who heart -
2. O! Fa - ther, one whis - per of Thine from a - bove, Shall vanquish all
3. One whis - per, O Fa - ther! the grave seems so chill, Un - helped, O who



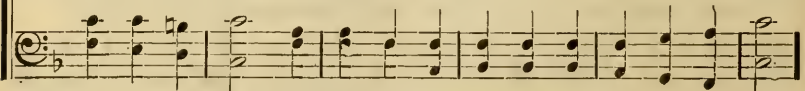
bro - ken are weep - ing to - day. They sit in the  
doubts of Thy good - ness and love; One whis - per shall  
can be re - signed to Thy will? Yet in - fi - nite



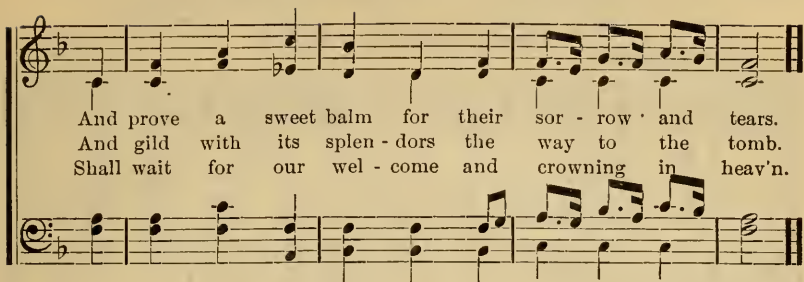
shad - ow of death and the grave, But Thou art Al - might - y to  
turn their sad night in - to day, And drive from their skies the dark  
wis - dom can make no mis - take, Tho' kin - dred are part - ed and



com - fort and save; One whis - per from Thee, it shall ban - ish their fears,  
storm - clouds a - way; One whis - per, with sun - shine shall light up the gloom,  
heart - strings may break; The dearest, the pur - est, in love to us giv'n,



# One Whisper, O Father!—Concluded. 191

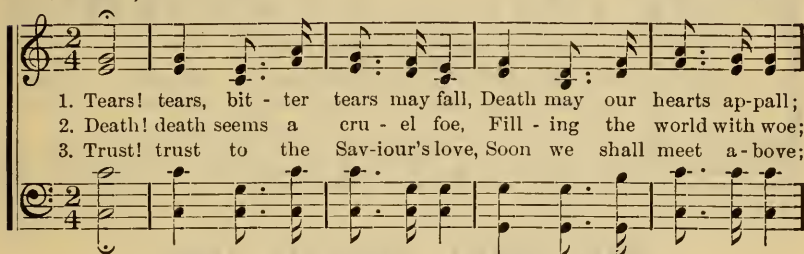


And prove a sweet balm for their sor - row and tears.  
 And gild with its splen - dors the way to the tomb.  
 Shall wait for our wel - come and crowning in heav'n.

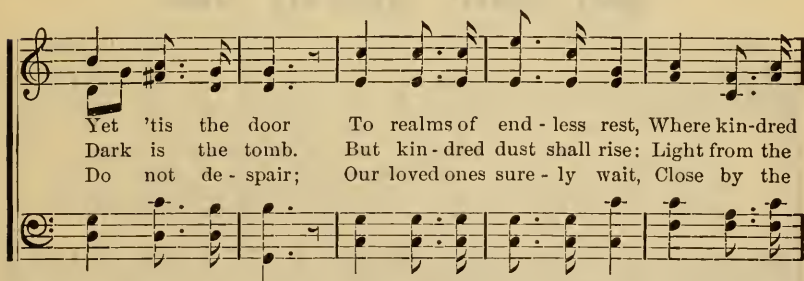
## They Wait for Us There.

C. W. RAY, D. D.

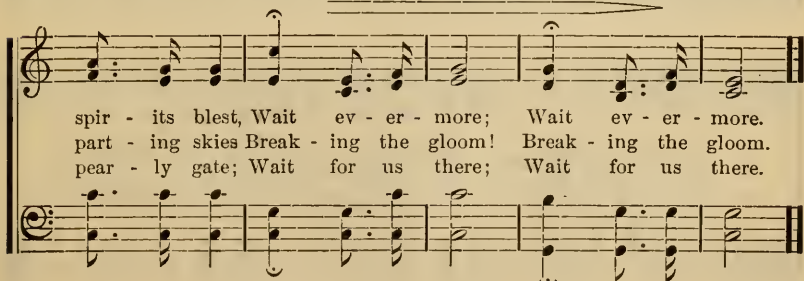
FRANZ VOLK.



1. Tears! tears, bit - ter tears may fall, Death may our hearts ap-pall;  
 2. Death! death seems a cru - el foe, Fill - ing the world with woe;  
 3. Trust! trust to the Sav-iour's love, Soon we shall meet a - bove;



Yet 'tis the door To realms of end - less rest, Where kin-dred  
 Dark is the tomb. But kin-dred dust shall rise: Light from the  
 Do not de - spair; Our loved ones sure - ly wait, Close by the



spir - its blest, Wait ev - er - more; Wait ev - er - more.  
 part - ing skies Break - ing the gloom! Break - ing the gloom.  
 pear - ly gate; Wait for us there; Wait for us there.



# Prayer for Revival.

O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known ;  
in wrath remember mercy.—Hab. 3 : 2.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might-y arm make bare ;  
2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul - thirst for Thee,  
3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name ;  
4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, And give re - fresh - ing show'rs,

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.  
And hung'ring for the bread of life Oh, may our spir - its be!  
And by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.  
The glo - ry shall be all Thine own, The blessing, Lord, be ours.

## Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove.

ISAAC WATTS.

C. G. GLASER.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,  
2. In vain we tune our for - malsongs, In vain we strive to rise ;  
3. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate?  
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.  
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?  
Come, shed a - broad a Sav - iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.



# Converting Power Implored.

193

"Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord: his going forth is prepared as the morning; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth."—Ho. 6: 3.

N. COLVER.

W. TANSUR.

1. Come, Lord, in mer - cy come a - gain, With Thy con - vert - ing power ;  
 2. Our hearts are filled with sore distress, While sin - ners all a - round  
 3. Dear Sav - iour, come with quick'ning pow'r, Thy mourning peo - ple cry ;  
 4. Once more let con - verts thron'g Thy house, And shouts of vic - 'try raise ;

The fields of Zi - on thirst for rain, Oh, send a gracious show'r.  
 Are press - ing on to end - less death, And no re - lief is found.  
 Sal - va - tion bring in mer - cy's hour, Nor let the sin - ner die.  
 Then shall our griefs be turned to joy, And sighs, to songs of praise.

# Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

S. F. SMITH.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

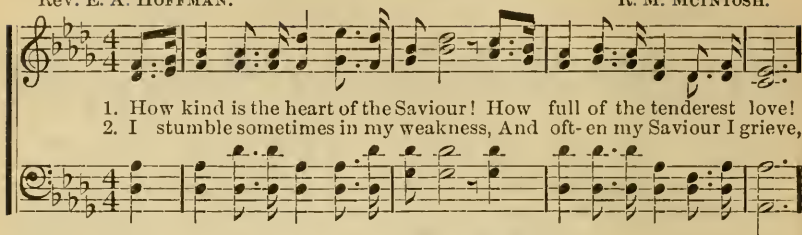
1. Spir - it of ho - liness, descend ; Thy people wait for Thee ; Thine ear, in  
 2. Thy light, that on our souls hath shone, Leads us in hope to Thee ; Let us not  
 3. O, bring our dearest friends to God ; Remember those we love ; Fit them, on  
 4. Spir - it of ho - liness, 'tis Thine To hear our feeble pray'r ; Come, —for we

kind compassion, lend ; Let us Thy mer - cy see, Let us Thy mer - cy see.  
 feel its rays a - lone—Alone Thy peo - ple be, Alone Thy peo - ple be.  
 earth, for Thine abode ; Fit them for joys a - bove, Fit them for joys a - bove.  
 wait Thy pow'r divine, —Let us Thy mer - cy share, Let us Thy mer - cy share.

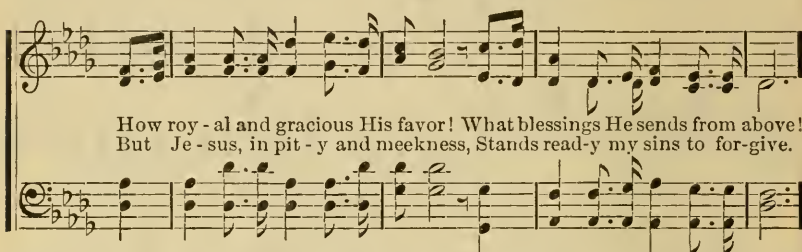
## The Wonderful Saviour.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

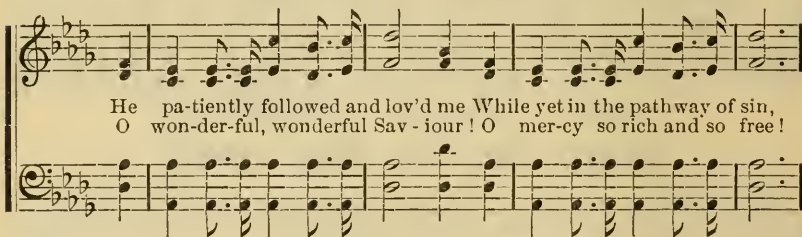
R. M. MCINTOSH.



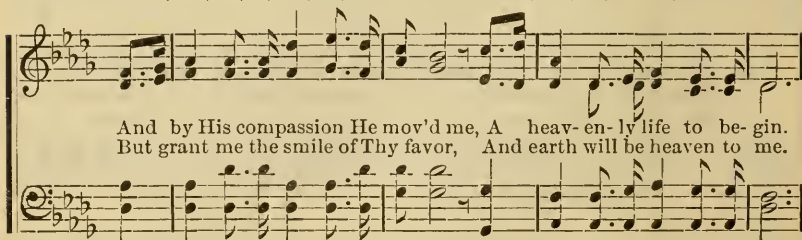
1. How kind is the heart of the Saviour! How full of the tenderest love!  
2. I stumble sometimes in my weakness, And oft-en my Saviour I grieve,



How roy-al and gracious His favor! What blessings He sends from above!  
But Je-sus, in pit-y and meekness, Stands read-y my sins to for-give.

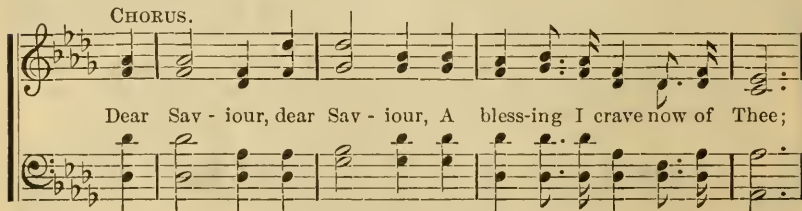


He pa-tiently followed and lov'd me While yet in the pathway of sin,  
O won-der-ful, wonderful Sav-iour! O mer-cy so rich and so free!



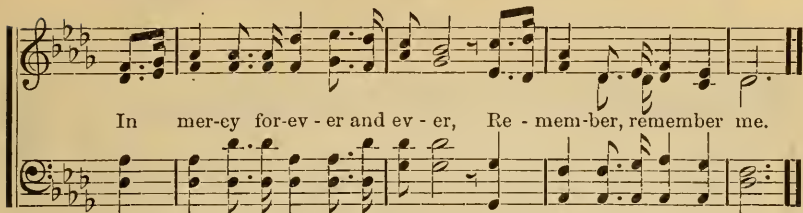
And by His compassion He mov'd me, A heav-en-ly life to be-gin.  
But grant me the smile of Thy favor, And earth will be heaven to me.

## CHORUS.



Dear Sav-iour, dear Sav-iour, A bless-ing I crave now of Thee;

# The Wonderful Saviour.—Concluded. 195

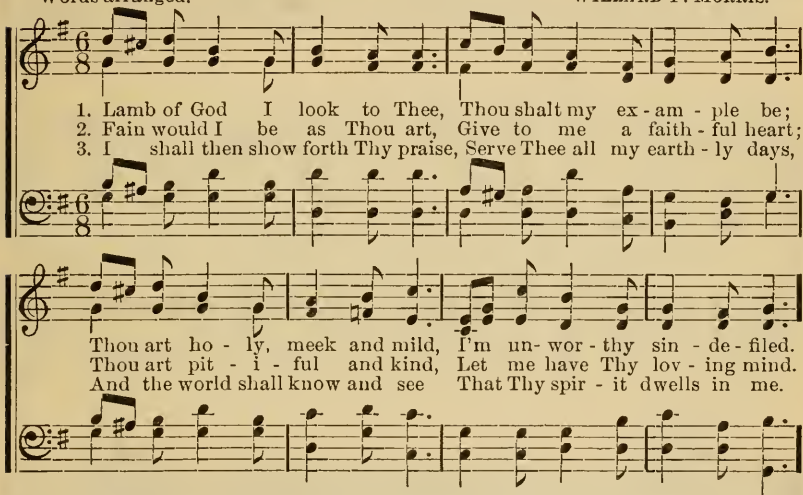


In mer-cy for-ev - er and ev - er, Re - mem-ber, remember me.

## Hold Me In Thy Care.

Words arranged.

WILLARD P. MORRIS.



1. Lamb of God I look to Thee, Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be;  
 2. Fain would I be as Thou art, Give to me a faith - ful heart;  
 3. I shall then show forth Thy praise, Serve Thee all my earth - ly days,

Thou art ho - ly, meek and mild, I'm un - wor - thy sin - de - filed.  
 Thou art pit - i - ful and kind, Let me have Thy lov - ing mind.  
 And the world shall know and see That Thy spir - it dwells in me.

### REFRAIN.



Hold..... me Sav - iour, In Thy lov - ing care,  
 Hold me, hold me Sav-iour dear,

Let me not be tempt - ed More than I can bear.

## Joy with Holy Angels.

LILLIAN RAINOR.

FRANK NIELSON.

1. There is joy with ho - ly an - gels When re - pent - ant souls they see,  
 2. There is joy with ho - ly an - gels When a soul in Christ be - lieves;  
 3. There is joy with ho - ly an - gels Thro' the shin - ing courts of heav'n,

When they hear the meek pe - ti - tion, "God be mer - ci - ful to me!"  
 When he bends in meek con - tri - tion, And for - giv - ing grace re - ceives.  
 Grate - ful praise and sweet thanksgiving, O'er each pen - i - tent for - giv'n.

## CHORUS.

Sweeter songs are nev - er chant - ed By en - rap - tured hosts a - bove,

Than o'er Je - sus wondrous conquests, Thro' His rich re - deem - ing love!



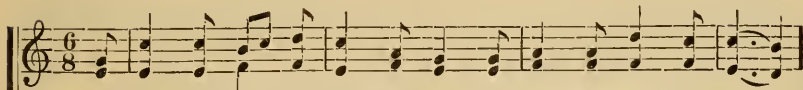
# What has Jesus Done for Me?

197


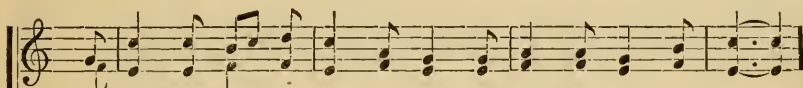
"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Romans 5: 8.

C. W. R.

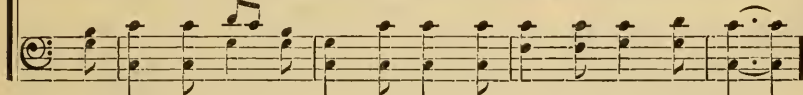
C. W. RAY.




1. O what hath Je - sus done for me, In proof of love di - vine?  
 2. O what hath Je - sus done for me, When I have sought His face?  
 3. O what hath Je - sus done for me, My life with bliss to crown?  
 4. O what hath Je - sus done for me, To save me from des - pair?

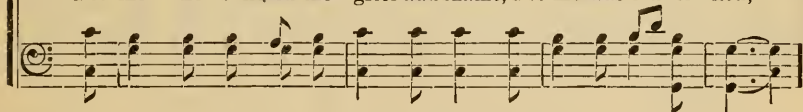

What hath He done to ran - som me, To save this soul of mine?  
 How quick to hear and an - swer pray'r, And grant His precious grace?  
 That at His wondrous feast of love, I may with Him sit down?  
 To seal me for the courts of heav'n, And make me wel - come there?



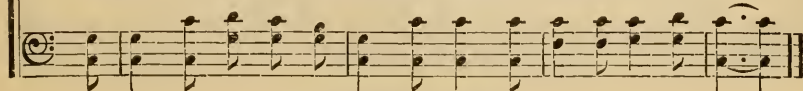
CHORUS.



For me He suffered the grief and shame, For me was cru - ci - fied;

Oh, glo - ry be to His pre - cious name! For me He bled and died.



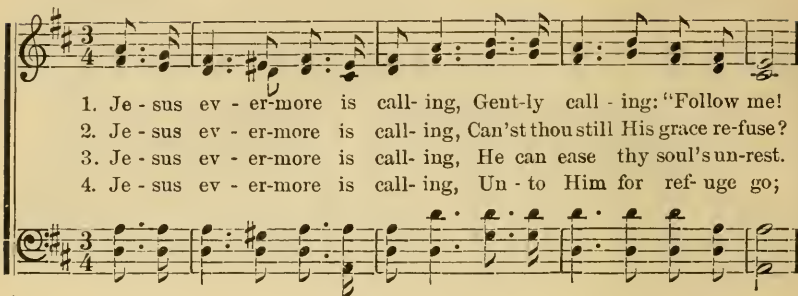


# Jesus Evermore is Calling.

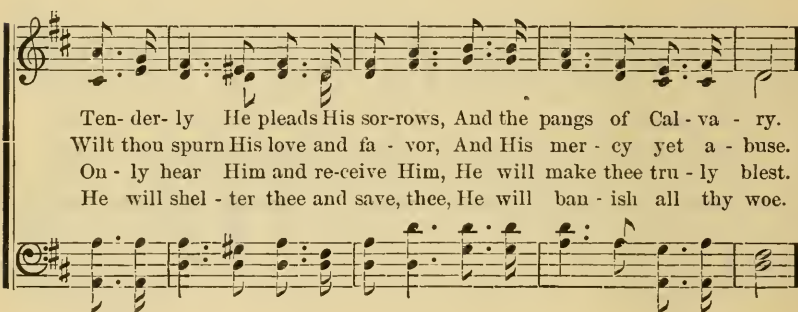
"And he said unto him, Follow me."—MAT. 9: 9.

C. W. RAY.

C. W. RAY.

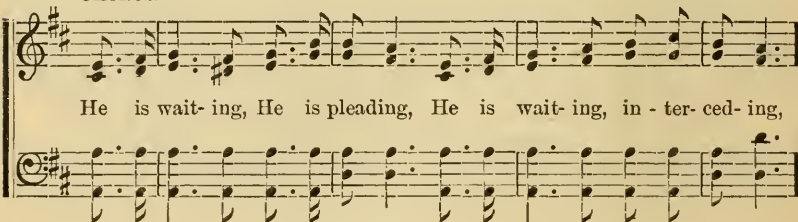


1. Je - sus ev - er-more is call - ing, Gent - ly call - ing: "Follow me!  
 2. Je - sus ev - er-more is call - ing, Can'st thou still His grace re - fuse?  
 3. Je - sus ev - er-more is call - ing, He can ease thy soul's un - rest.  
 4. Je - sus ev - er-more is call - ing, Un - to Him for ref - uge go;

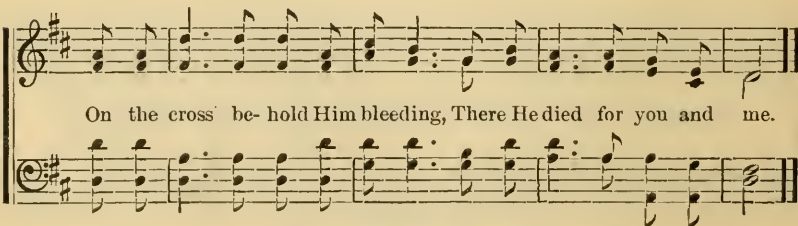


Ten - der - ly He pleads His sor - rows, And the pangs of Cal - va - ry.  
 Wilt thou spurn His love and fa - vor, And His mer - cy yet a - buse.  
 On - ly hear Him and re - ceive Him, He will make thee tru - ly blest.  
 He will shel - ter thee and save, thee, He will ban - ish all thy woe.

## CHORUS.



He is wait - ing, He is pleading, He is wait - ing, in - ter - ced - ing,



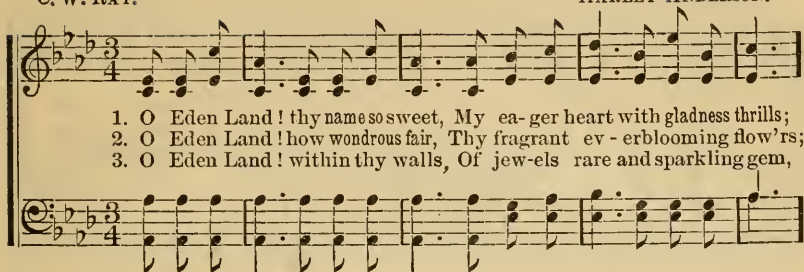
On the cross be - hold Him bleeding, There He died for you and me.

# Our Eden Land.

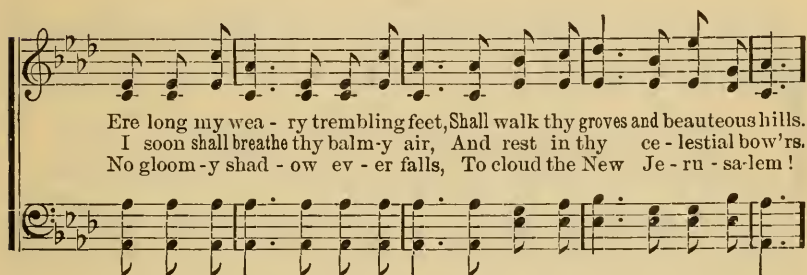
199

C. W. RAY.

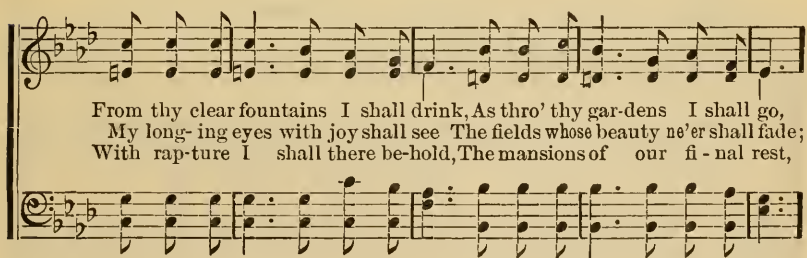
HARLEY ANDERSON.



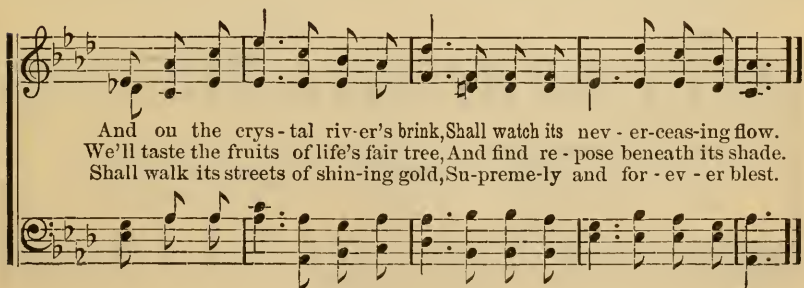
1. O Eden Land ! thy name so sweet, My ea-ger heart with gladness thrills;  
 2. O Eden Land ! how wondrous fair, Thy fragrant ev - er blooming flow'rs;  
 3. O Eden Land ! within thy walls, Of jew - els rare and sparkling gem,



Ere long my wea - ry trembling feet, Shall walk thy groves and beauteous hills.  
 I soon shall breathe thy balm-y air, And rest in thy ce - lestial bow'rs.  
 No gloom - y shad - ow ev - er falls, To cloud the New Je - ru - sa - lem !



From thy clear fountains I shall drink, As thro' thy gar - dens I shall go,  
 My long - ing eyes with joy shall see The fields whose beauty ne'er shall fade;  
 With rap - ture I shall there be - hold, The mansions of our fi - nal rest,

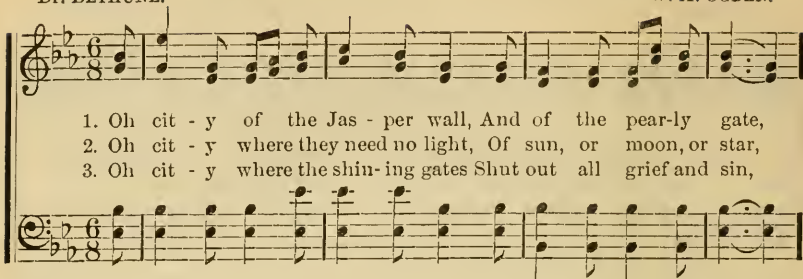


And on the crys - tal riv - er's brink, Shall watch its nev - er - ceas - ing flow.  
 We'll taste the fruits of life's fair tree, And find re - pose beneath its shade.  
 Shall walk its streets of shin - ing gold, Su - preme - ly and for - ev - er blest.

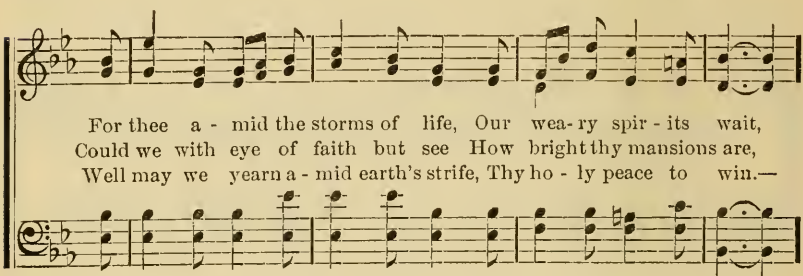
## City of the Jasper Wall.

Dr. BETHUNE.

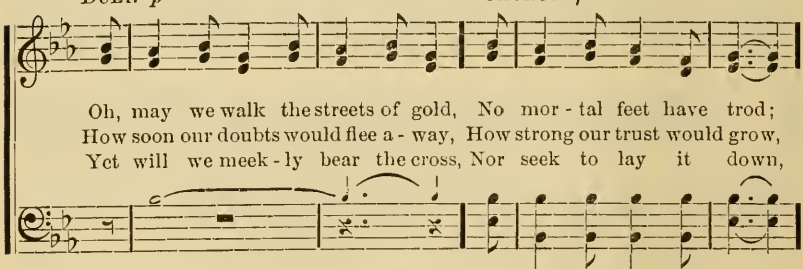
W. A. OGDEN.



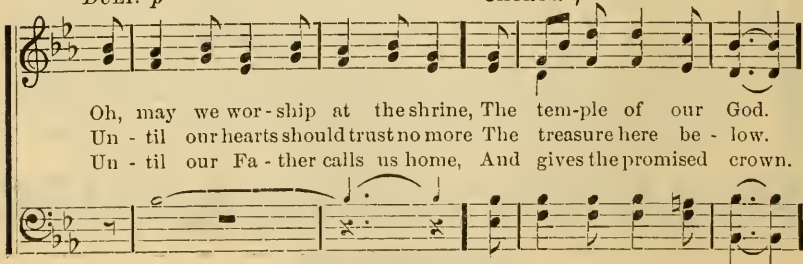
1. Oh cit - y of the Jas - per wall, And of the pear - ly gate,  
 2. Oh cit - y where they need no light, Of sun, or moon, or star,  
 3. Oh cit - y where the shin - ing gates Shut out all grief and sin,



For thee a - mid the storms of life, Our wea - ry spir - its wait,  
 Could we with eye of faith but see How bright thy mansions are,  
 Well may we yearn a - mid earth's strife, Thy ho - ly peace to win.—

DUET. *p*CHORUS. *f*


Oh, may we walk the streets of gold, No mor - tal feet have trod;  
 How soon our doubts would flee a - way, How strong our trust would grow,  
 Yet will we meek - ly bear the cross, Nor seek to lay it down,

DUET. *p*CHORUS. *f*


Oh, may we wor - ship at the shrine, The tem - ple of our God.  
 Un - til our hearts should trust no more The treasure here be - low.  
 Un - til our Fa - ther calls us home, And gives the promised crown.

# City of the Jasper Wall.—Concluded. 201

CHORUS.

Oh land..... of bliss,..... Oh land..... of light,.....  
 Oh land, oh land of bliss, Oh land, oh land of light,

Oh cit - y of the Jas - per wall, Oh land, for - ev - er bright!

## Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE.

S. WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where'er ye lan - guish, Come to the  
 2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the  
 3. Here see the bread of life; see waters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,  
 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure, Here speaks the Com - fort - er,  
 throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an - guish, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n cannot heal.  
 ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n cannot cure.  
 come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can remove.



# The Cross of Calvary.

"And he fell on his face and prayed, saying, O my Father if it be possible let this cup pass from me,"—MATT. 26: 39.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

1. In the gloomy gar - den of Geth-sem - a - ne An - gel watchers,  
 2. From the cit - y walls the watchers saw Him go,—O'er the rough and  
 3. On Gol-goth-a's height be - hold the blood-y tree, And the anxious

long a - go, Saw the Sav-iour weep-ing, and, on bend-ed knee,  
 dust - y road, Burdened with His cross, re - viled by cru-el foe,  
 watch-ers there; For the crowd that mocked His dy-ing ag - o - ny,

Sobbing out His bitter woe; He fore-saw the dreaded cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 Sinking 'neath the heavy load,—Toiling up the weary way to Cal - va - ry.  
 Fervent was my Saviour's prayer; Still I seem to hear His cry from Calva - ry.

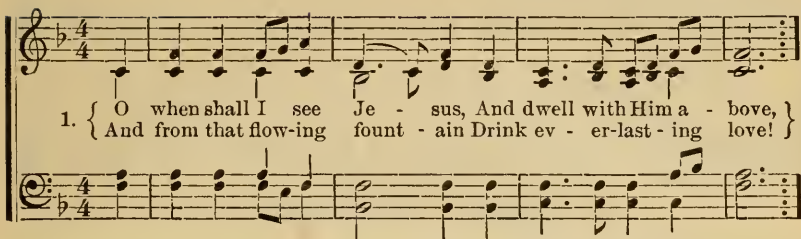
*Slower.* *Tempo.*  
 There my Lord was cruci - fied, There for me He bled and died; Flowing  
 from His thorn-pierc'd brow I ev-er seem to see The a - ton-ing crimson tide.



# When shall I see Jesus.

203

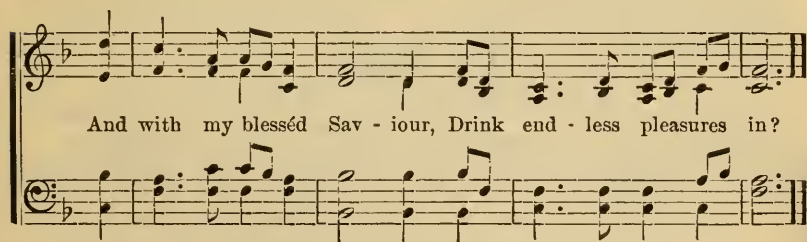
Arr. and Har. by C. W. RAY.



1. { O when shall I see Je - sus, And dwell with Him a - bove, }  
And from that flow-ing fount - ain Drink ev - er-last - ing love! }



When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin,



And with my blesséd Sav - iour, Drink end - less pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,  
My Captain's gone before;  
He's given me my orders,  
And bid me not give o'er.  
If I continue faithful,  
A righteous crown he'll give,  
And all His valiant soldiers  
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined  
To conquer though I die;  
And then away to Jesus  
On wings of love I'll fly.  
Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
I'll bid them all adieu;  
And O, my friends be faithful,  
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with trouble  
And trials on your way,  
Then cast your cares on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray;  
Gird on the heavenly armor  
Of faith and hope and love,  
And when the combat's ended,  
He'll carry you above.

5 And when the last loud trumpet  
Shall rend the vaulted skies,  
And bid the slumb'ring millions  
From their cold beds arise.  
Our ransom'd dust reviving,  
Bright glory shall put on,  
And soar to the blest mansions  
Where our Redeemer's gone.

## And Can it Be?

CHARLES WESLEY.

FINE.

1. { And can it be that I should gain An in-ter-est in the Saviour's blood? }  
 { Died He for me, who caused His pain? For me, who Him to death pursued? }

*D.C.*—A - maz - ing love! how can it be That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

A - maz - ing love! how can it be That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

2 He left the Father's throne above,—  
 So free, so infinite His grace!—  
 Emptied himself of all but love,  
 And bled for Adam's helpless race;  
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
 For, O my God, it found out me!

3 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,  
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
 Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,  
 I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:  
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
 I rose, henceforth to follow Thee.

## Go Work.

"The night cometh, when no man can work."—John 9: 4.

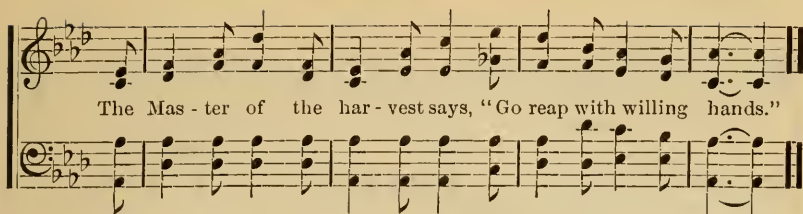
L. E. JONES.

JOHN R. BRYANT.

1. { Go work be - neath the glowing sun; The fields are white to-day; }  
 { Go forth, the har - vest is be - gun, The Mas - ter says, "a-way." }  
 2. { Go work, for shad - ows gath - er fast; The day will soon be done; }  
 { The time for la - bor will be past, When sets the evening sun. }  
 3. { Go work with pow - er from a - bove, The sheaves to garner in; }  
 { Go forth and tell the Saviour's love, Some precious soul to win. }

REFRAIN.

A - way! the grain a - waiting stands, A-way! go reap with willing hands,



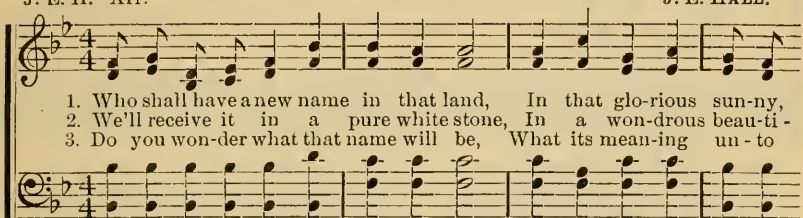
The Mas - ter of the har - vest says, "Go reap with willing hands."

## The New Name.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it,—Rev. 2: 17.

J. E. H. Arr.

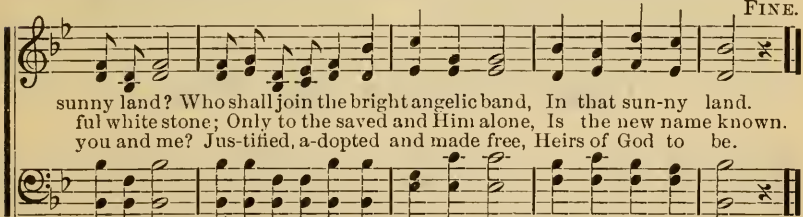
J. E. HALL.



1. Who shall have a new name in that land, In that glo-rious sun-ny,
2. We'll receive it in a pure white stone, In a won-drous beau-ti-
3. Do you won-der what that name will be, What its mean-ing un-to

Cho.—We shall have a new name in that land, In that glorious sun-ny,

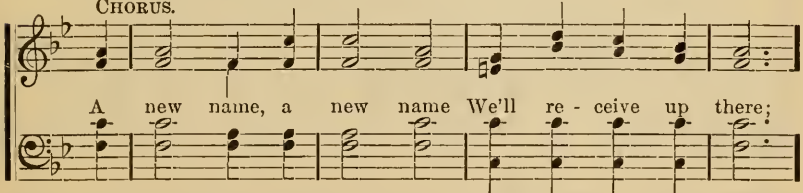
FINE.



sunny land? Who shall join the bright angelic band, In that sun-ny land.  
ful white stone; Only to the saved and Him alone, Is the new name known.  
you and me? Jus-tified, a-dopted and made free, Heirs of God to be.

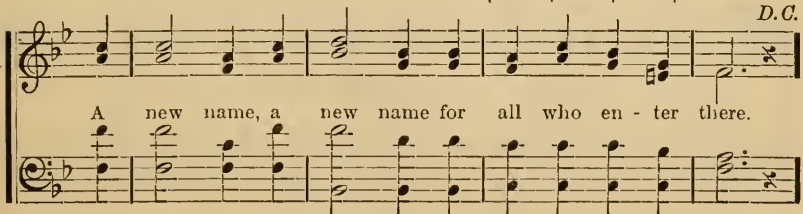
sunny land, When we join the bright angelic band, In that sun-ny land.

CHORUS.



A new name, a new name We'll re - ceive up there;

D. C.

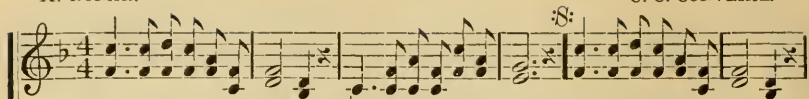


A new name, a new name for all who en - ter there.

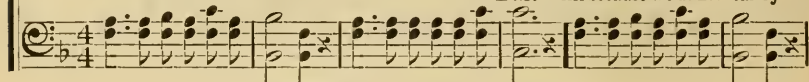
## What a Friend.

H. BONAR.

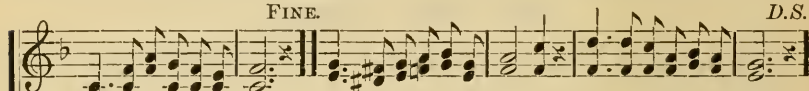
C. C. CONVERSE.



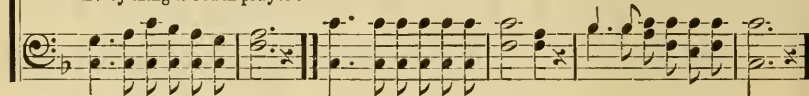
1. What a friend we have in Je-sus, All our griefs and sins to bear! What a privilege to car-ry  
*D.S.*—All because we do not car-ry



FINE.

*D.S.*

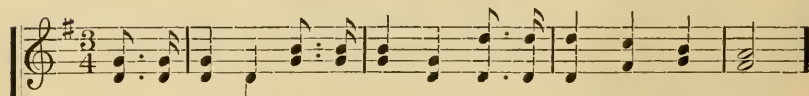
Ev'ry thing to God in prayer! Oh, what peace we often for-feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
 Ev'ry thing to God in prayer!



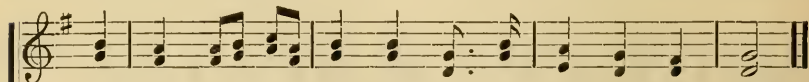
2 Have we trials and temptations?  
 Is there trouble anywhere?  
 We should never be discouraged,  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Can we find a friend so faithful,  
 Who will all our sorrows share?  
 Jesus knows our every weakness,  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
 Cumbered with a load of care?  
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

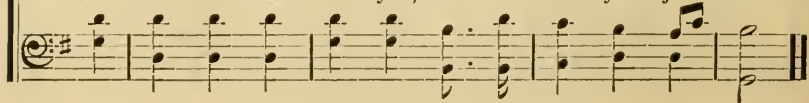
## Come to Jesus Just Now.



1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;  
 2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now;  
 3. Don't re - ject Him, don't re - ject Him, Don't re - ject Him just now; etc.  
 4. He is wait - ing, He is wait - ing, He is wait - ing just now; etc.  
 5. O be - lieve Him, O be - lieve Him, O be - lieve Him just now; etc.  
 6. On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him just now; etc.



Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.  
 Just now He will save you, He will save you just now.





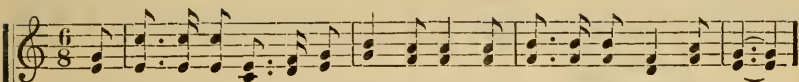
# Too Late, Too Late.

207

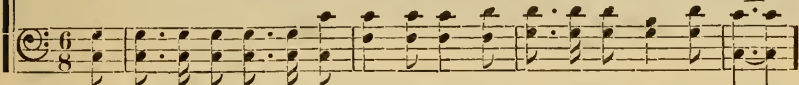
LILLIAN RAINOR.

MATT. 25: 10.

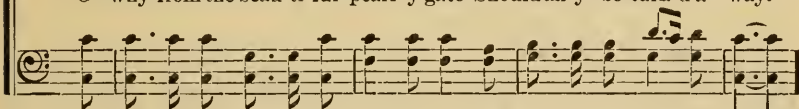
FRANK NIELSON.



1. Of whom shall it ev- er be said: "Too late," Too late for the mansions fair?
2. To whom shall it ev- er be said: "Too late," To en-ter thro' mer-cy's door;
3. To whom shall it ev- er be said: "Too late," Naught can for thee now avail!
4. O turn to the Saviour, no long-er wait; He ten-der-ly calls to - day,



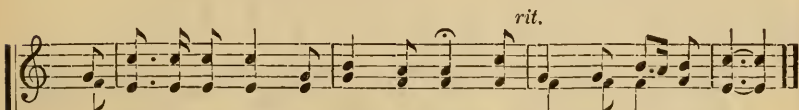
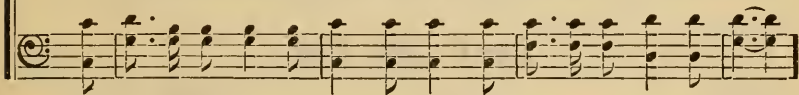
And whom shall we find at the pearl-y gate, Made meet for a welcome there?  
The Saviour no long-er for thee can wait, No ten-der-ly woo thee more.  
Once spurning thy Saviour and Ad- vocate, All else for thy help must fail.  
O why from the beau-ti-ful pearl-y gate Should an-y be turn'd a - way.



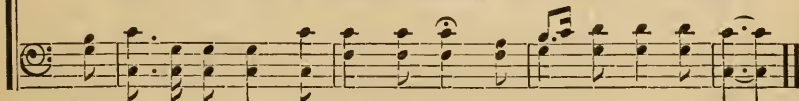
## CHORUS.



O do not de- lay, But while you may, In haste to the Saviour bow;



A - las! if thine ear, The words should hear, "Ye cannot en - ter now."

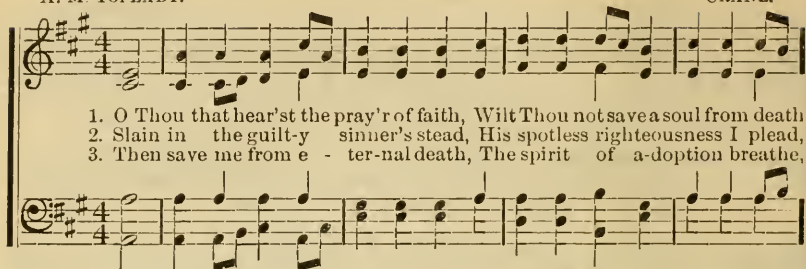




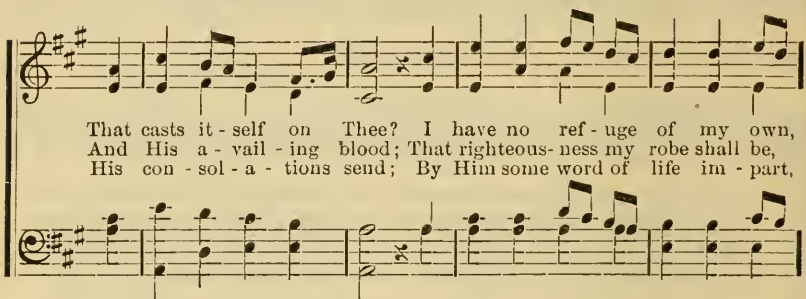
## His Spotless Righteousness.

A. M. TOPLADY.

CRANE.



1. O Thou that hear'st the pray'r of faith, Wilt Thou not save a soul from death  
 2. Slain in the guilt-y sinner's stead, His spotless righteousness I plead,  
 3. Then save me from e - ter-nal death, The spirit of a-doption breathe,



That casts it - self on Thee? I have no ref - uge of my own,  
 And His a - vail - ing blood; That righteous-ness my robe shall be,  
 His con - sol - a - tions send; By Him some word of life im - part,

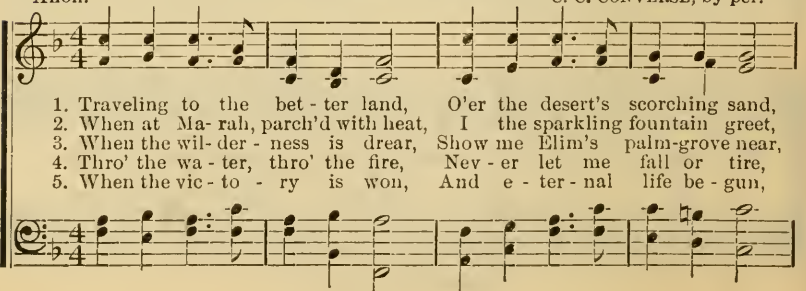


But fly to what my Lord hath done And suf - fer'd once for me.  
 That mer - it shall a - tone for me, And bring me near to God.  
 And sweetly whisper to my heart—"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

## Lead Me On.

Anon.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.



1. Traveling to the bet - ter land, O'er the desert's scorching sand,  
 2. When at Ma - rah, parch'd with heat, I the sparkling fountain greet,  
 3. When the wil - der - ness is drear, Show me Elim's palm-grove near,  
 4. Thro' the wa - ter, thro' the fire, Nev - er let me fall or tire,  
 5. When the vic - to - ry is won, And e - ter - nal life be - gun,

# Lead Me On.—Concluded.

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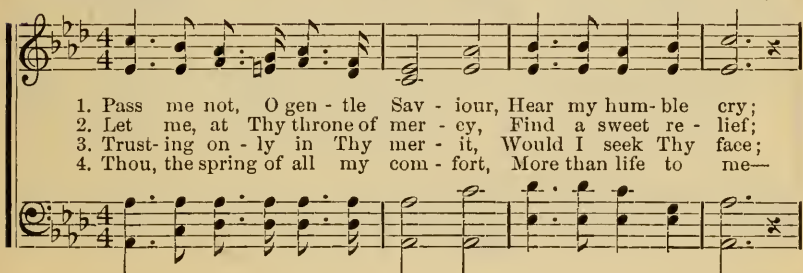


Fa - ther! let me grasp Thy hand, Lead me on, lead me on.  
 Make the bit - ter wa - ter sweet, Lead me on, lead me on.  
 And her wells, as crys - tal clear, Lead me on, lead me on.  
 Ev - 'ry step brings Ca - naan nigher, Lead me on, lead me on.  
 Up to glo - ry lead me on! Lead me on! lead me on!

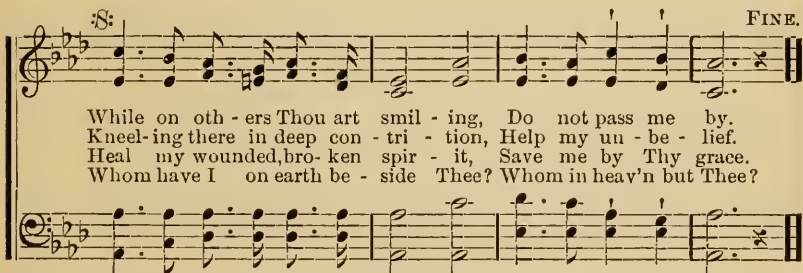
## Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;  
 2. Let me, at Thy throne of mer - cy, Find a sweet re - lief;  
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;  
 4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me—



While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.  
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.  
 Heal my wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.  
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

*D.S.*—While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

REFRAIN.

*D.S.*



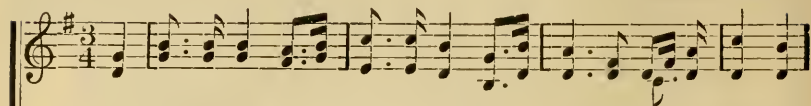
Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;

# I've Found a Friend.

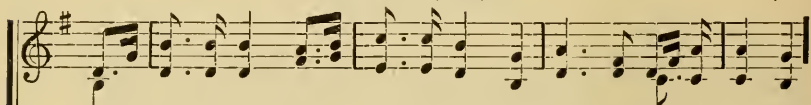
"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

Anon.

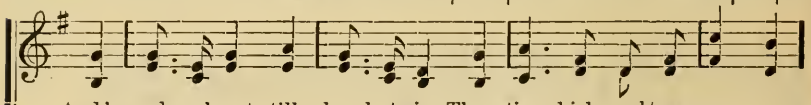
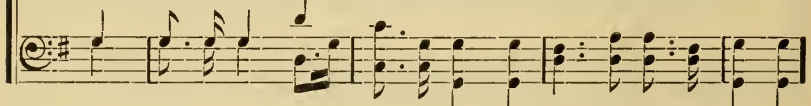
LYNN RYLAND.



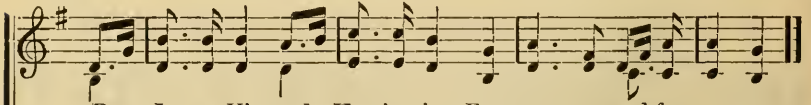
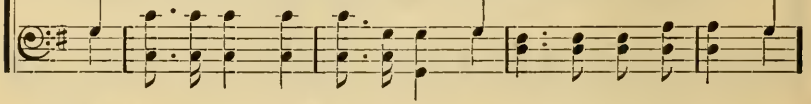
1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv-en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten-der,



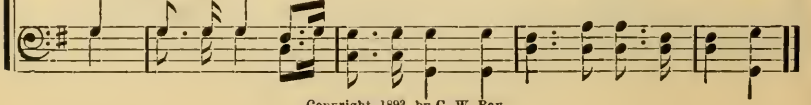
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.  
And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.  
To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heav-en.  
So wise a Coun-sel-lor and Guide, So might-y a De-fend-er!



And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,  
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv-er:  
Th'e-ter-nal glo-ries gleam a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or:  
From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev-er?



For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev-er, and for-ev-er.  
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev-er.  
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.  
Shall life, or death, or earth, or hell? No; I am His for-ev-er.

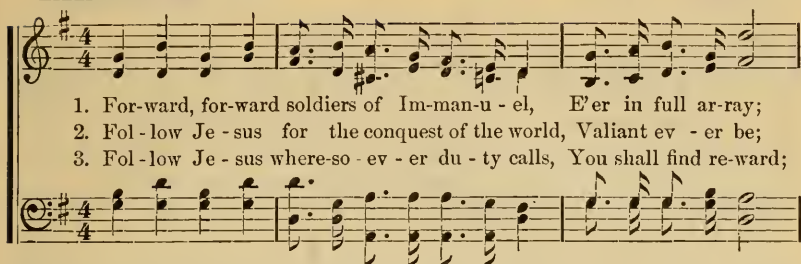


# Where He Leads the Way.

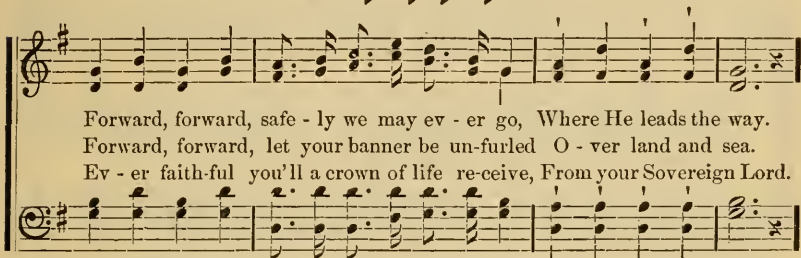
211

LILLIAN RAINOR.

C. W. RAY.

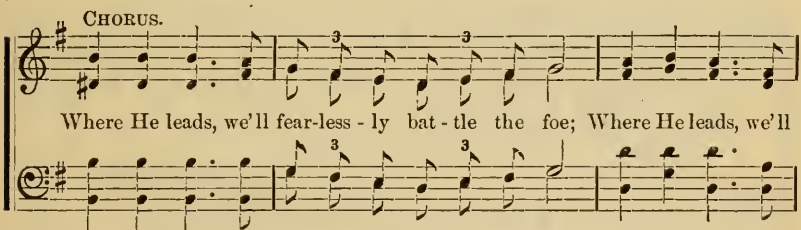


1. For-ward, for-ward soldiers of Im-man-u-el, E'er in full ar-ray;  
 2. Fol-low Je-sus for the conquest of the world, Valiant ev-er be;  
 3. Fol-low Je-sus where-so-ev-er du-ty calls, You shall find re-ward;

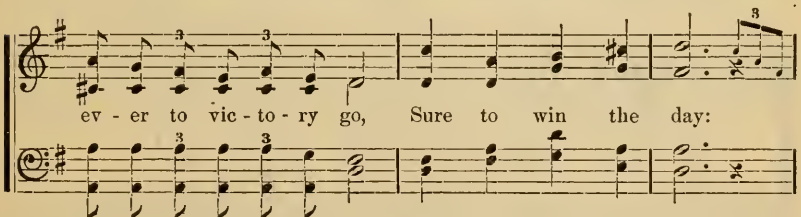


Forward, forward, safe-ly we may ev-er go, Where He leads the way.  
 Forward, forward, let your banner be un-furled O-ver land and sea.  
 Ev-er faith-ful you'll a crown of life re-ceive, From your Sovereign Lord.

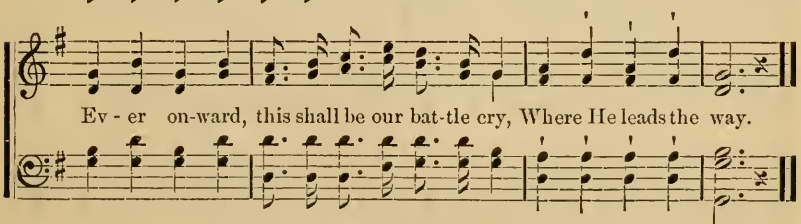
CHORUS.



Where He leads, we'll fear-less-ly bat-tle the foe; Where He leads, we'll



ev-er to vic-to-ry go, Sure to win the day:



Ev-er on-ward, this shall be our bat-tle cry, Where He leads the way.



## It Was for Me.

Arr. by GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. On the Cross of Cal - va - ry Je - sus died for you and me; There He  
 2. Oh, what wondrous, wondrous love Bro't me down at Je - sus' feet! Oh, such  
 3. Take me Je - sus, I am Thine, Wholly Thine for ev - ermore; Blessed  
 4. Clouds and darkness veil'd the skies When the Lord was cru - ci - fied, "It is

shed His precious blood, That from sin we might be free. Oh, the  
 wond - rous, dy - ing love Asks a sac - ri - fice com - plete, Here I  
 Je - sus, Thou art mine, Dwell with - in for - ev - er - more; Cleanse, oh,  
 fin - ished!" was His cry When He bow'd His head and died. It is

cleans - ing stream doth flow, And it wash - es white as snow. It was for  
 give my - self to Thee, Soul and bo - dy Thine to be; It was for  
 cleanse my heart from sin, Make and keep me pure with - in; It was for  
 fin - ish'd, it is finish'd; All the world may now go free; It was for

*F.* FINE. REFRAIN.  
*D.S.*—me that Je - sus died On the Cross of Cal - va - ry!  
 me Thy blood was shed On the Cross of Cal - va - ry!  
 this Thy blood was shed On the Cross of Cal - va - ry!  
 me that Je - sus died On the Cross of Cal - va - ry! It was for

*D. S.*  
 me, ..... For e - ven me; ..... It was for  
 It was for me, For e - ven me;

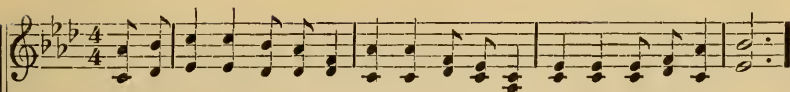


# In that Happy Land.

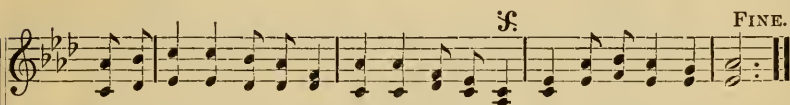
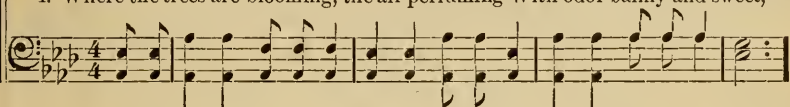
213

FANNY J. CROSBY.

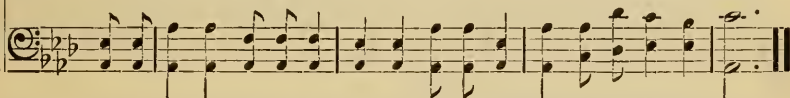
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When our march is dreary, and hearts are weary, O blessed promise di-vine,
2. In the bright to-morrow, where care and sorrow Like shadows vanish away,
3. When we see the morning the hills adorning In splendor, peaceful and bright,
4. Where the trees are blooming, the air perfuming With odor balmy and sweet,

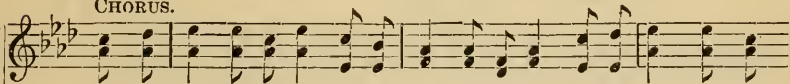


With the meek and lowly, the pure and holy, Like stars by and by we'll shine.  
 From our toil and tri-al and self-de-ni-al, We'll rest in e-ternal day.  
 Our Redeemer praising, our full hearts raising, Our faith will be lost in sight.  
 By the clear, cool river, no more to sever, Our friends we again shall meet.

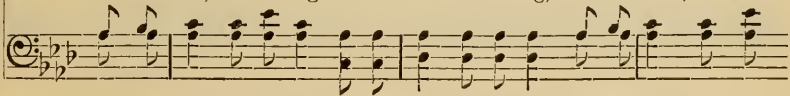


*D.S.*—In that happy land a-bove.

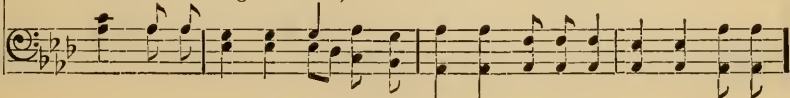
## CHORUS.



We will shout, we will sing at the feet of our King, We will shout, we will



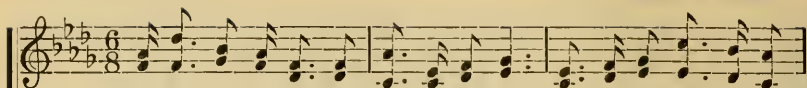
sing His love; We will tell the sto-ry of grace and glo-ry,  
 we will sing His love;



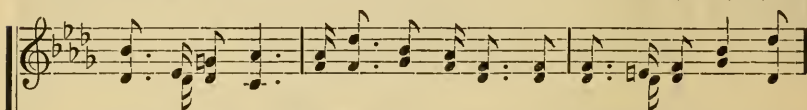
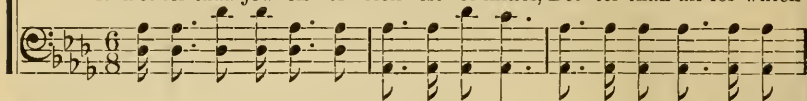
## Better Than All.

C. W. R.

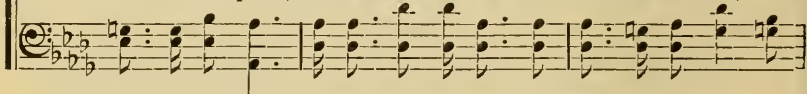
C. W. RAY.



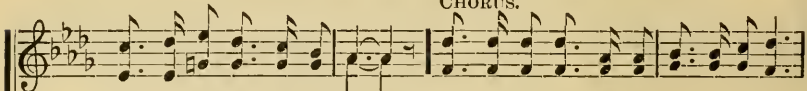
1. Bet-ter, far bet-ter than man-sions of ease; Bet-ter than all the proud
2. Bet-ter, far bet-ter than sil-ver or gold; Bet-ter than grandeur and
3. Bet-ter than jew-els or rich-est of mines, Bet-ter than all for which



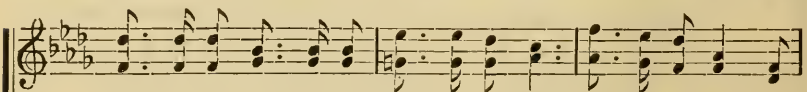
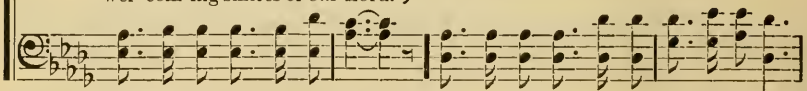
wealth of the seas; Bet-ter than con-quest of king-dom or throne The  
ti-tles un-told; Bet-ter than hon-ors and world-ly re-nown, That  
world-li-ness pines; Bet-ter than all that the world can af-ford, The



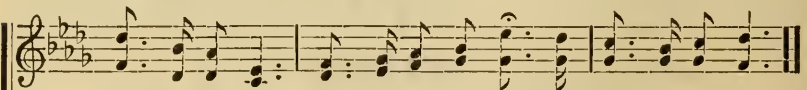
## CHORUS.



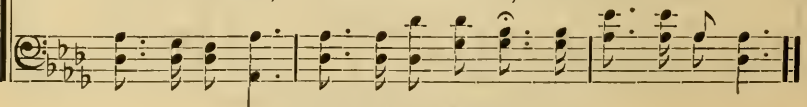
trust that our Saviour will own.  
Je-sus our la-bor will crown. } Soon from temptation my soul shall be free,  
wel-com-ing smiles of our Lord.



Soon His dear face in bright glo-ry I'll see; Saved from all sin, re-



deemed from the fall; This shall be bet-ter, far bet-ter than all.



# Nearer the Cross.

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"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,"—Gal. 6 : 14.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the  
 2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feasting my  
 3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where  
 soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Stronger in faith, more  
 love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of

Je - sus died, Near-er the fount-ain's crimson tide, Near-er my Sav-iour's  
 clear I see Je - sus who gave Him - self for me; Near-er to Him I  
 toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

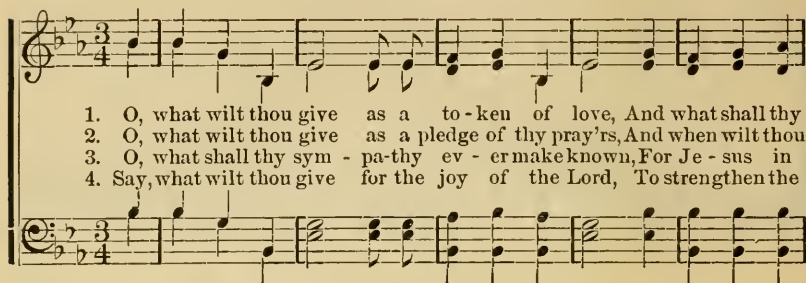
wounded side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.  
 still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.  
 soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

## O What Wilt Thou Give.

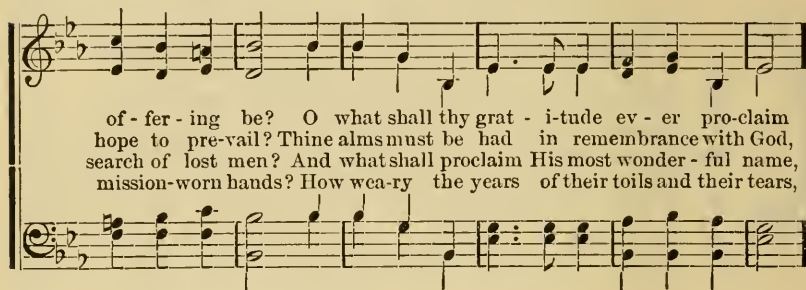
"Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God."—ACTS 10: 4.

C. W. RAY.

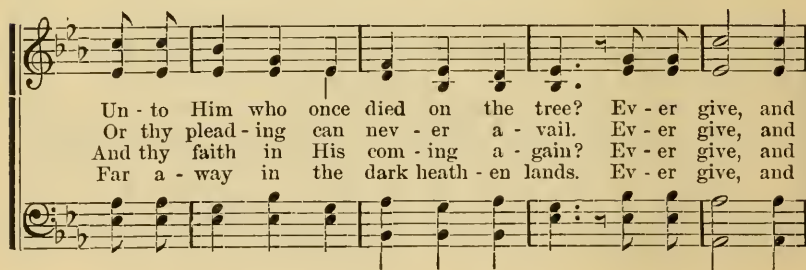
FRANK NIELSON.



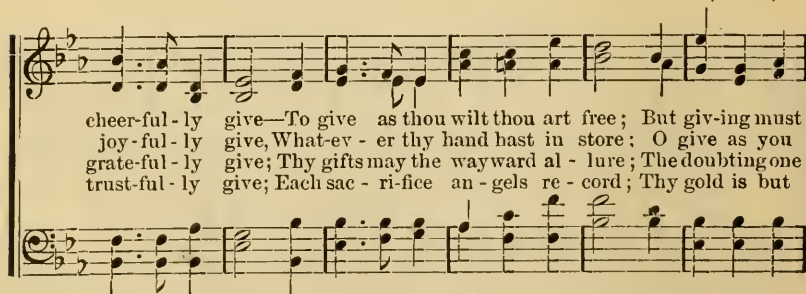
1. O, what wilt thou give as a to-ken of love, And what shall thy  
 2. O, what wilt thou give as a pledge of thy pray'rs, And when wilt thou  
 3. O, what shall thy sym - pa-thy ev - er make known, For Je - sus in  
 4. Say, what wilt thou give for the joy of the Lord, To strengthen the



of - fer - ing be? O what shall thy grat - i-tude ev - er pro-claim  
 hope to pre-vail? Thine alms must be had in remembrance with God,  
 search of lost men? And what shall proclaim His most wonder - ful name,  
 mission-worn hands? How wea-ry the years of their toils and their tears,



Un - to Him who once died on the tree? Ev - er give, and  
 Or thy plead - ing can nev - er a - vail. Ev - er give, and  
 And thy faith in His com - ing a - gain? Ev - er give, and  
 Far a - way in the dark heath - en lands. Ev - er give, and



cheer-ful - ly give—To give as thou wilt thou art free; But giv-ing must  
 joy-ful - ly give, What-ev - er thy hand hast in store; O give as you  
 grate-ful - ly give; Thy gifts may the wayward al - lure; The doubting one  
 trust-ful - ly give; Each sac - ri-fice an - gels re - cord; Thy gold is but

# O What Wilt Thou Give.—Concluded. 217

prove the test of thy love For Him who once suffered for thee.  
 pray, nor cold - ly say nay, Lest hun - gry ones starve at thy door.  
 heeds, not words, but good deeds, And help for the help-less and poor.  
 dross, with-hold - ing is loss, But giv - ing shall find its re - ward.

## Jesus Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;  
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou caust hush the o - cean wild;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock, and treach'rous shoal;  
 Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
 Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass come from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 Wondrous Sov'-reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



## I'm Redeemed.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

1. I'm re-deemed by Je - sus blood, By the precious crimson flood, From  
 2. He for me hath bled and died, He for me was cru - ci - fied, He  
 3. Now as Ad - vo - cate a - bove, In His maj - es - ty and love, For

sin, from death and the grave; And my wea - ry sin - sick soul He hath  
 bore my guilt and my shame; All my sins on Him were laid, And my  
 me He ev - er doth plead; He can nev - er, nev - er fail, For His

cleans'd, and made me whole, He lives the Might - y one to save.  
 ran - som price He paid, All glo - ry to His bless - ed Name.  
 blood it must a - vail, In all my deep and sor - est need.

## REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah to His Name, Let the world His love pro - claim,

That a sinner may His grace and glory share, When I stand before the throne,

He will claim me for His own, He will make me wel-come there.

## Prayer and Praise.

Italian Hymn.

1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing,  
 2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword,  
 3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear  
 4. To the great One and Three E-ter-nal prais-es be.

Help us to praise! Fa-ther all glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-  
 Our pray'r at-tend: Come, and Thy peo-ple bless, And give Thy  
 In this glad hour: Thou who al-might-y art, Now rule in  
 Hence-ev-er-more! His sovereign ma-jes-ty May we in

to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days.  
 word success; Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend!  
 ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of power!  
 glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty, Love and a-dore.

# Ye Shall be Witnesses.

"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you,  
and ye shall be witnesses unto me."—Acts 1: 8.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

1. "Ye shall be wit-ness-es un - to me;" Said our dear as - cended Lord;  
2. What have you seen of the Saviour's pow'r, Or of His a - bounding grace;  
3. What do you know of His changeless love? Love that never can be told;  
4. What have you heard of His gracious call? Of His mighty pow'r to save;

Wondrous the vic - to-ries we may see; Thro' the wit - ness of His word.  
What is your hope for the com-ing hour, When we all shall see His face?  
What have you heard of the rest a - bove, In His beauteous heav'nly fold?  
Or of the greetings a - wait-ing all, In that home be - yond the grave.

## CHORUS.

Ye are my witnesses saith the Saviour, Trust to my promise and faithful be;

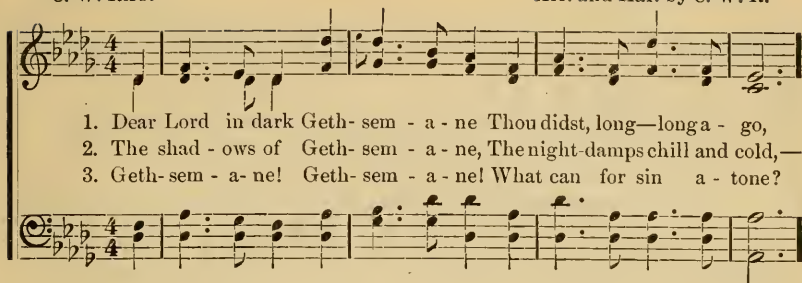
Trust to my fa - vor and do not fal-ter, Trust to my love and fol - low me.

# Gethsemane.

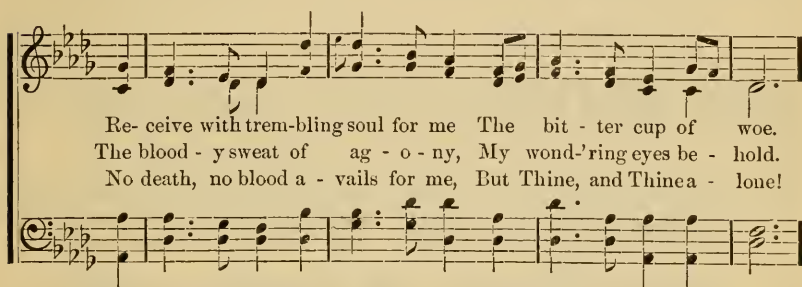
221

C. W. RAY.

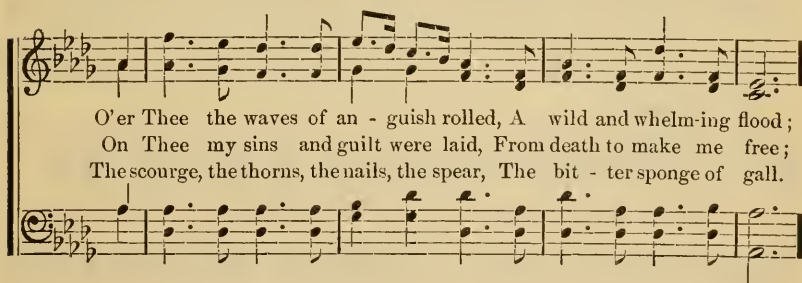
Arr. and Har. by C. W. R.



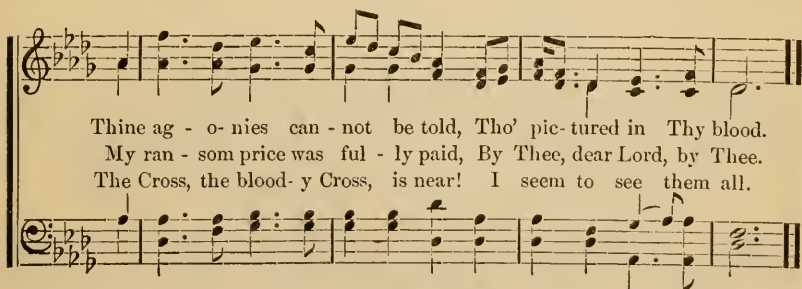
1. Dear Lord in dark Geth- sem - a - ne Thou didst, long—long a - go,  
 2. The shad - ows of Geth- sem - a - ne, The night-damps chill and cold,—  
 3. Geth- sem - a - ne! Geth- sem - a - ne! What can for sin a - tone?



Re- ceive with trem- bling soul for me The bit - ter cup of woe.  
 The blood - y sweat of ag - o - ny, My wond'- ring eyes be - hold.  
 No death, no blood a - vails for me, But Thine, and Thine a - lone!



O'er Thee the waves of an - guish rolled, A wild and whelm- ing flood;  
 On Thee my sins and guilt were laid, From death to make me free;  
 The scourge, the thorns, the nails, the spear, The bit - ter sponge of gall.



Thine ag - o - nies can - not be told, Tho' pic - tured in Thy blood.  
 My ran - som price was ful - ly paid, By Thee, dear Lord, by Thee.  
 The Cross, the blood - y Cross, is near! I seem to see them all.

# Eyes That Are Weary.

W. H. GARDNER, Arr.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Eyes that are wea-ry with watching, Hearts that are heavy with pain,  
 2. Eyes that are wea-ry with watching, Day-light is dawning at last;  
 3. Eyes that are wea-ry with watching, Je - sus is com-ing in night;  
 4. Ye that are wea-ry with watching, Join in the glo - ri - ous song!

Ye may be freed from your burdens, Cherished hopes blossom a - gain.  
 Soon the dark clouds will blow over, Soon the wild tempest be passed.  
 Thousands shall hasten to meet Him, Hail - ing their King with de-light.  
 Hail Him, your Lord and your Master, Fol - low the sanc - ti - fied throng.

## REFRAIN.

Wea - ry eyes, O weep no more, Je - sus comes to dry each tear,

He is wait - ing at the threshold, Will you bid Him en - ter here?

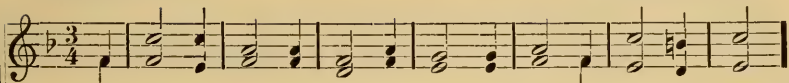


# The Awful Coming Day.

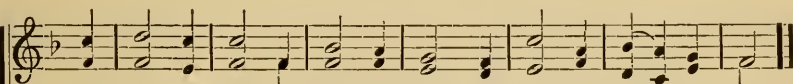
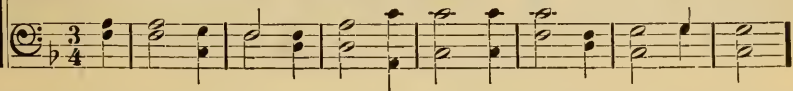
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ISAAC WATTS.

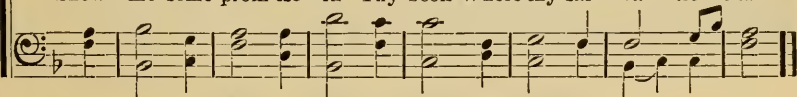
AARON WILLIAMS.



1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th'appointed hour makes haste,
2. Thou love - ly Chief of all my joys, Thou Sovereign of my heart,
3. O, wretched state of deep de - spair, To see my God re - move,
4. O, tell me that my worthless name Is grav - en on Thy hands;



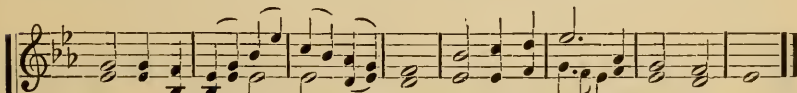
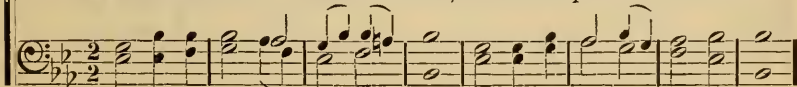
When I must stand be - fore my Judge And pass the sol - emn test.  
How could I bear to hear Thy voice Pronounce the sound, "De-part!"  
And fix my dread - ful sta - tion where I must not taste His love!  
Show me some prom - ise in Thy book Where my sal - va - tion stands.



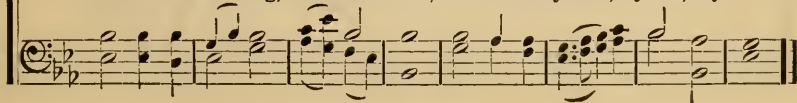
## When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small:



My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.  
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.



# The Holy Spirit Sought.

T. B. POLLOCK.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Spir - it blest, who art a - dored With the Fa - ther and the Word,  
 2. Spir - it, show - ing us the way, Warning when we go a - stray,  
 3. Spir - it, strength, of all the weak, Giv - ing cour - age to the meek,  
 4. Spir - it, guid - ing to the right, Spir - it mak - ing dark - ness light,

One e - ter - nal God and Lord—Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.  
 Plead - ing in us when we pray—Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.  
 Teach - ing falt'ring tongues to speak—Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.  
 Spir - it of re - sist - less might—Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.

## Lord, Remember Me.

"And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."—Luke, 23: 42.

THOS. HAWEIS,

JNO. RANDALL.

1. O Thou from whom all good - ness flows, I lift my soul to Thee;  
 2. When, with an achi - ing, burden'd heart, I seek re - lief of Thee,  
 3. When tri - als sore ob - struct my way, And ills I can - not flee,  
 4. If, for Thy sake, up - on my name Reproach and shame shall be,  
 5. When, in the sol - emn hour of death, I wait Thy just de - cree,

In all my sor - rows, con - flicts, woes, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.  
 My par - don speak, new peace im - part; O Lord, re - mem - ber me.  
 Then let my strength be as my day; O Lord, re - mem - ber me.  
 I'll hail re - proach, and wel - come shame; O Lord, re - mem - ber me.  
 Be this the pray'r of my last breath,—O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

## Lord, Remember Me.—Concluded. 225

O Lord, re - mem - ber me, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

## The King's Highway.

"And an highway shall be there and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness."—Isa. 35 : 8.

JOHN CENNICK.

J. COLES.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone,—He, whom I fix my hopes up - on ;  
 2. This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not ;  
 3. Lo ! glad I come ! and Thou, dear Lamb, Shalt take me to Thee as I am !

**FINE.**

His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar - row way till Him I view.  
 My grief, my bur - den long has been, Be - cause I could not cease from sin.  
 My sin - ful self to Thee I give : Nothing but love shall I re - ceive.

*D. S.*—The King's highway of ho - li - ness—I'll go, for all His paths are peace.  
*D. S.*—Till late I heard my Sav-iour say, "Come hither, soul, I am the way."  
*D. S.*—I'll point to Thy re-deem-ing blood, And say—Behold the way to God.

*D. S.*

The way the ho - ly prophets went—The way that leads from banishment—  
 The more I strove a - gainst its pow'r, I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ;  
 Then will I tell to sin - ners round What a dear Saviour I have found ;

## Deeper Yet.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be  
 2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more  
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Follow-ing Him each day; What I ask  
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

## CHORUS.

free from dross Still I would en - ter in.  
 of His pow'r Ev - er my pray'r would be.  
 He will give, So then with faith I pray. } Deep-er yet, deep-er yet,  
 I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.

In- to the crimson flood; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.

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## Jesus, I Live to Thee.

"Whether we live therefore or die we are the Lord's."—Rom. 14 : 8.

HENRY HARBAUGH.

BEETHOVEN.

1. Je - sus, I live to Thee, The love - li - est and best;  
 2. Je - sus, I die to Thee, When - ev - er death shall come;  
 3. Wheth-er to live or die, I know not which is best;  
 4. Liv - ing or dy - ing, Lord, I ask to be but Thine;

My life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest.  
 To die in Thee is life to me, In my e - ter - nal home.  
 To live in Thee is bliss to me, To die is end - less rest.  
 My life in Thee, Thy life in me, Makes heav'n forev - er mine.



# My Jesus, I Love Thee.

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London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the  
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my  
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the  
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies  
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou,  
 thorns on Thy brow;  
 cold on my brow;  
 crown on my brow;  
 If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

## Nearer, My God, to Thee.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me;  
 Still all my song shall be—  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,  
 Daylight all gone,  
 Darkness be over me,  
 My rest a stone;  
 Yet, in my dreams I'd be—  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,  
 Steps unto heaven;  
 All that Thou sendest me,  
 In mercy given;  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—  
 Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs,  
 Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Nearer to Thee!

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS.



## Take My Life and Let It Be.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

HANDEL.

1. Take my life and let it be Con-sac-rated, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and  
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee; Take my voice and  
 3. Take my lips and let them be Filled with messages from Thee; Take my silver  
 4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise; Take my intel-  
 5. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no longer mine: Take my heart, it  
 6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its rich-est store, Take myself, and

let them move At the impulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.  
 let me sing, Always, on-ly for my King, Always on-ly for my King.  
 and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.  
 lect and use Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.  
 is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.  
 I will be Ev-er, on-ly, all for Thee, Ev-er, on-ly, all for Thee.

## My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

"Not my will, but thine, be done."—Luke 22: 42.

Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy  
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my  
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt, All shall be well for me; Each changing

hand of love I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,  
 star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap - pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept,  
 fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee; Straight to my home a - bove

# My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.—Concluded. 229

*Rit.*

Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.  
And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.  
I travel calm-ly on, And sing in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done.

## Beneath the Blood.

CHAPIN.

1. Here at Thy cross, in-car-nate God, I lay my soul be-neath Thy love,  
2. Tho' worlds conspire to drive me thence, Unmov'd and firm this heart shall lie;  
3. But speak, my Lord, and calm my fears; Am I not safe beneath Thy shade?  
4. Yes, I'm se-cure beneath Thy blood, And all my foes shall lose their aim,

Be-neath the droppings of Thy blood, Nor shall it, Je-sus, e'er re-move.  
Resolved,—for that's my last defence,—If I must per-ish, there to die.  
Thy justice will not strike me here, Nor Sa-tan dare my soul in-vade.  
Ho-san-na to my Saviour God, And my best hon-ors to His name.

## O God, be Merciful to Me!

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 With broken heart and contrite sigh,<br/>A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;<br/>Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:<br/>O God, be merciful to me!</p>  | <p>3 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,<br/>Can for a single sin atone;<br/>To Calvary alone I flee:<br/>O God, be merciful to me!</p>                     |
| <p>2 I smite upon my troubled breast,<br/>With deep and conscious guilt oppress'd;<br/>Christ and His cross my only plea:<br/>O God, be merciful to me!</p> | <p>4 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,<br/>With all the ransomed throng I dwell,<br/>My raptured song shall ever be,<br/>God has been merciful to me!</p> |

## The Voice of Free Grace.

DR. CLARKE.

1. The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain; For Adam's lost  
 2. Ye souls that are wounded, O flee to the Sav-iour! He calls you in  
 3. O Je-sus, ride on, tri-umph-ant-ly glorious; O'er sin, death, and

race Christ has o-pen-ed a fount-ain: For sin and un-cleanness,  
 mercy, 'tis in-fin-ite fa-vor! Your sins are in-creas-ing;  
 hell, thou art more than vic-to-rious; Thy name brings re-joic-ing

and for ev-ry transgression, His blood flows most free-ly in  
 es-cape to the mountain; That blood can re-move them, which  
 to the great con-gre-ga-tion, While an-gels in heav-en raise the

*D. S.*—We'll praise Him for-ev-er, When we  
 FINE.

streams of salvation, His blood flows most freely in streams of sal-va-tion.  
 flows from the fountain, That blood can remove them, which flows from the fountain.  
 shout of salvation: While angels in heaven raise the shout of sal-va-tion:

pass over Jordan; We'll praise Him forever, When we pass o-ver Jor-dan;

CHORUS.

*D. S.*


Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, He hath purchased our par-don.

# Angels Roll Away the Stone.

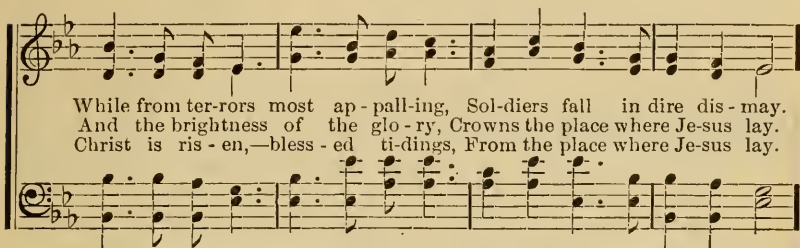
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C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

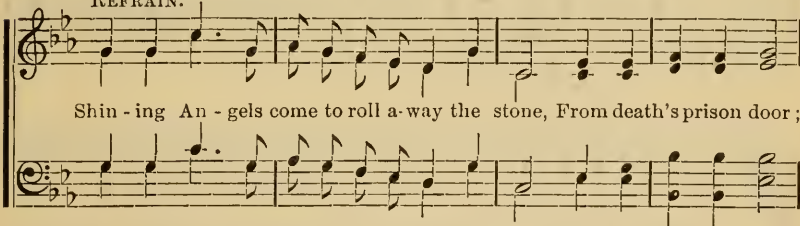


1. Lo! what wondrous light is fall-ing, O'er the place where Je-sus lay;  
 2. O'er Gol-goth-a's gloom-y shadows, O - pen wide the gates of day;  
 3. From the emp-ty tomb for-sak-en, Loved ones bear the news a-way;

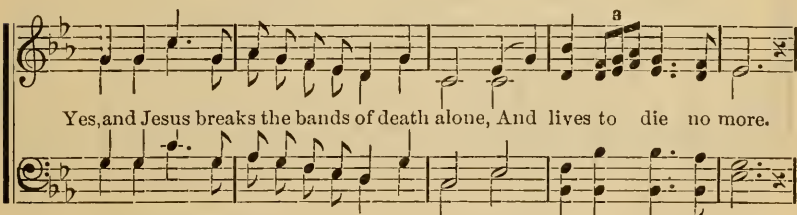


While from ter-rors most ap-pall-ing, Sol-diers fall in dire dis-may.  
 And the brightness of the glo-ry, Crowns the place where Je-sus lay.  
 Christ is ris-en,—bless-ed ti-dings, From the place where Je-sus lay.

## REFRAIN.

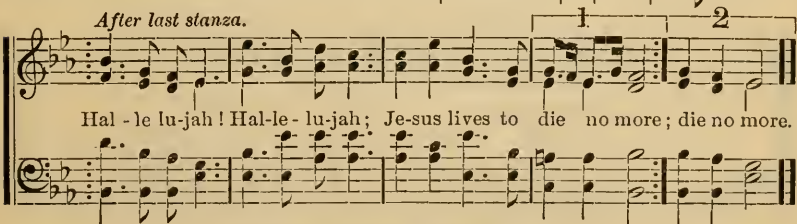


Shin-ing An-gels come to roll a-way the stone, From death's prison door;



Yes, and Jesus breaks the bands of death alone, And lives to die no more.

## After last stanza.



Hal-le lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah; Je-sus lives to die no more; die no more.



## I'll Be There.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. When the roll is call'd in heav'n, And to vic-tors shall be giv'n  
 2. I'll be there, re-deem'd and free, In that ho-ly com-pa-ny,  
 3. I'll be there a-mong the blest, To en-joy the heav'nly rest,

The re-wards of faith-ful serv-ice here, Free from sin and free from blame,  
 That shall gather 'round the Savionr's throne, When responding to His call,  
 And to share the glo-ry fair and bright, Shar-ing joys which never cease,

I shall an-swer to my name, And a-mong the glo-ri-fied ap-pear.  
 Low be-fore His feet they fall, And He crown them ever-more His own.  
 Fill'd with sweet a-bid-ing peace, In the pal-a-ces of gold-en light.

## CHORUS.

I'll be there,..... yes, I'll be there,  
 I'll be there, yes, I'll be there,



# I'll Be There.—Concluded.

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In that land..... so bright and fair;.....  
In that land so bright and fair;

When all the saved,..... a hap - py band,.....  
When all the saved, a hap - py band,

Be - fore the throne..... of Christ shall  
Be - fore the throne,

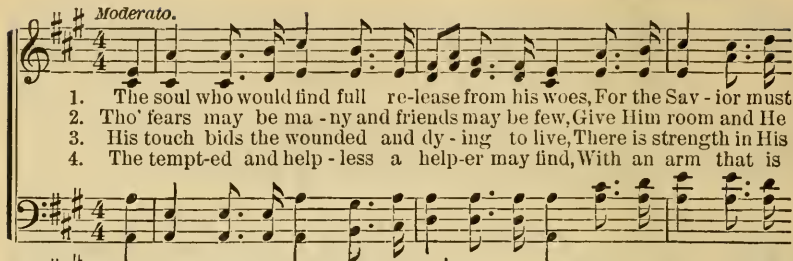
stand..... At home in dear..... Im-manuel's  
A hap - py band At home in dear

land,.... Yes, I'll be there, yes, I'll be there.  
Im-man - uel's land,

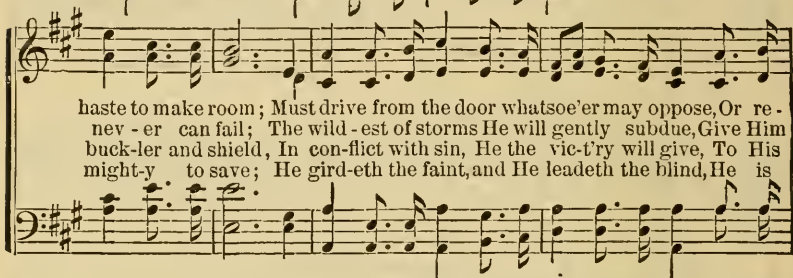
# Make Room for Jesus.

C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

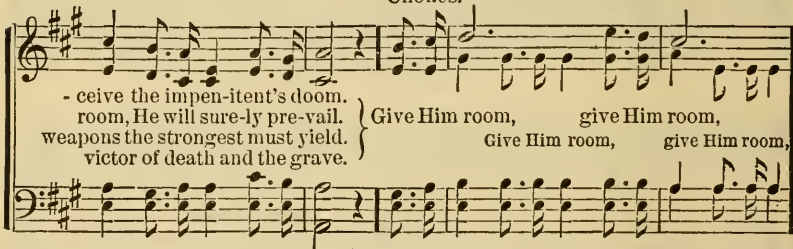
*Moderato.*


1. The soul who would find full re-lease from his woes, For the Sav - ior must  
 2. Tho' fears may be ma - ny and friends may be few, Give Him room and He  
 3. His touch bids the wounded and dy - ing to live, There is strength in His  
 4. The tempt-ed and help - less a help-er may find, With an arm that is

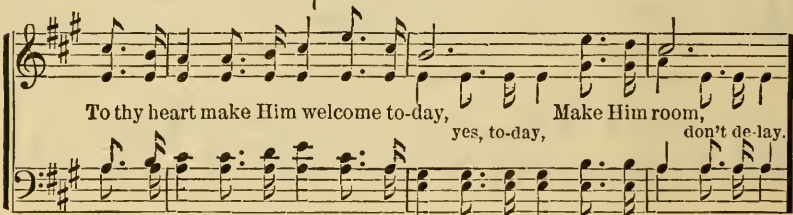


haste to make room; Must drive from the door whatsoe'er may oppose, Or re -  
 nev - er can fail; The wild - est of storms He will gently subdue, Give Him  
 buck-ler and shield, In con-flict with sin, He the vic-t'ry will give, To His  
 might-y to save; He gird-eth the faint, and He leadeth the blind, He is

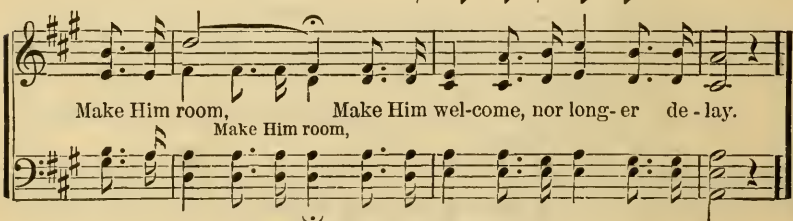
## CHORUS.



- ceive the impen-itent's doom.  
 room, He will sure-ly pre-vail. } Give Him room, give Him room,  
 weapons the strongest must yield. } Give Him room, give Him room,  
 victor of death and the grave.



To thy heart make Him welcome to-day, Make Him room, don't de-lay.  
 yes, to-day,




Make Him room, Make Him wel-come, nor long-er de-lay.  
 Make Him room,

# Open Wide the Gates.


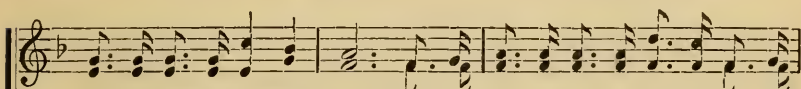
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C. A. M.

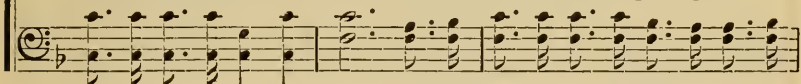
C. AUSTIN MILES.



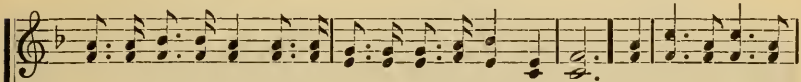
1. Je - sus Christ my pardon purchased when He died on Cal- va- ry, From the  
 2. When I trust in Him completely, and am free from doubts and fears, And my  
 3. When my eyesshall close for-ev - er on the scenes of mor-tal life; When my

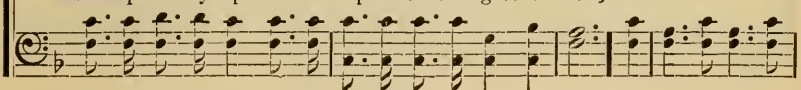

pow'r of sin He set me free; By His life so free-ly offered, by the  
 soul is stripped of all but love, I'll be read-y for His coming, let it  
 earth-ly house shall cease to be; Then, from toil and troub-le passing, with His



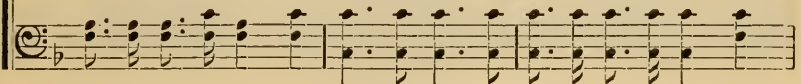
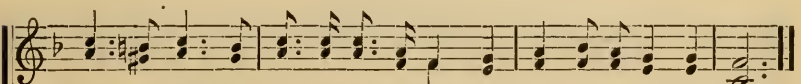
## CHORUS.



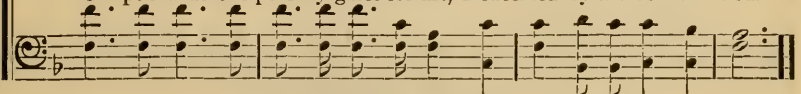
sac-ri- fice He made, He has opened heaven's gate for me.  
 be whene'er He wills; I'll be read-y for my home a- bove. } Then open wide the  
 name up-on my lips—It will o-pen heaven's gate for me. }

pearl- y gates for me, Then o - pen wide the pearl- y gates for me; Yes,

o - pen wide the pearl- y gates for me, Redeemed by the Son of God.



# The Beautiful Light.

R. KELSO CARTER.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. Je - sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are  
 2. We who know our sins forgiv'n, We are walking in the light, We are  
 3. As we journey here be - low, We are walking in the light, We are  
 4. We will sing his pow'r to save, We are walking in the light, We are

walk - ing in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the  
 walk - ing in the light; Find on earth the joy of heav'n, We are walking in the  
 walk - ing in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the  
 walk - ing in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the

## REFRAIN.

beauti - ful light of God. We are walk - - ing in the light, We are  
 Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,

walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - - ing in the  
 Walking in the light, beautiful light of God, Walking in the light,

light..... We are walking in the beautiful light of God.  
 walk - ing in the light,



# Wonderful, Wonderful Love.

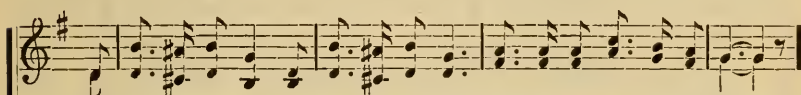
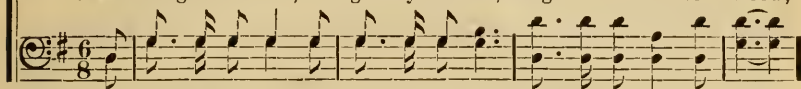
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LILLIAN RAINOR.

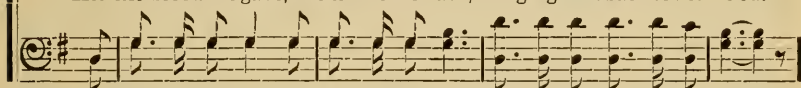
C. W. RAY.



1. Of Je - sus we sing, Re-deem - er and King, Lay-ing His glo - ry by;  
2. We'll sing of His love, And glo - ry a-bove, Sing of the crim-son flood;



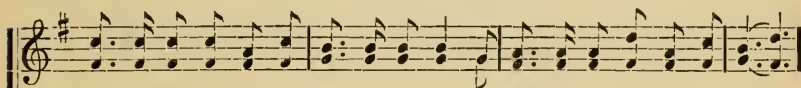
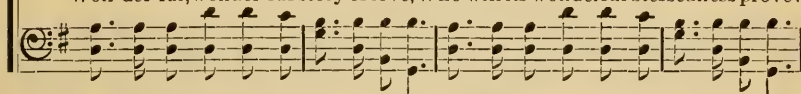
And com-ing on earth, By low - li - est birth, Com-ing to suf - fer and die.  
His life-blood He gave, The sin - ner to save, Bringing him back to his God.



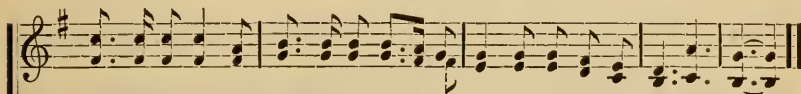
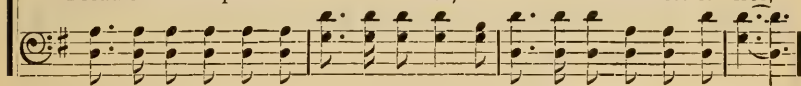
CHORUS.



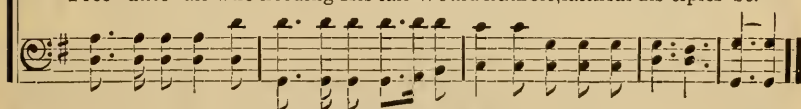
Won-der-ful sto - ry of love, Who will its bless-ed-ness prove?  
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful story of love, Who will its wonderful blessedness prove?



Broad-er and deep-er than fathom-less sea, Its won-der-ful ful-ness is free,



Free unto all who heeding His call Would humble, faithful dis-ciples be.





## Salvation's Free.

C. W. RAY.

S. M. CHRISTIE.

1. O broth - er look to Cal - va - ry, The rough and bloody cross be-hold!  
 2. O broth - er look to Cal - va - ry, On him thy sins and guilt were laid;  
 3. O broth - er, brother look and know, It was for thee he bled and died,

There Je - sus suffered once for thee, The pangs which never can be told.  
 From end - less death thy soul to free, And Jus - tice owns the ransom paid.  
 For thee he drained the cup of woe, And Jus - tice ful - ly sat - is - fied.

## CHORUS.

Sal - va - tion's free! . . . . . Sal - va - tion's free! . . . . .  
 Sal - va - tion's free! Sal - va - tion's free!

Since Je - sus died . . . . . for you and me;  
 Since Je - sus died for you and me;

Sal - va - tion's free! . . . . . Yes, full and free, . . . . .  
 Sal - va - tion's free! Yes, full and free,

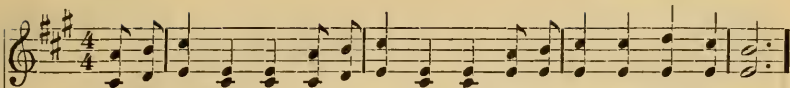
Thro' Christ the Lamb . . . . . of Cal - va - ry.  
 Thro' Christ the Lamb of Cal - va - ry.

# Our Battle Song.

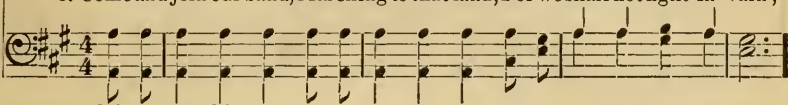
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G. A. M.

GEO. A. MINOR.



1. We are marching on, In a mighty throng, With the Saviour as our King;
2. This shall be our song, As we march along, In the ar-my of the Lord;
3. Come and join our band, Marching to that land, For we shall not fight in vain;



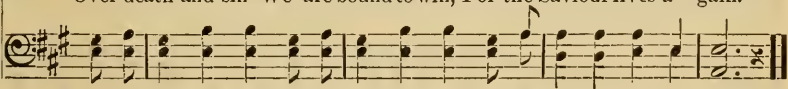
CHO.—1. We are marching on, etc.

CHO.—2. This shall be our song, etc.

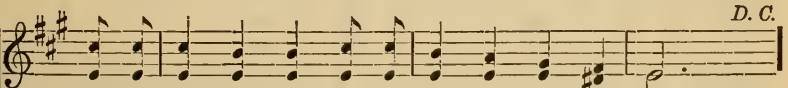
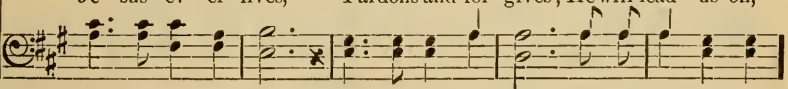
CHO.—3. Come and join our band, etc.



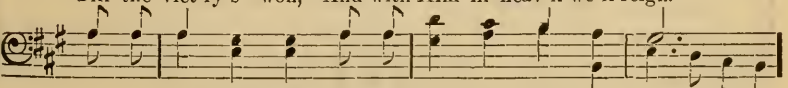
Try-ing hard to win Precious souls from sin, We will fight and work and sing.  
He will pardon all, Both the great and small, Who will trust His ho-ly word.  
Over death and sin We are bound to win, For the Saviour lives a - gain.



Lift the ban-ner high, Wave it toward the sky, We will work and fight,  
Let the ban-ner wave! Je-sus Christ will save! He will save from sin,  
Je- sus ev - er lives, Pardons and for- gives; He will lead us on,



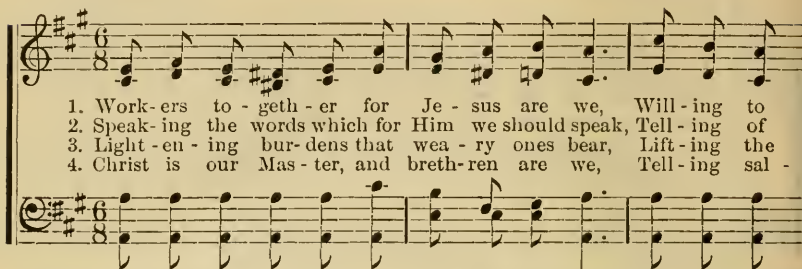
For our God and right, And we'll make our anthems ring.  
All who trust in Him, All who to His cross will cling.  
Till the vict'ry's won, And with Him in heav'n we'll reign.



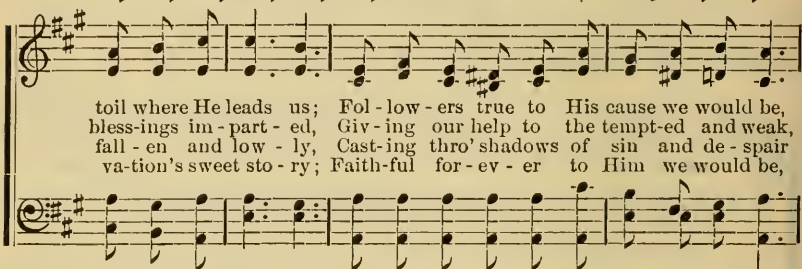
## Our Earnest Endeavor.

JENNIE WILSON.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

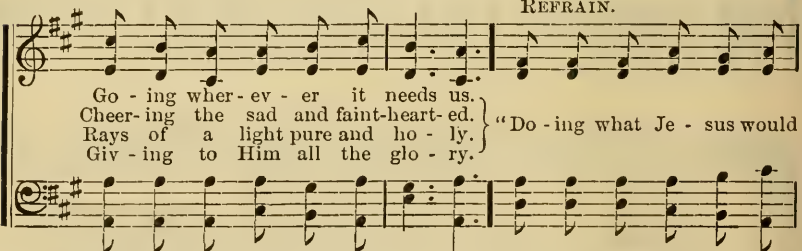


1. Work - ers to - geth - er for Je - sus are we, Will - ing to  
 2. Speak - ing the words which for Him we should speak, Tell - ing of  
 3. Light - en - ing bur - dens that wea - ry ones bear, Lift - ing the  
 4. Christ is our Mas - ter, and breth - ren are we, Tell - ing sal -

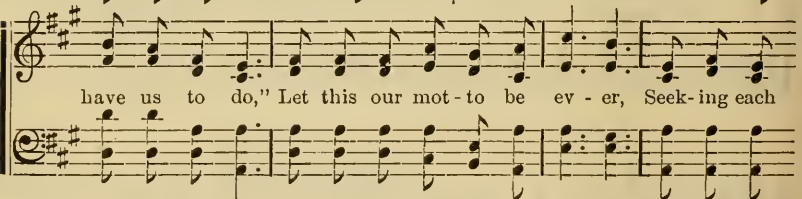


toil where He leads us; Fol - low - ers true to His cause we would be,  
 bless - ings im - part - ed, Giv - ing our help to the tempt - ed and weak,  
 fall - en and low - ly, Cast - ing thro' shadows of sin and de - spair  
 va - tion's sweet sto - ry; Faith - ful for - ev - er to Him we would be,

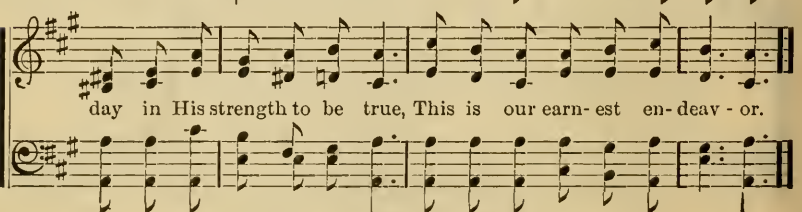
## REFRAIN.



Go - ing wher - ev - er it needs us.  
 Cheer - ing the sad and faint - heart - ed. } "Do - ing what Je - sus would  
 Rays of a light pure and ho - ly. }  
 Giv - ing to Him all the glo - ry.



have us to do," Let this our mot - to be ev - er, Seek - ing each



day in His strength to be true, This is our earn - est en - deav - or.

# Not Ashamed of Jesus.

241

J. GRIGG, alt.

Mrs. J. M. WHITTAKER. Harmonized by C. W. RAY.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be— A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee!  
 2. Asham'd of Jesus!—that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!  
 3. A-sham'd of Je - sus!—yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way,  
 4. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;

Asham'd of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days!  
 No!—when I blush, be this my shame—That I no more re-vere His name.  
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.  
 And O, may this my glo-ry be—That Christ is not ashamed of me.

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# I'm Not Ashamed.

ISAAC WATTS.

Rev. JOHN CHETHAM.

1. I'm not a-sham'd to own my Lord, Or to de - fend His cause,  
 2. Je - sus, my God, I know His name; His name is all my trust;  
 3. Firm as His throne His promise stands, And He can well se - cure  
 4. Then will He own my worthless name Be - fore His Father's face,

Main - tain the hon - or of His word, The glo-ry of His cross.  
 Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my soul be lost.  
 What I've commit - ted to His hands Till the de - ci - sive hour.  
 And in the New Je - ru - sa - lem Ap - point my soul a place.

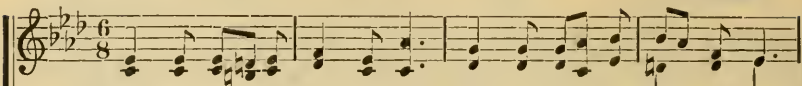


# Hope for the Anxious.

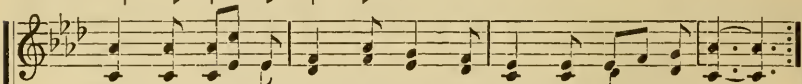
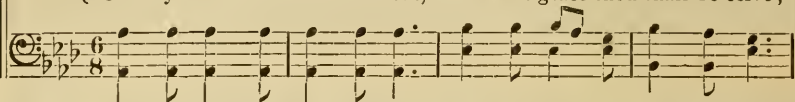
"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

LILLIAN RAINOR.

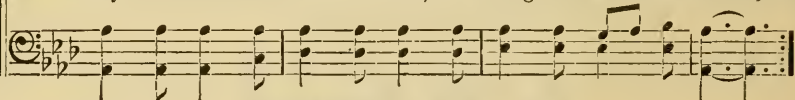
LYNN RYLAND.



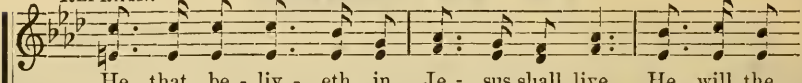
1. { Anx - ious sin - ner dry thy tears, Drive a - way thy doubts and fears,  
All who fain to Him would go, Find a balm for ev - 'ry woe ;
2. { Je - sus bend - ing from on high, Hears, each trembling suppliant's sigh ;  
Do not in thy grief re - pine, But to Him thy heart in - cline,
3. { Hast thou not His prom - ise heard? Hath it not thy bos - om stirred?  
On - ly in the Lord be - lieve, And His grace thou shall re - ceive ;



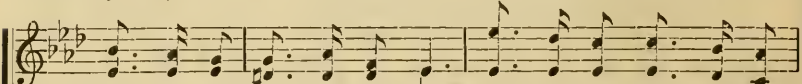
Je - sus thy pe - ti - tion hears, And meas - ures all thy grief. }  
In His pres - ence bend - ing low, The bur - dened find re - lief. }  
He will hear the mourn - ful cry Of ev - 'ry soul op - prest. }  
Peace and par - don shall be thine ; And thine the sweetest rest. }  
On - ly trust His pre - cious word, And rest thee in His love. }  
Thy sad heart He will re - lieve, And bring thee safe a - bove. }



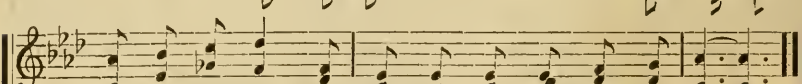
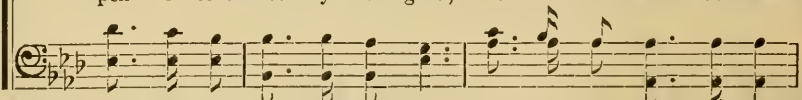
## REFRAIN.



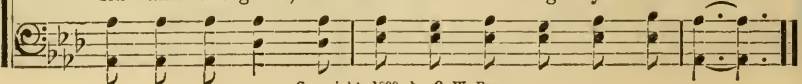
He that be - liv - eth in Je - sus shall live, He will the



pen - i - tent free - ly for - give ; He hath re - deemed us from



sin and the grave, And He is al - might - y to save !

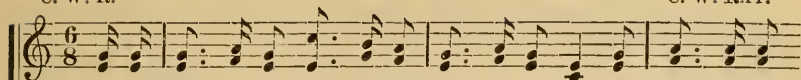




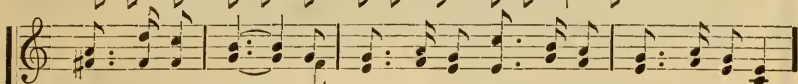
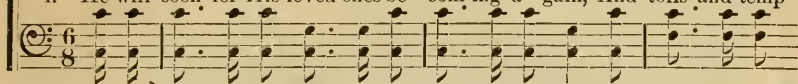
# The Story That Never Grows Old. 243

C. W. R.

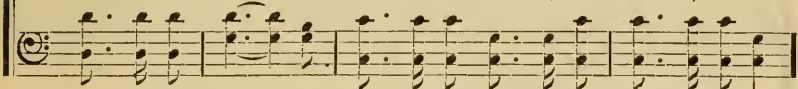
C. W. RAY.



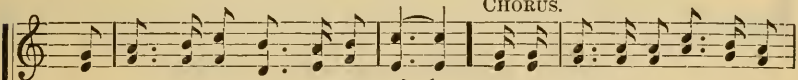
1. There's a won - der - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry of love, The half of which
2. From the throne of His glo - ry to suf - fer and die, To res - cue from
3. He hath o - pened a sin - cleans - ing fountain for all, And there the lost
4. He will soon for His loved ones be com - ing a - gain, And toils and temp -



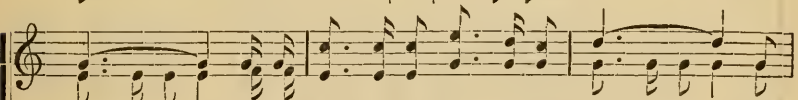
nev - er was told; 'Tis of our Re - deem - er who came from a - bove,  
death and the grave, His Scep - ter and Crown and bright robes were laid by,  
sin - ner may go; And freed from the curse and the stains of the fall,  
ta - tions be o er; Then we shall be - hold Him, — be like Him, and then



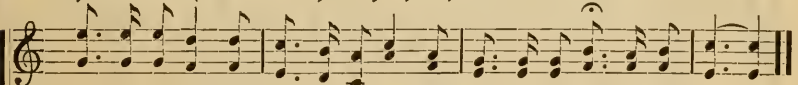
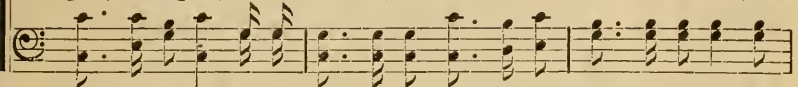
## CHORUS.



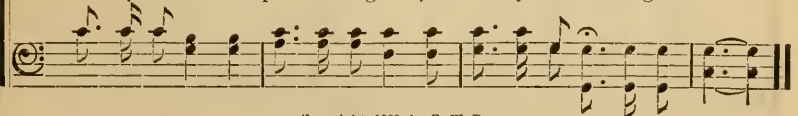
A sto - ry that nev - er grows old. We will sing it and tell it a -  
The way - ward and wand'ring to save. }  
Be saved and made whiter than snow. }  
Shall wan - der from Him nev - er - more! We will sing it and tell it a -



gain;..... 'Tis the sweet - est that ev - er was told;..... The  
gain, and a - gain; 'Tis the sweet - est, the sweet - est that ev - er was told;



sto - ry of love for per - ish - ing men, The sto - ry that nev - er grows old.



# Will You Be Ready?

"Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."—Acts 17: 31.

C. W. RAY.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. { When the Judgment Day shall come, Will you be ready? Will you be read-y? }  
 { When the Saints are gather'd home, Will you be ready? (Omit.....) }  
 2. { When the trump of God shall sound, Will you be ready? Will you be read-y? }  
 { When the righteous shall be crown'd, Will you be ready? (Omit.....) }  
 3. { When the Saints their welcome hear, Will you be ready? Will you be read-y? }  
 { When the wick-ed quake with fear, Will you be ready? (Omit.....) }

Read - y for the Judgment Day? Say! O sin - ner, say?

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## Precious Blood of Jesus.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Pre - cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry,  
 2. Pre - cious blood, that hath re-deem'd us! All the price is paid;  
 3. Pre - cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Let it make thee whole;  
 4. Though thy sins are red like crim-son, Deep in scar - let glow,  
 5. Pre - cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Ev - er flow - ing free!

Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for me.  
 Per - fect par - don now is of - fer'd, Peace is made.  
 Let it flow in might - y cleans - ing O'er thy soul.  
 Je - sus' pre - cious blood can make them White as snow.  
 O be - lieve it, O re - ceive it, 'Tis for thee.

# There's Room In Paradise.

245

C. W. RAY.

Childhood memory arr. C. W. RAY.

FINE.

1. { We toil a-while in tears below, Then we shall rest in glo-ry; }  
 { There joys supreme we all shall know, In that bright world of glo-ry; }  
*D.C.*—There's room enough in par - a-dise For all a home in glo-ry.

*D.C.*  
 O glo-ry! O glo-ry!

2 I have a title sure and strong,  
 To Mansions blest in glory;  
 Christ is my trust my joy and song,  
 I'll meet Him soon in glory;  
 O glory, etc.

3 All ye who slaves to sin remain,  
 Come go with us to glory;  
 Let not our pleadings be in vain,  
 There's room for you in glory;  
 O glory, etc.

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# Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }  
 { While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tempest still is high. }  
*D.C.*—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!

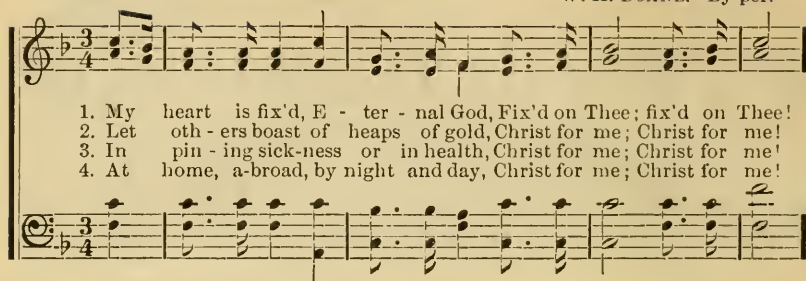
*D.C.*  
 Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none,—  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone!  
 Still support and comfort me;  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenseless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

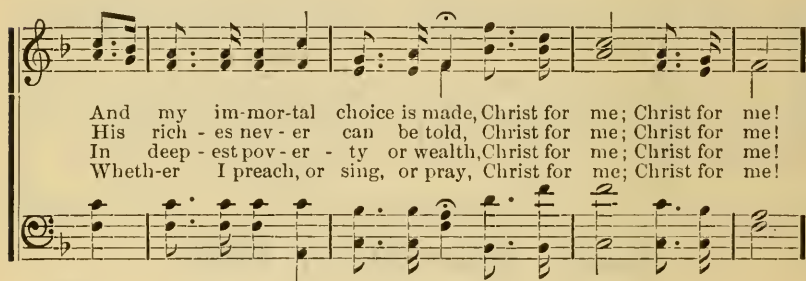
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
 More than all in Thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind;  
 Just and holy is Thy name.  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 Vile, and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

## Christ for Me.

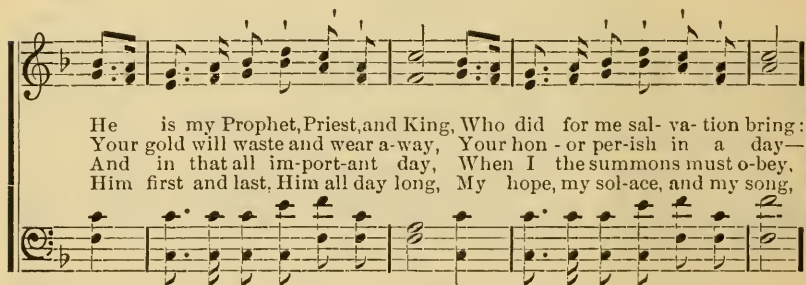
W. H. DOANE. By per.



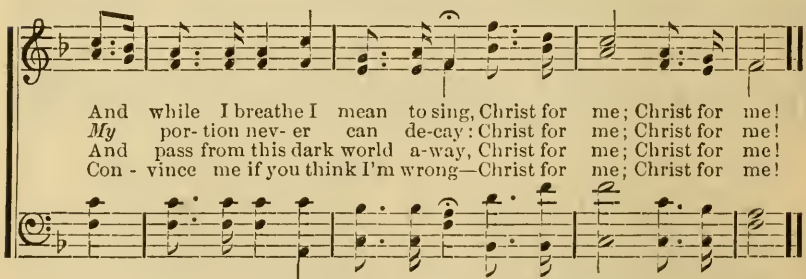
1. My heart is fix'd, E - ter - nal God, Fix'd on Thee; fix'd on Thee!  
 2. Let oth - ers boast of heaps of gold, Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 3. In pin - ing sick - ness or in health, Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 4. At home, a - broad, by night and day, Christ for me; Christ for me!



And my im - mor - tal choice is made, Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 His rich - es nev - er can be told, Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 In deep - est pov - er - ty or wealth, Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 Wheth - er I preach, or sing, or pray, Christ for me; Christ for me!



He is my Prophet, Priest, and King, Who did for me sal - va - tion bring:  
 Your gold will waste and wear a - way, Your hon - or per - ish in a day—  
 And in that all im - port - ant day, When I the summons must o - bey,  
 Him first and last, Him all day long, My hope, my sol - ace, and my song,



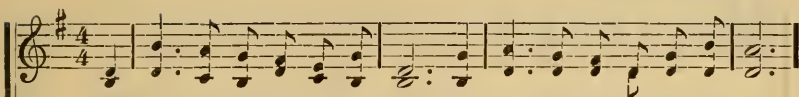
And while I breathe I mean to sing, Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 My por - tion nev - er can de - cay: Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 And pass from this dark world a - way, Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 Con - vince me if you think I'm wrong—Christ for me; Christ for me!

# Come Weary Sinner.

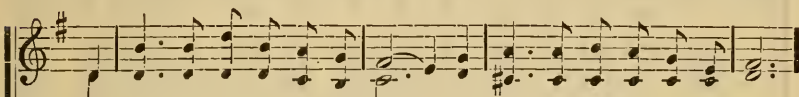
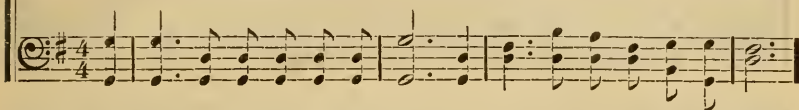
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C. W. RAY.

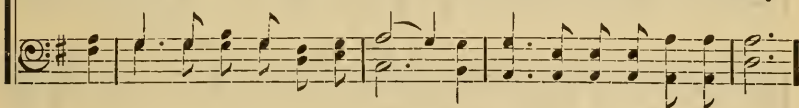
GEO. BEAVERSON.



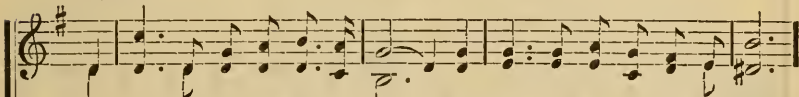
1. Come wea-ry sin-ner in thy woe, In all thy guilt to Je-sus go;
2. Hast thou in doubt and darkness been, Estrang'd from God, enslav'd by sin?
3. Hast thou some cherish'd hope or friend, On which thy soul would fain depend?



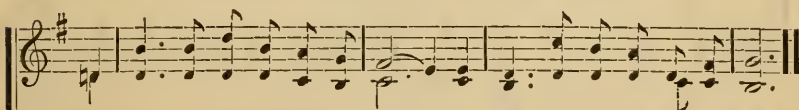
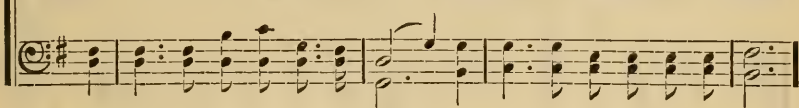
Thy toils and tears must worthless prove, But He can all thy load re-move.  
From all thy sor-rows wouldst thou be Re-leas'd and made for-ev-er free?  
Turn from that i-dol trust a-way, And darkness shall be turn'd to-day!



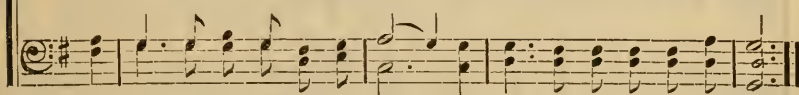
## CHORUS.



Then pros-trate at the Saviour's feet, His fa-vor and His love en-treat,



There let thy grievous burdens rest, And thou shalt be for-ev-er blest.





# There's Time Enough Yet.

LILLIAN RAINOR.

C. W. RAY.

1. O, sin - ner why lin - ger un - par-doned, un - blest, Un -  
 2. While Je - sus is call - ing in mer - cy to - day, O  
 3. How can you re - ject Him and turn Him a - way? And  
 4. O list - en dear sin - ner and grate - ful - ly bow To

saved, with no ti - tle to heav - en - ly rest? Soon life may be  
 haste to re - ceive Him, no lon - ger de - lay; Soon per - ils un -  
 how can you grieve Him by fur - ther de - lay? How can you en -  
 Je - sus who calls you and waits for you now, Nor heed the de -

end - ed in bit - ter re - gret, Tho' Sa - tan may whis - per there's  
 numbered thy way may be - set, Tho' Sa - tan may whis - per there's  
 treat - ies and warn - ings for - get, Tho' Sa - tan may whis - per there's  
 lu - sion that sin would be - get, Tho' Sa - tan may whis - per there's

time e-nough yet, There's time e-nough yet, There's time e-nough yet;

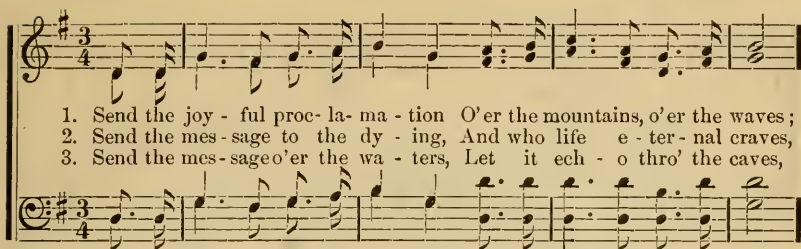
Though Sa - tan may whis - per there's time e - nough yet.

# The Joyful Proclamation.

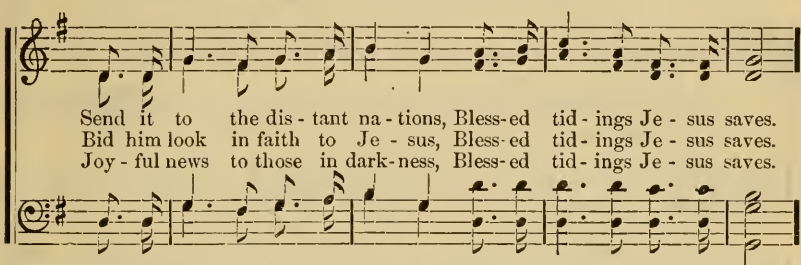
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F. M. D.

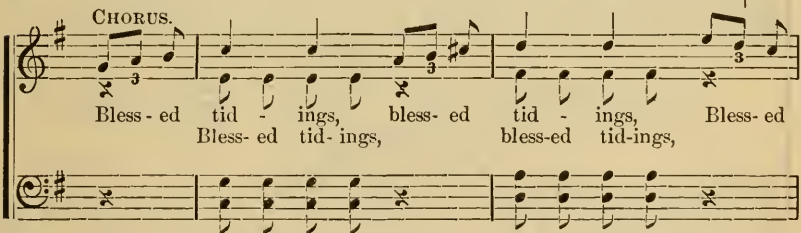
FRANK M. DAVIS.



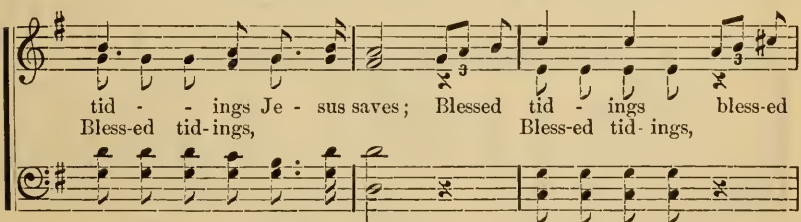
1. Send the joy - ful proc - la - ma - tion O'er the mountains, o'er the waves ;  
 2. Send the mes - sage to the dy - ing, And who life e - ter - nal craves,  
 3. Send the mes - sage o'er the wa - ters, Let it ech - o thro' the caves,



Send it to the dis - tant na - tions, Bless - ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.  
 Bid him look in faith to Je - sus, Bless - ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.  
 Joy - ful news to those in dark - ness, Bless - ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.



CHORUS.  
 Bless - ed tid - ings, bless - ed tid - ings, Bless - ed  
 Bless - ed tid - ings, bless - ed tid - ings,



tid - ings Je - sus saves ; Blessed tid - ings bless - ed  
 Bless - ed tid - ings, Bless - ed tid - ings,



tid - ings, Bless - ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.  
 Bless - ed tid - ings, Bless - ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.

## Farewell, Farewell.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

*pp*

1. Farewell, fare- well! the parting time has come. Farewells but speak the  
 2. Farewell, fare- well! till we shall meet a - gain May each become a  
 3. Farewell, fare- well! 'tis hard to say good-bye; Each heart responds with

tend'rest thoughts of home. To meet was joy for ev - 'ry yearning heart,  
 guide to wand'ring men. While swiftly on the tide of time shall roll,  
 hush'd and trembling sigh. How blest the hours so swift-ly pass'd a-way;

But hearts grow sad as we are call'd to part. Farewell, farewell, fare -  
 Let each go help some storm-tost, tempted soul. Farewell, farewell, fare -  
 But far more blest the com-ing gold- en day. Farewell, farewell, fare -

well! for a lit - tle while fare - well, — Yet stay thy tears,  
 well! for a lit - tle while fare - well! For souls redeemed,  
 well! for a lit - tle while fare - well! To part no more.

And ban-ish pain; A lit - tle while and we shall meet a - gain.  
 Our Sav- iour waits With an- gels bright with- in the pearl- y gates.  
 We'll clasp each hand; With rap- ture sweet a - way in glo- ry land!

# Parting Hymn.

251

C. W. RAY.

WM. TANSUR. Arr.

1. Our Sav-iour God to Thee we raise Our part-ing hymn of grateful praise;

From sin and guilt our souls set free, That we at last may dwell with Thee,

2. To ev'ry heart Thy truth apply,  
Renew and cleanse and sanctify;  
Our faith and love for Thee increase,  
And give each soul abiding peace.

That we at last may dwell with Thee.

3. Beyond life's storms and wave-beat shore  
We soon shall meet to part no more;—  
No sad farewells, no parting hand,  
No tear-dimm'd eye in glory-land!

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# Dismission.

SHIRLEY.

ROSSEAU.  
FINE.

1. { Lord, dis-miss us with Thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }  
{ Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace: }

D.C.—O, re - fresh us, O, re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wilder - ness.

O, re - fresh us, O, re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness,

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
May Thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,—  
Glad the summons to obey,—  
May we ever  
Dwell with Christ in endless day.



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